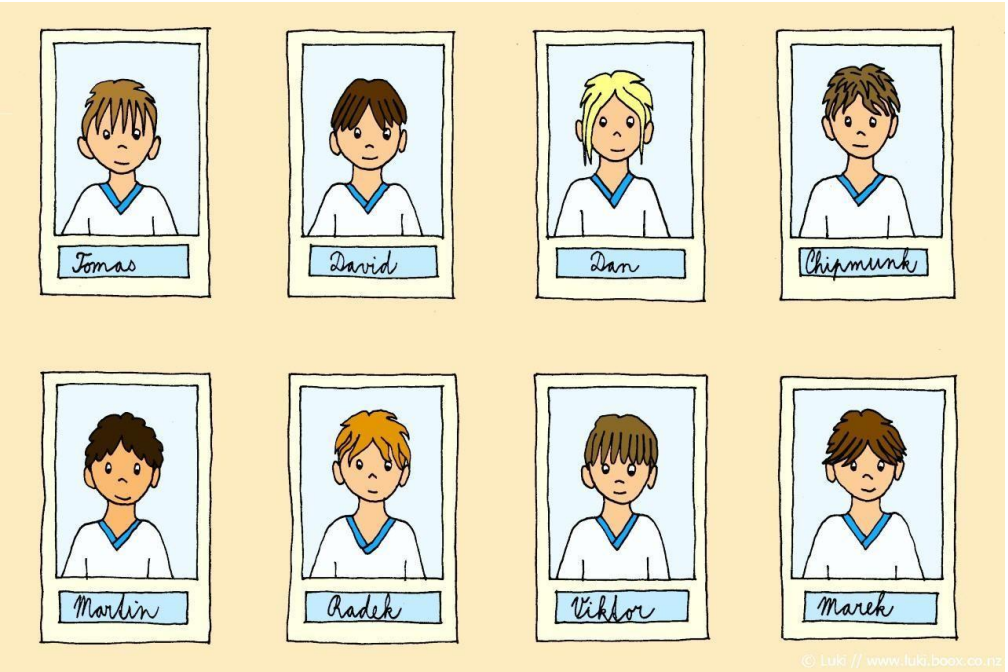
Luki And Friends Short Stories About Nudity

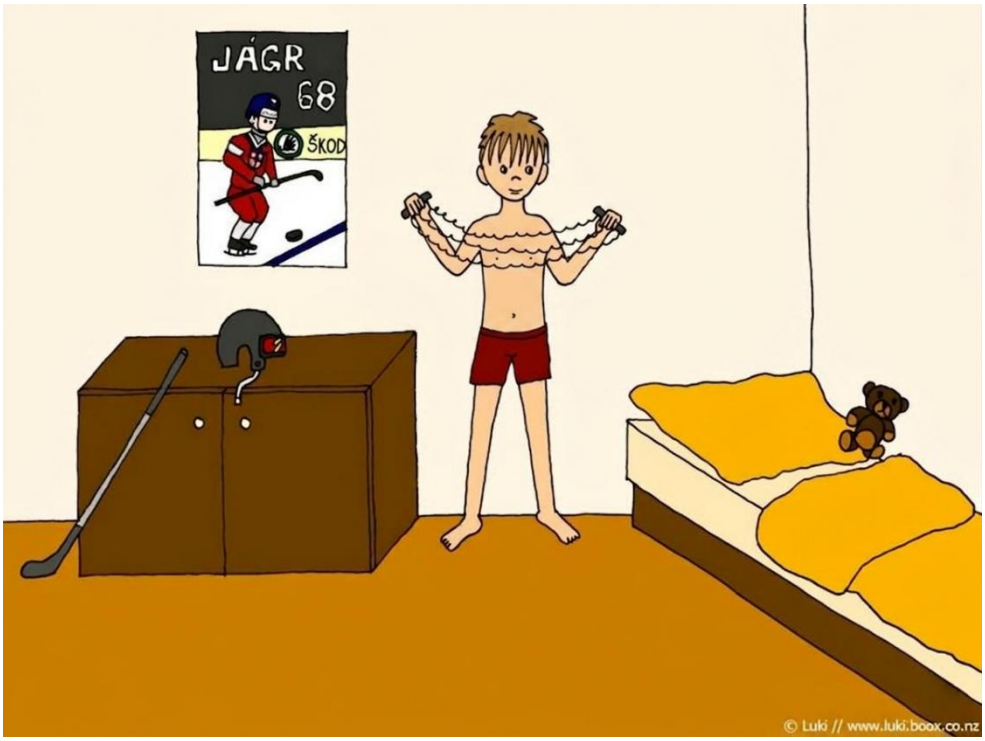
About me: Lukas Ryholec

Hello. My name is Lukas. I was 14 years old, when I started drawing pictures and cartoons. I live in Czech Republic. I love floorball most of all. I have other hobbies too, but floorball is the best. I also like drawing. I like drawing what I see around me. I am drawing with a pencil and then boldly draw the lines with a pen. Then scan the image and paint it with coolers on computer. In my gallery, there are some pictures I drew

Recreation Center 1



I. When I was small, I was member of ice-hockey team in a local sports club in the town where I lived. This game is still very popular in our country, and when I was going to ice-hockey prep, our national team won World's Championship several times in succession, so a lot of boys were



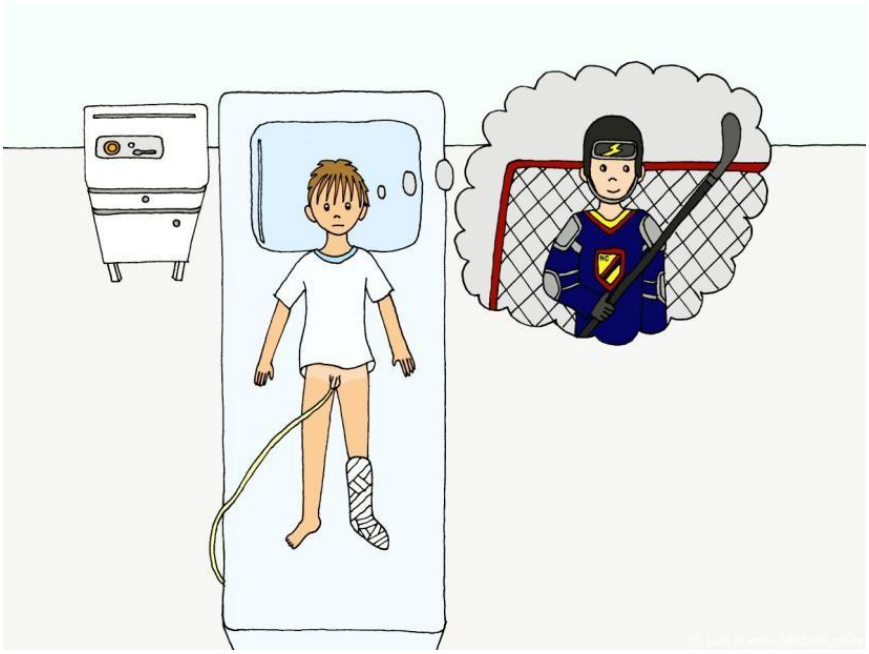
dreaming of becoming famous ice-hockey players. First, they taught us ice skating, and later we started to practice the game. It was a hard work, and above that, I had to waking up early

on the morning, but I liked it anyway. After two years of prep, I joined the team for the 3rd and 4th year. I can't say that I was best of all, but our team was successful in matches against other teams, and in 3th year, I was the fourth best in scoring (among 17 boys from our team). Anyway, I was the best pupil on physical training in our school class.

When I was 10 years old and I started the 4th year, everything seemed to be well on its way. Unfortunately, then came the accident that affected my life for a long time. It was some important match we played as visiting team, when I was hurt badly. I collided with another player, I fell on the ice and then I remember just severe pain in my leg. I must be shocked, because I couldn't remember how did I get to hospital and what exactly they were doing with me, but when I was awaken from anesthesia, the nurse told me that I had a torsion fracture of lower leg.

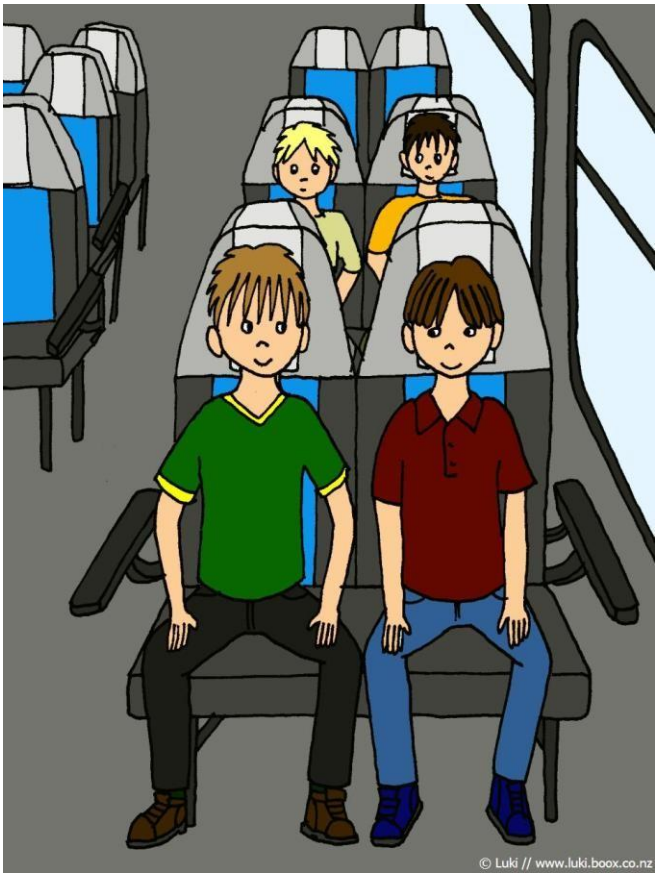
It sounded horrible to me, and as I can remember, I started crying. When my parents came to visit me, I calmed down, but even if they were going to visit me regularly, the weeks which I spent in a hospital were very sad. I was used to regularly practice before, but then, I had to lie

in the bed all the time. I even couldn't go to the toilet, and it was one of the worst things in a hospital. At first, they put a catheter into my weenie, what was very annoying, but in a few



days, they allowed me to pee into so called "duck", what was a slang name for a special plastic bottle for boys' peeing. It was embarrassing, but still better than having some ugly tube in my weenie. Another bad thing was, that I wondered if my parents will ever allow me to play ice-hockey. The doctors said that it wasn't excluded, but my mom looked worried every time I started talking about it during her visit.
The fracture must be complicated, because I was operated two times, and I spent a month there in the hospital.
Finally, I was released from the hospital to home care, but it lasted a few weeks before I could walk without a crutch. Of course, I was looking forward to meet the friends from team, but two

weeks after returning from the hospital, the doctor recommended to send me to a convalescent home. “It will help you in your rehabilitation,” he told me.



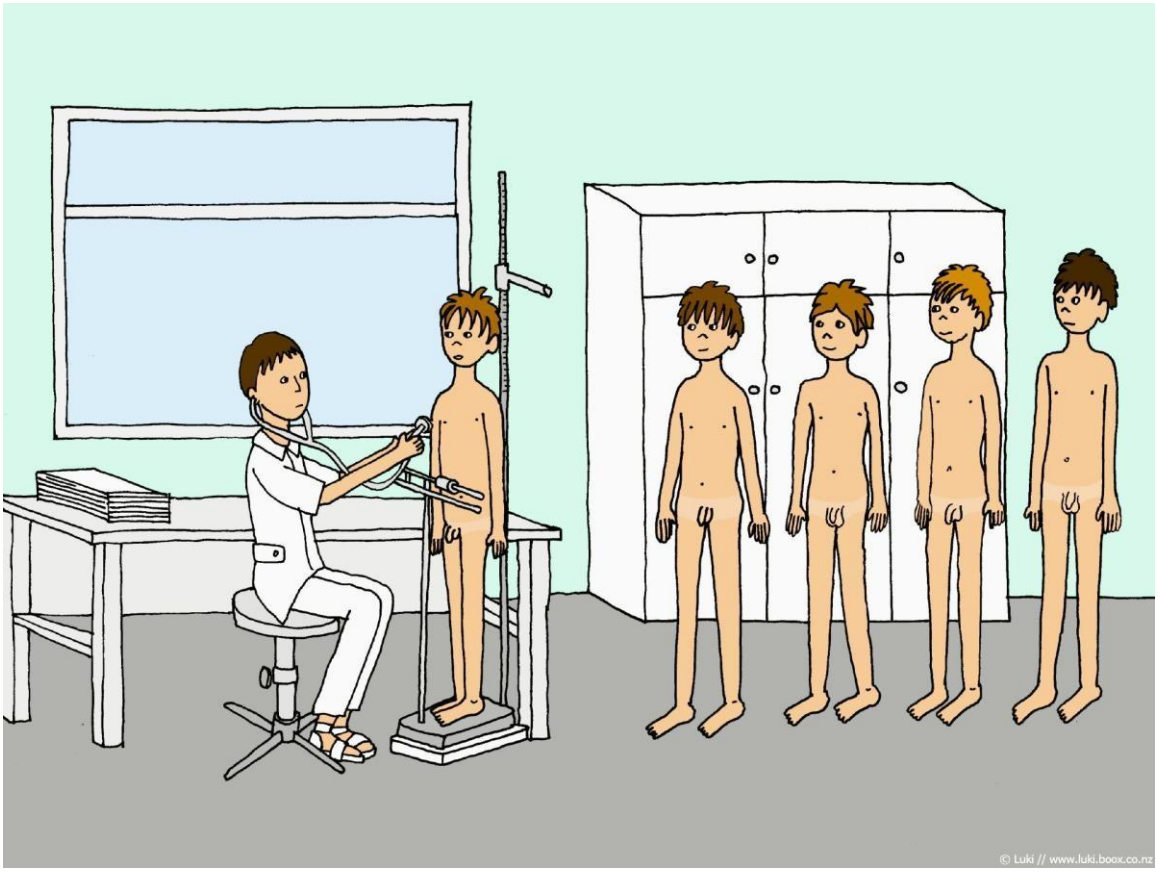
I didn’t know what to think about it. Lying in the hospital, I missed my home, so I was glad when I could return to my parents. And now, after a few weeks, I should leave my home again for a 4 month. That was why I didn’t face too happy. After all, they calmed me down saying that four months isn’t too much. So, they sent me to the convalescent home which was located in a countryside.

I went there on a bus with other kids who were sent there. When I boarded the bus, I sat down on a seat next to a boy my age. He looked thoughtfully, as if he were dreaming about something, but when I asked him whether the seat next to him is free, he nodded and looked at me friendly. The boy was called David and as I got to know soon, he had a lot of hobbies. We were talking all the way, and because the way lasted almost two hours, we became friends before the bus arrived at the convalescent house.

The building of convalescent house was situated between a lake and a wood. There was also a playground and fireplace. Of course, at first we was sent to an initial medical examination. It

was something boring, because the doctor was reading the papers from our medical records folders. And of course, me and other boys had to take off all the clothes and even underwear, but I didn't mind, because I was already used to be watched naked by doctors in the hospital.

After medical exam, we had to go to corridor on 2nd floor. Then, we were divided to bedrooms. There were two kinds of bedrooms,



double-bedded and triple. When the nurse read David's name, he asked to share a bedroom with me, and I was very glad that I could share a room with my new friend, and I was proud of the fact that he chose me for the bedroom fellow. So, David and me came to the room. There were two beds, a wardrobe, a shelf and a desk with two chairs. There was also a balcony, but we were told that it isn't allowed to go there, because of security. But we were surely about to try to go there anyway. We unpacked our stuff and put it to the wardrobe.

(After we checked in, it was time to go to the dining room, where we met the leader of convalescent house. That lady wasn't particularly young and slim, but at least, she looked friendly. But when she was making us acquainted with the rules of the home, she sounded rather strict. We were told to listen all nurses and other staff, and there was a lot of things which were forbidden. Some of the boys looked a bit disappointed when the leader told us that the evening lights-out was on 8:30 o'clock pm. One of other boys raised his hand and he said: "But Mrs. leader, my parents always allow me to go to bed on half past nine!"

The leader didn't get angry, as we expected. She just smiled and said: "There can be various manners in each family. But here in convalescent home, everyone has to accept the rules."

It was just her style, as we could verify many times later. When there was a problem, when anyone tried to discuss about the rules, even if anyone broken the rules, she never get angry and never blustered. She just told us what we were doing wrong, but she told it strictly and uncompromisingly. There was a notice board on the wall in the dining room, where all the rules were written, and we were told to read the rules as we will be passing it.

Then, the nurses introduced themselves to us. Some of them were young, other not too young. The staff of convalescent home was mainly female, but there was also a man, the janitor, handyman and gardener in one person. After we were introduced, the lunch started. And after the lunch, we had to go to our bedrooms and stay there for half an hour. This kind of siesta was one of the rules and it was called “lunch peace”.
So, David and me went to our bedroom. In a while, the “lunch peace” started to be boring. Fortunately, David found a way how to make fun. He took a pack of cards and asked me: “Do you want to play with me?”

I had been never playing card games, so I had to admit: “I’m sorry, I don’t know cards.”

David was a bit surprised, because he didn’t expect that there could be somebody who didn’t know how to play cards. But then, he just smiled and told me: “I will teach you.”

So, the rest of the “lunch peace” we spent with David’s cards in our hands. At first, he showed me all the cards, called their names and explained me that every card had its value in a game. After that, we started playing, but David had to tell me what to do. Of course, we weren’t gambling neither for money, nor for anything else. We were playing cards just for fun. And playing the cards, we almost forgot the time. So, we were a bit surprised when the nurse knocked the door, entered our room and told us: “What are you waiting for remove your clothes wear this short and come to others!”

our nurse gave us a white T-shirt and gay-colored long pants for class wear, gray shorts pants for casual wear, and red pants for gym. She also told us that because of the water shortage, the boys have to remain shirtless most of the time except in class. We also have to stay barefoot to keep the floor clean. Then we took our clothes off and wore the gray shorts. We then went with her.

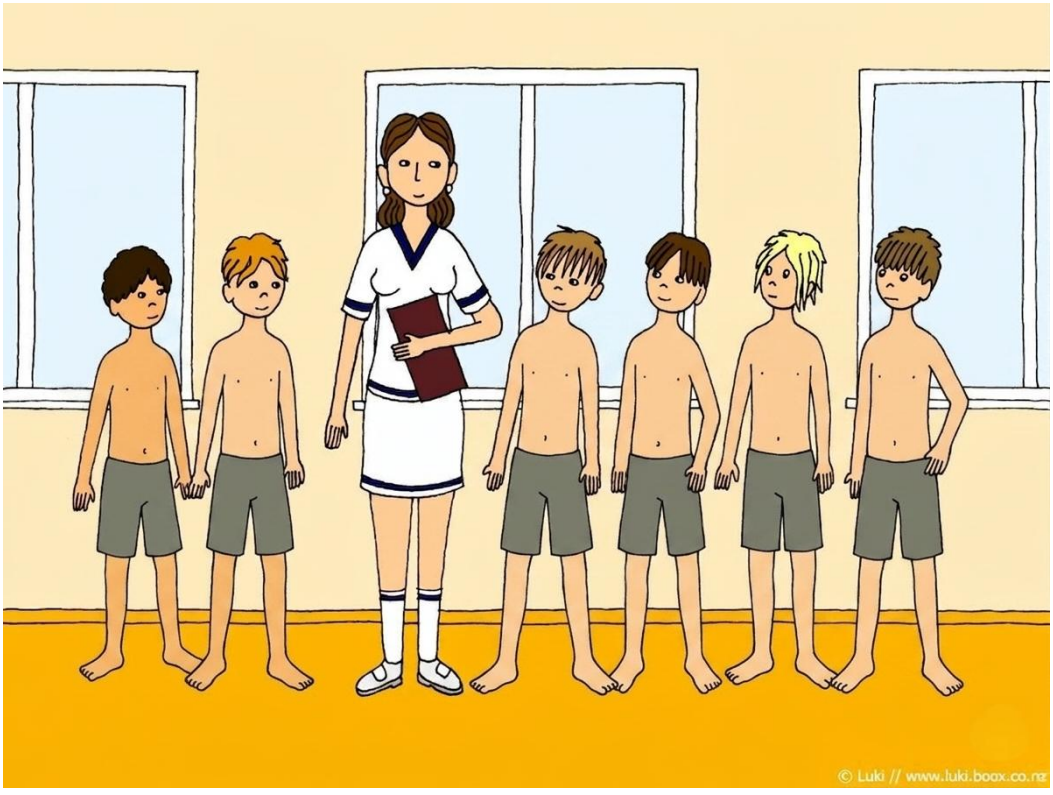
When the nurse looked at us, she faced as if she thought: ‘These guys will be troublesome’. Then we remembered that we were told to come and see all the building after “lunch peace”. So, we joined a group of other kids and the nurse, who turned into our guide. We followed her on the corridors and she showed us where are the shower-rooms, saying: “You will be having a shower every evening.” Then she led us to the class for lessons. There were two school-lessons a day, so that we didn’t forget everything we learned in our schools. Fortunately, the lessons weren’t too difficult, and mostly it was just revision of what we already learned in school.

As we saw, the building had three floors in three wings. The left wing of the building located dining room, classroom and club-room. The middle of building was a living area with bedrooms, shower-rooms and toilets. Being boys, we lived on the 2nd floor, while girls lived on the 1st floor. Actually, we didn’t meet too often, just in the dining room and sometimes on the walks to the wood, but every group of kids, boys and girls, had their own program most of time, so we were rather separated. Sometimes we were sorry about it, on the other hand, it was better for our privacy, as we found later.

Finally, we went to see the most important part of building, the convalescent complex. There was a gym, small swimming-pool, whirlpools and even sauna. And next to the gym, there was also small club with TV screen. We started to like it there.

“Everything you have seen, is there for you for a four month,” told us the nurse. “But you always have to ask before going anywhere, of course,” she added.

After this quick tour of the building, Our nurse give as a program started. We were divided into small groups and every group was leaded by one nurse. Because we had similar problems, David and



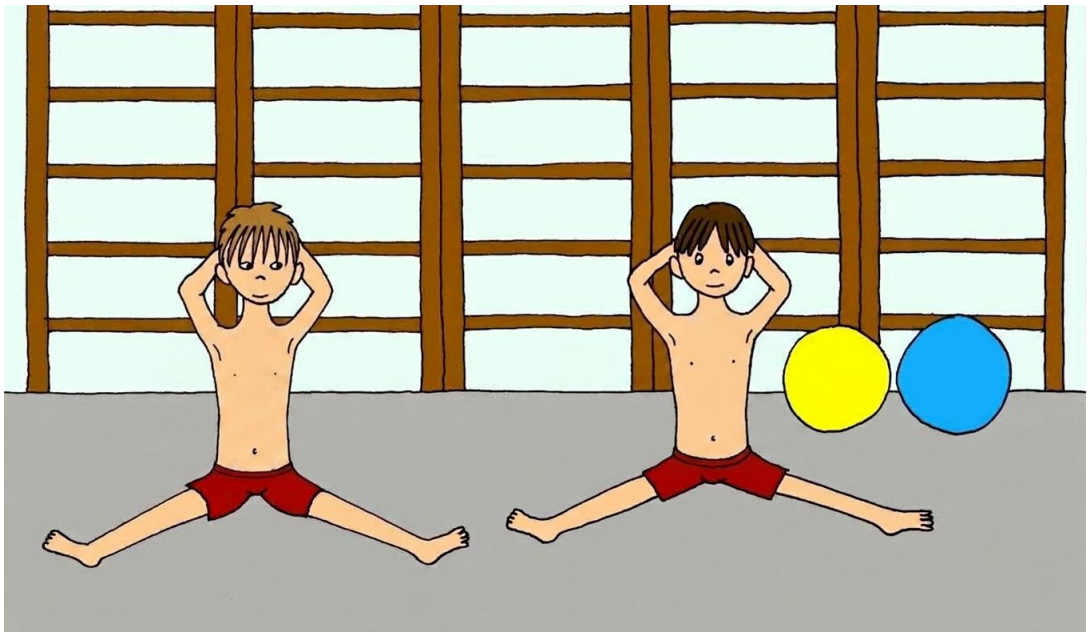
me were put in the same group. It was group of eight boys all of are shirtless like us and everyone was 9 – 12 years old there. Our nurse was young and she looked friendly. Her name was Katrina, but she allowed us to call her Katka, what sounded more familiar. Katka called us our given names, and she was so clever, that she learned our names the first afternoon she spent with us.

The program of our group started in a gym. So, we returned to our rooms wore red gym shorts and then we went to the gym. I expected something like PT lessons at school, but as I found, it wasn't the same. We were doing various exercises which I hadn't known before. Katrina explained us: "You were lying in beds for several weeks, so now you have to stretch your bodies, but we shouldn't be hurry. Everything needs its time."

While we were exercising, I noticed that I had become a little clumsy in past weeks. And making the exercises, I felt a pain in my leg sometimes. I complained to Katrina about it, but she told me, that those of us, who had used to be in training before, they had lost their habits during the illnesses. "And that's why you're here now," she told me soothingly.

When we were exercising, I looked at David quite often, because I wondered how good he was in physical training. He didn't seem to be too good at sports, but as long as I knew, I used to be better too, so maybe it was just because of his antecedent illness.

After the exercising, we could go to our bedrooms for a while, before the dinner started. Both David and me were lying on the beds. "I was used to exercise a lot," David said, "But then I had that accident ..."



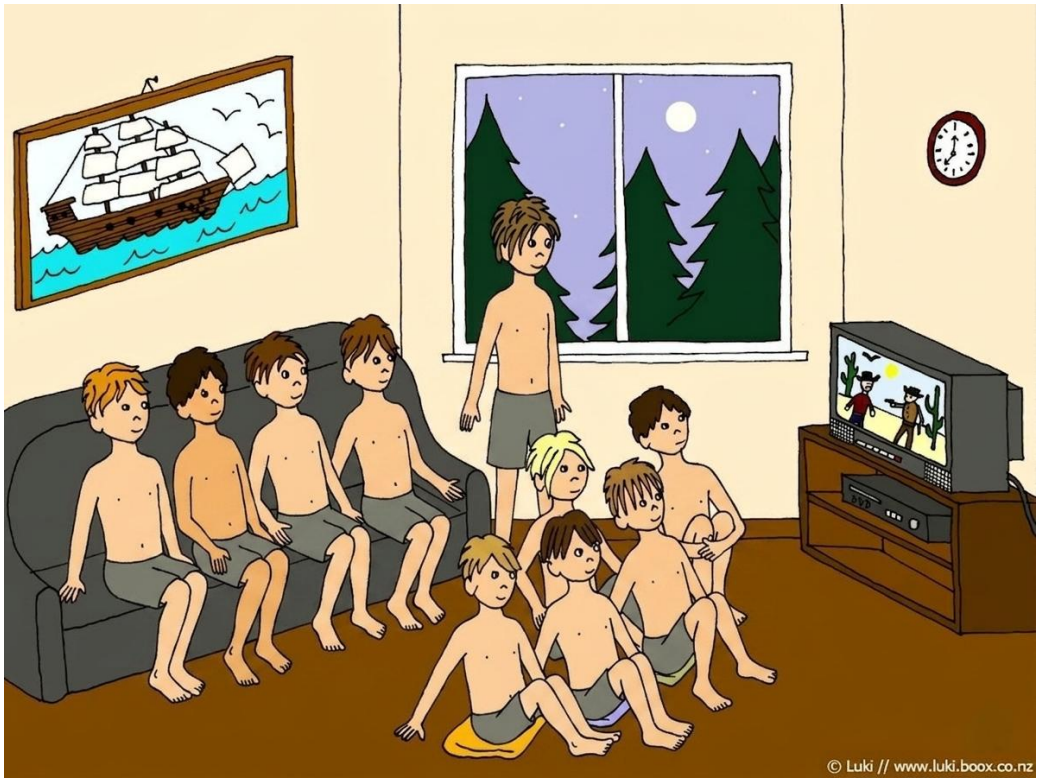
He started talking about the road accident he had two months ago. He was riding his bike as usually, but when he rode into an intersection, a woman in the car didn't give a priority to him. David had to brake very hard, and he fell over a bike.

“Fortunately, the woman didn’t ran over me,” explained David, “But I broke my right hand and leg.” David said it in a sad voice, so I started talking about something funny, so that he didn’t have to think about his accident. David seemed to understand it and he laughed a lot when I told him one of the best jokes I had ever heard.

After the rest, we went to dining room for a dinner. I was a bit surprised, because in our family, we had only light suppers, but there in convalescent home, there were dinners just like midday meals, even with soup and dessert. I have to say that the food was quite good, and it was one of the best things there in convalescent home.

After the dinner, we went to the club-room. It wasn’t too big, and we were more than 20 boys with two nurses, but it was quite cozy there. There was even a sofa, and we discussed who will be sitting there. In the end, the nurse told us to take turns. “Well, next time I am sitting here,” told a boy who failed to occupy the seat. David and me were sitting on small pillows on the floor for the first time, but in the next few weeks, we were sitting on the sofa at least seven times.

We watched TV in the club-room and they even showed us some DVD with an episode from cartoon series. But when it was almost 8 o’clock, we were told to return to our rooms and prepare for showering. The shower-rooms were located on the same floor as our bedrooms.

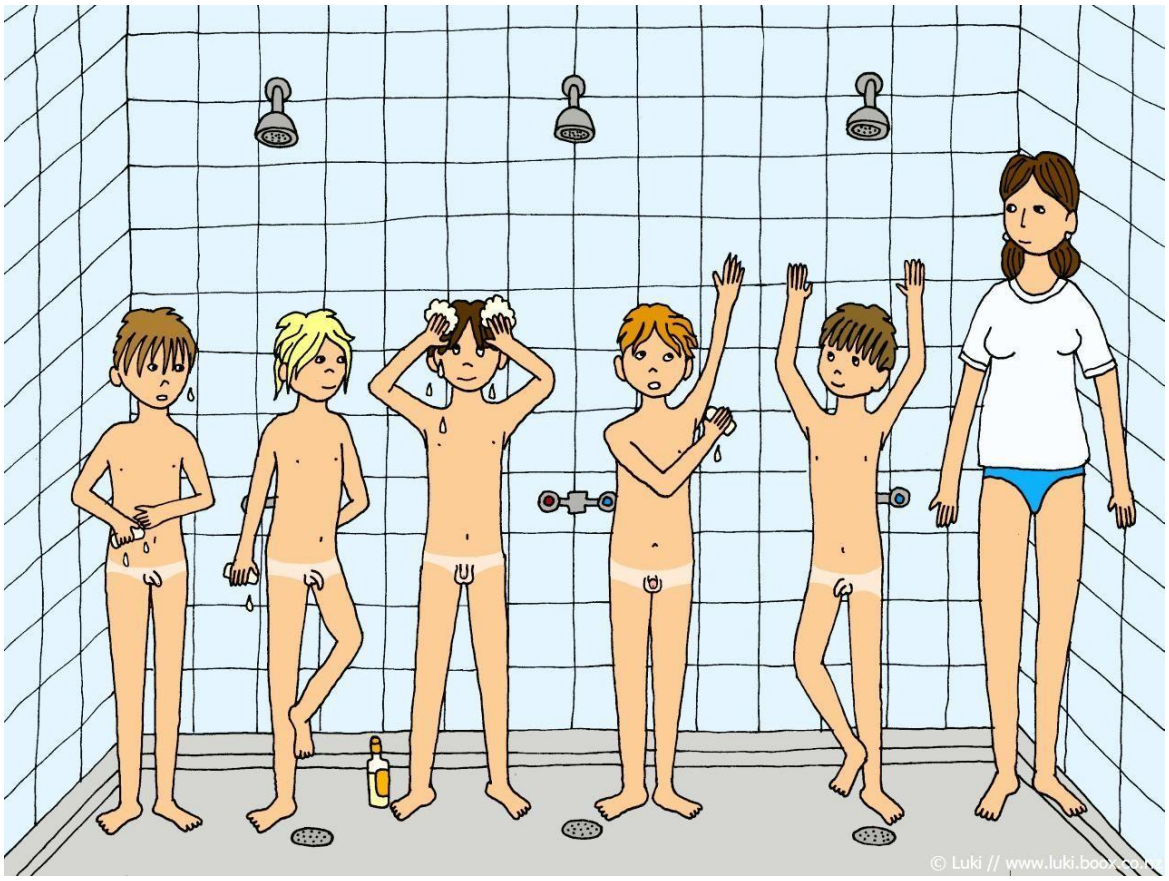


There were only boys’ showers on 2nd floor, because girls were living on 1st floor. So, on our bedrooms, we took our towels and bars of soap, and we went to shower-room. David and me joined our small group on the corridor. To the surprise of some of us, our nurse Katrina came to the shower-room with us.

“My parents always allow me to take a shower without supervision,” said the same boy who already tried to protest against lights-out time. But Katka explained us that her supervision is needed. “Besides, I have to make sure that you will wash yourself carefully,” she said. So, we came to shower-room just in our underwear, but then we had to take it off, while Katrina had a swimsuit and T-shirt on all the time. I was used to take a shower in common showers with other boys from our ice-hockey team, so I didn’t care to be naked in front of others. But some of the boys obviously weren’t used to common showers, so they looked a bit confused, but they had to take off their undies anyway.

There were three showers on row, while we were eight boys, but we still had enough place.

When we were showering, I noticed a red-haired boy, who was covering his penis and balls with both hands. He looked embarrassed, so Katka came to him and told him: “I have already seen a lot of naked people, both girls and boys, so you don’t have to be shy.” The boy nodded, but he was still holding one hand on his crotch. But after a while, he washed his armpits, and that was why he had to raise both his hands, so I had a short glimpse at his crotch. I noticed that his weenie looked different than mine or other boys’. It was the first time I saw a boy with circumcised penis (even if the term for it I learned up later). In a while, he covered his crotch again, so I didn’t know if anyone else noticed that he looked different.



A quarter hour later, Katka told us: “Well, you’re clean enough,” so we wiped ourselves with towels and wrapped them around our hips to return to our bedrooms.

It was almost 8:30 pm, so we didn't have too much time for playing. In a few minutes, Katka came in our room and turned the light off. She said "Good night," and we replied the same.

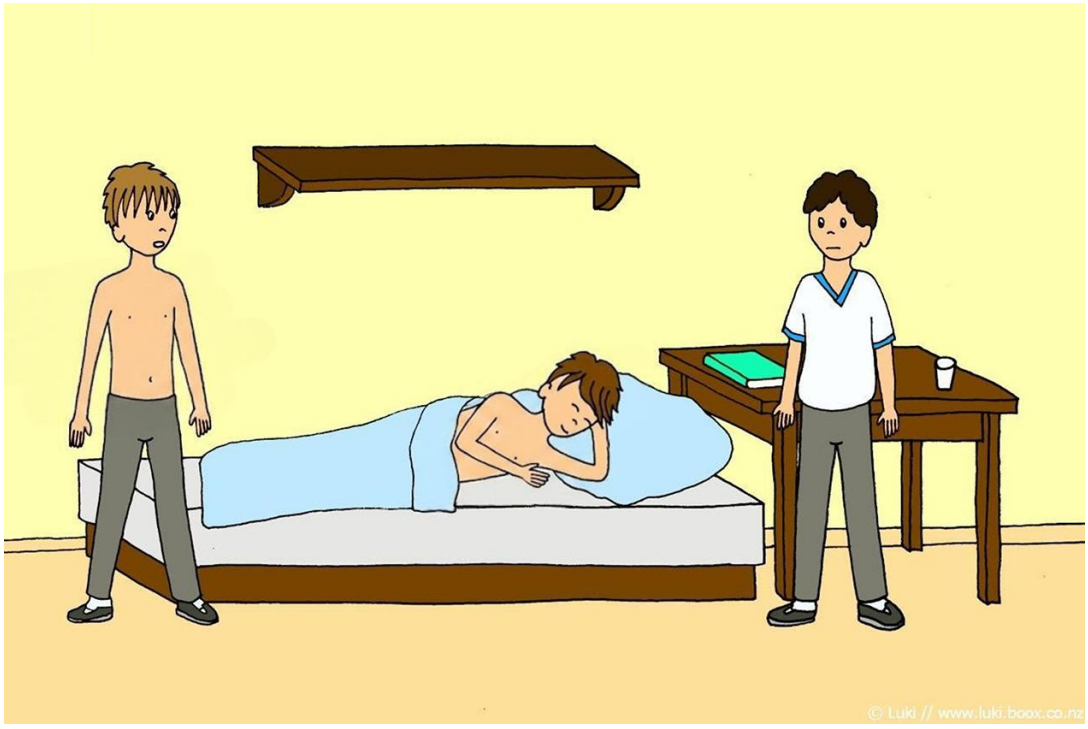
Of course, I couldn't asleep immediately, because it was a long day and I met a lot of new people, including my new friend, and I didn't get already used there on a new place. After a while, I heard David as he said: "Are you asleep?" I replied "No, I can't sleep yet."

"So, do I. Let's go talking!"

So, we were lying on our beds in darkness, just our silent voices sounded in the bedroom. We were talking about various things, from our favorite games to the TV series which we were recently watching in TV. And talking with David, I slowly fell asleep.

On the morning, we had to stand up at 7 o'clock, but I woke up earlier. At first, I was a little surprised, because in the first seconds I couldn't recognize where I was. But then I quickly realized it, when I looked around and saw David, who was still sleeping. I stood up and go to the wardrobe to pick some clothes, and because I didn't do that too silent, I woke up David. He also looked a little surprised, but then he said: "Good morning!"

We stripped of our pants and went with towels around our shoulders, then we went to the bathroom. Some of the boys were already there, brushing their teeth or washing their faces. After the morning hygiene routine, we returned to the bedroom and take on the clothes which were the same for all boys – gray track suit pants and white T-shirts. Most of boys were prepared for going to breakfast, but when Katka was checking us, she found that two boys were



missing. So, she sent me to their room to find what happened. When I came in, I saw the boy called Martin, as he tried to awake his bedroom fellow, who was still lying in his bed.

"Oh my God," he said, "I don't know what to do to awake him! I have never seen anybody sleeping so well!"

Other boys from our small group came to the room as well, and some of them were laughing when they saw that 'groundhog'.

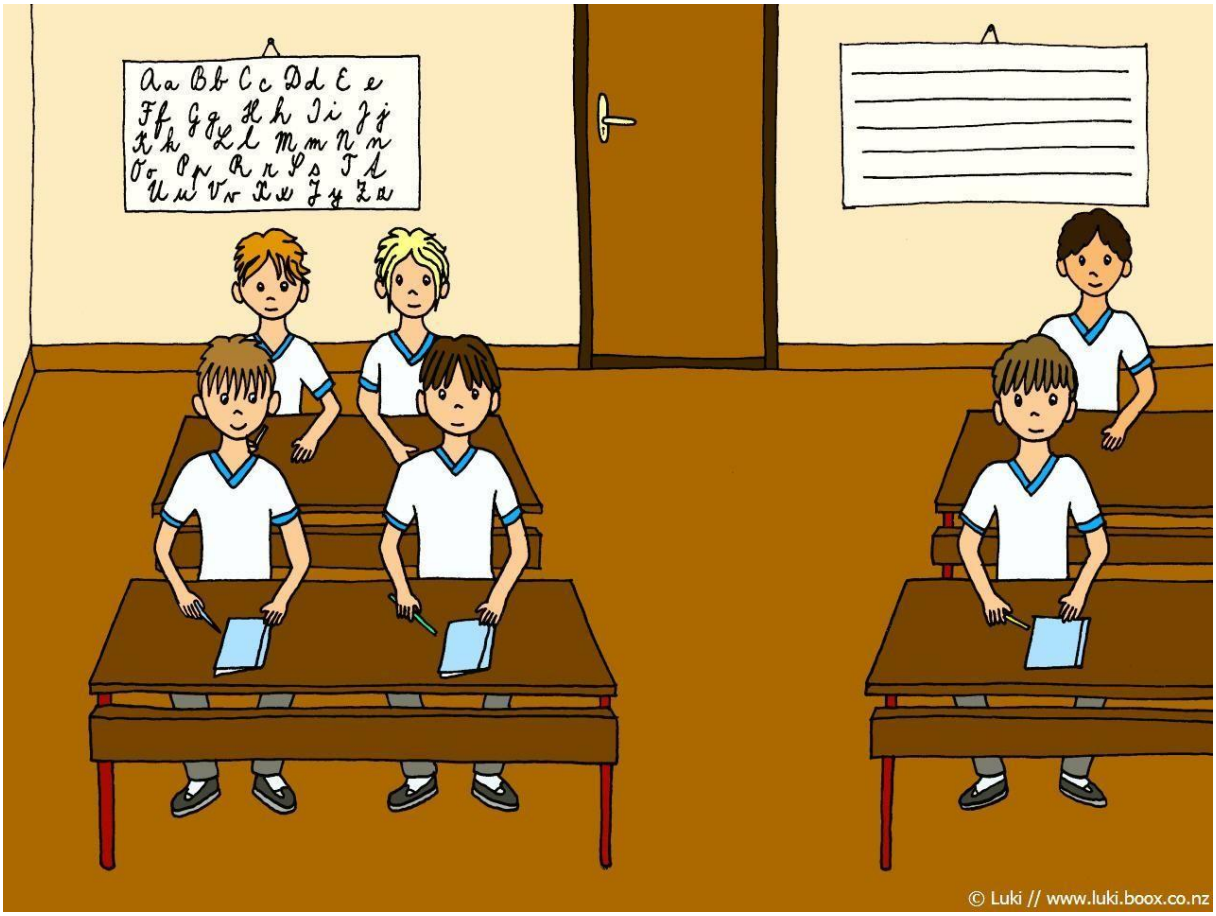
"What about pouring some water to him?" suggested one of the boys.

But before we could do anything, the boy quickly sat on his bed, and with a wide grin, he said: "Come on with water, I was just joking!"

He stood up, so we left the room, the boy quickly changed to regular clothes and joined us on the corridor. We were the last group to come to the dining room, but it didn't seem to matter too much, even if Katka looked at us rather strictly, saying: "I guess you have to learn a lot about discipline yet!" But that was all.

There were big tables in the dining room, so all the boys from our small group were together, and even Katka joined us. After the breakfast, she told us to stay there, because she had to make us acquainted with today's program.

"So, this morning, you will have two lessons in the class. We have teachers there, so it isn't me to teach us. But after your lessons, we will be exercising in the pool. On afternoon, we will make a short walk."



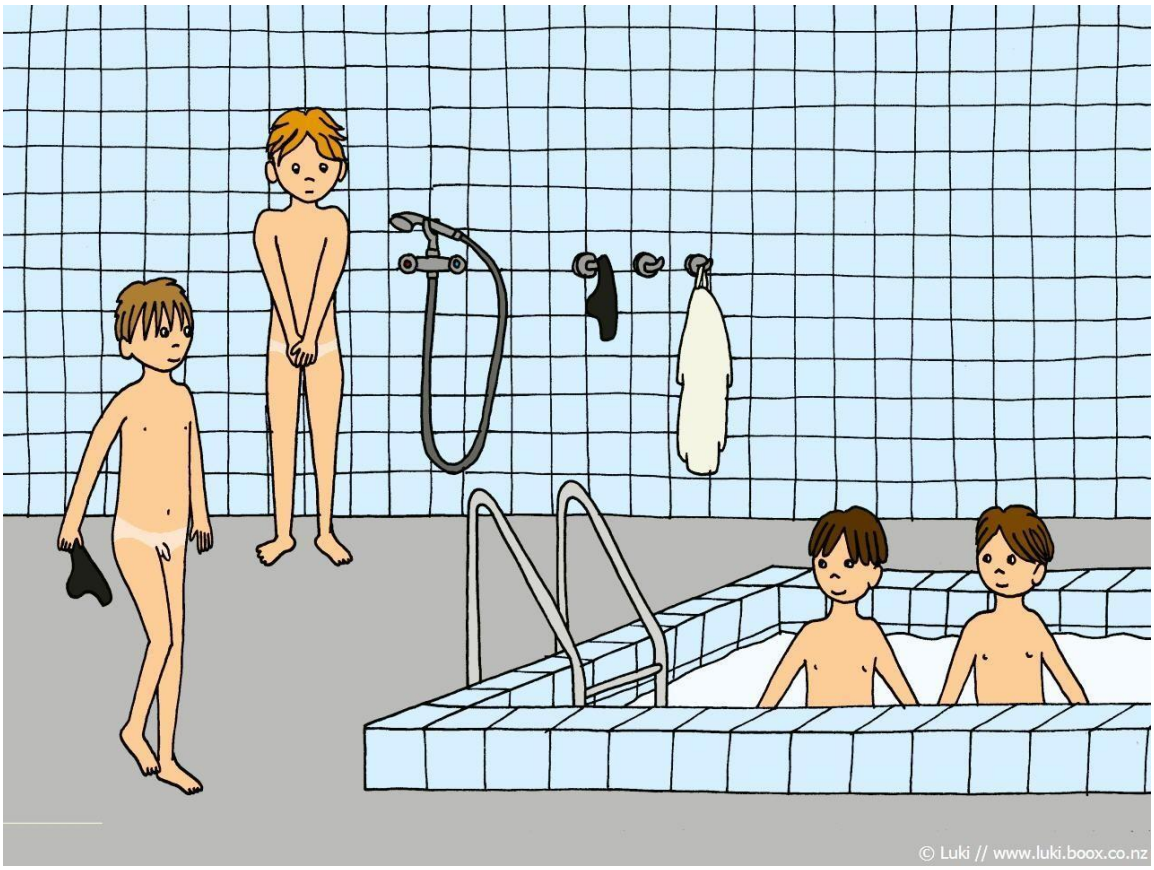
The program didn't sound too nice at beginning, because nobody was looking forward to lessons in class. But exercising in the pool sounded better. Regarding the short walk, we didn't know what to think about it, but it didn't sound too bad after all.

So, we went to our rooms to take pencils and blocks, and then we went to the classroom. The teacher was already waiting us. She must be at least 60 years old, but her eyes looked lively.

"Good morning," she said, "My name is Anna Burda and I will teach you two lessons a day, but you don't have to be afraid. You aren't here to learn anything new; our aim is to not forget the old. You're from 3rd to 5th grade, so the works won't be the same for all, but sometimes we will be working together too."

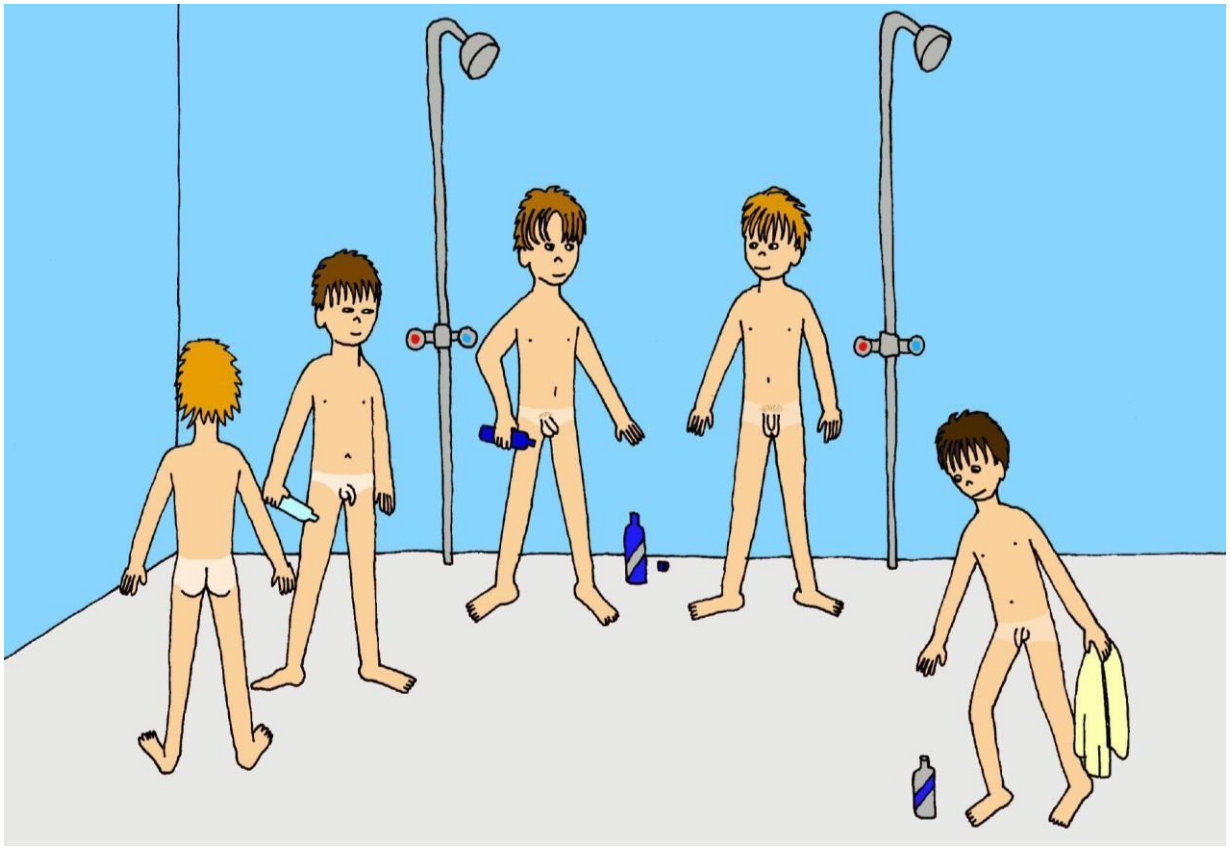
We started with grammar exercises, but they weren't too hard. As the teacher told us, she just had to discover the level of our knowledge. The other exercises were different. Because I had better results than average, I got more difficult exercise than those, who had not so good results. But the control and correction we made together. The pupils from class were writing the right answers on the blackboard during the correction.

"I can see that some of yours have forgotten too much, but I know that you have spent a lot of time in hospitals, so we will be making revisions of grammar rules."



After 10 minutes break, we had a math lesson. I hadn't known that math could be so interesting, because Mrs. Burda was giving us a lot of examples from real life. Something I already knew from school, but in spite of the fact that it should be revision, I learned also

something new. So, the lesson wasn't as boring as I expected, nevertheless, I was glad when it finished, because I was looking forward to exercising in the pool Before going to the pool, Katrina explained us what to do. We were allowed to take swimming trunks, but before going to the pool, we had to take a shower. The shower-room was next to the pool and there were two showers, so we had to turn. I was secretly peeking at Radek, the boy who was so shy last evening. Now, he changed his strategy. Instead of covering himself, he just stood against the wall as if he wanted to come through. Then he pulled his swimming trunks quickly.



In the pool, there were metallic bars on the sides, so we were standing in two rows against each other when we were making exercises. In the water, it was much easier to move, even in my leg I hadn't pain at all. The water in pool was quite warm and I felt good there. Katrina helped us to make exercises. She had blue swimming suit on.

The exercising in warm water was so nice, that hardly anybody wanted to get out of the pool when it finished. But when Katrina told us: "If you stuck there, you will be late at lunch and you will get the worse pieces," we got out of the pool rather quickly. "Attention on the wet floor," said Katrina, when she saw us running to the showers.

When we were ready to leave the pool, we wrapped our wet swimming trunks to the towels, because we had to return to our bedrooms without making a flood on the corridors.

“Can I hang my swimming trunks on the balcony?” asked one of boys.

“You know that you aren’t allowed to go there,” said Katka, “You rather let them dry on the heating. But don’t let them drying too much.”

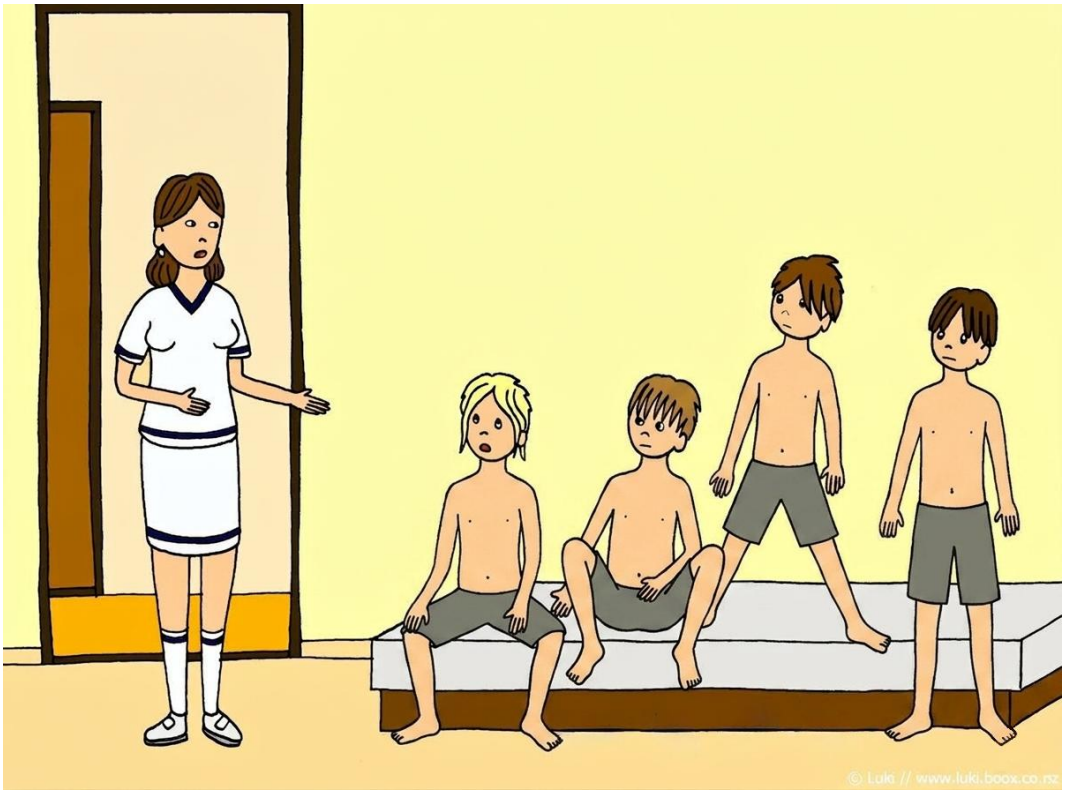
So, we went to our rooms and then right to the dining room. We weren’t so late, because kids from some groups came there even later than us. And there was enough food for all the kids, so we found that Katrina was scaring us talking about the worse pieces. Returning to our bedrooms for “lunch peace”, we talked with other boys.

“What about visiting each other on the room?” suggested the boy who always complained about the rules. As we already knew, he called Dan and he had two mischievous grin almost all the time.

“Maybe we should ask if it’s allowed,” said another boy.

“Come on, we aren’t in penitentiary,” replied Dan.

So, we set a meeting on one of the bedrooms after the lunch. There were all eight boys from our small group in that room. We were talking, then we started jumping on the bed, and we must be making a big noise, because in a few minutes, the door was opened and our nurse Katrina came in.



We stopped talking immediately, because we felt as if we were doing something bad. Dan looked at Katrina and said: “Excuse us, we didn’t know that visits on the rooms are forbidden.”

But Katka wasn’t upset, she just said: “No, it isn’t forbidden. You can visit each other, but you should tell me about it, so that I knew where could I find you if I needed to tell you something.” Then she smiled and added: “You aren’t in penitentiary.”

Dan turned a bit red, because he realized that Katrina must heard him as he said these words, but Katka didn’t talk about it more, and then she left the room. After that, we didn’t talk too loudly, but our meeting lasted till the end of “lunch peace”. The boys from that bedroom showed us various things they brought to the convalescent home. I liked the book which I saw on the table, and its owner, boy called Viktor, promised to lend it to me as soon as he read it.

After half an hour, we left the room, because we had to prepare for a walk. The walk was for both boys and girls, and that was why six nurses lead us, and even the old teacher joined us. We went out of the building and then we followed the patch which leaded to the wood. It was still a bit cold out, so we had to take our jackets and caps. There was pretty fresh air in the wood, much better than in the town where I lived. The teacher told us to deep breathe when we were walking. “Most of yours are from towns, so now you can enjoy the nature,” she said.

We came through the wood and stopped on the meadow. It wasn't too large, but there was enough space for various games we played. Mrs. Burda prepared even a few competitions for us, and after each competition, the winners got a small card with a picture. As our teacher explained us, we will collect those cards, and in the end of the month, before our returning home, we will get prizes for our good results. It sounded interesting, so everyone tried to get at least one card this afternoon.

"You can get the cards for good results in competitions, but also if you make anything nice for the others," explained us Mrs. Burda. I was about to ask what should it be, to make anything nice for the others, but I was shy, because nobody asked, and I didn't want to look silly. But later, I got to know that.

When we were returning from the wood, two of boys came to Mrs. Teacher and they said: "We got to pee." Because there were also girls among us, the boys had to walk deeper in the wood, so that the girls couldn't peek at them. Because other two boys started wrestling for some reason, the teacher had to calm them down, so she forgot about those two who came aside. But after a while, she started missing them'

David and me were told to find the missing boys and bring them back. So, we returned to the place when they left the rest of kids, and we called their names. At first, there was no reply, but in a while, one of the boys, called Dan, appeared on the patch and he told us with a smile: "Come and look what we found!"

We were curious, so we followed him into the bushes next to the path. We sneaked through the bushes and stopped on small place under the trees. There we met the other boy, who was nicknamed Chipmunk. Of course, he had other name, but everybody called him Chipmunk, because of his front teeth.

Dan pointed to the ground and we noticed several empty cartridges from gun. That was what Dan and Chipmunk found.

“Nothing strange,” David said, “There must been some hunters.”

But Dan argued: “It’s April now. The hunting season is on autumn!”

Chipmunk said: “Maybe there were some poachers.”

“Maybe we should call rangers,” suggested David.
I said: “Guys, we will be late if we stuck here!”

And it was truth. When we returned to the building, the other kids were already home. Katrina was standing in the door and she looked worried, but as she saw us, she looked at us rather strictly.

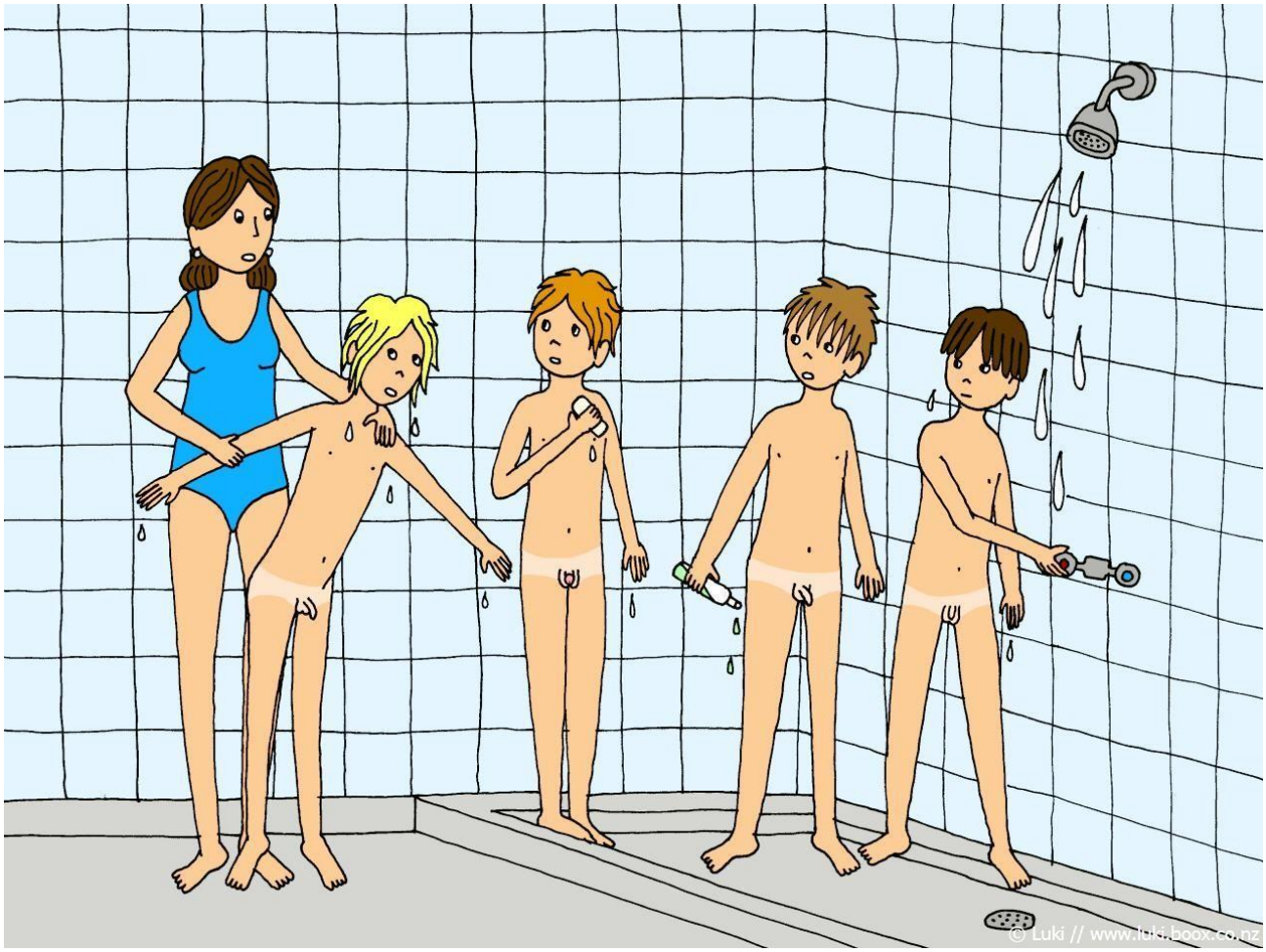
“Where have you been such a long time?” she asked sternly.

“We got lost in the woods,” replied Dan.

“And we were looking for them,” I explained.

“You will be late for the dinner,” said Katrina. “And of course, there will be no TV for you this time, so you will stay on your bedrooms this evening.”

Fortunately, this was the only punishment that we got for leaving others and being late. One evening without TV didn’t seem to be so horrible. So, we had to spend the time after our late dinner in our rooms. Because the nurses were in club-rooms with other kids, we were alone on the floor, so it wasn’t problem to meet at one bedroom. We discussed the secret of empty



cartridges in the wood, and we decided to wait and not to tell it to anybody. When other boys returned to the 2nd floor, we joined them and went to the bathroom.

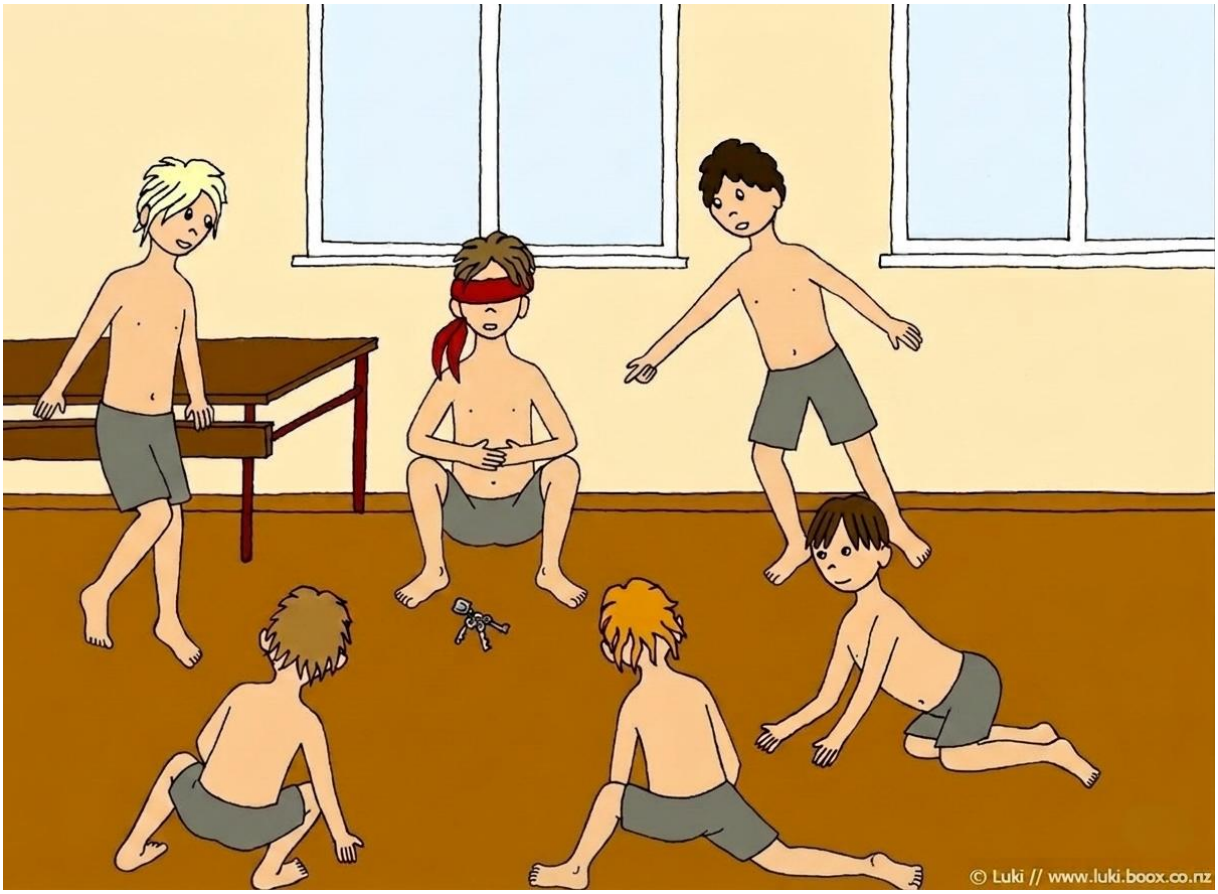
This time, we were kind of wild boys in the shower-room. We were splashing around a lot of water and we screamed as a herd of monkeys. Even Radek forgot to cover his genitals, so some of the boys peeked at him curiously. Katrina got a bit angry at us, and she said: “Oh men, what's gotten into you?”

When Dan slipped on the wet floor, Katrina had to catch him to prevent him from fall. Then she grabbed his shoulder and told him: “Where are you running? You haven’t even soaped yourself!” So, she took his bar of soap and started washing his back. Then we calmed down, because none of us wanted to be bathed as a baby. In a while, Katka stopped washing Dan’s back and she said that we should be good boys.

That evening, it was a bit easier to fall asleep, even if I was thinking about the cartridges in the wood, but then I stopped thinking about it. I heard that David was already asleep, so I followed him to the land of dreams soon.

The next days we started the same way we started with dinner and then we had two lessons in classroom. But our convalescence program was varied. In the gym, we practiced some new

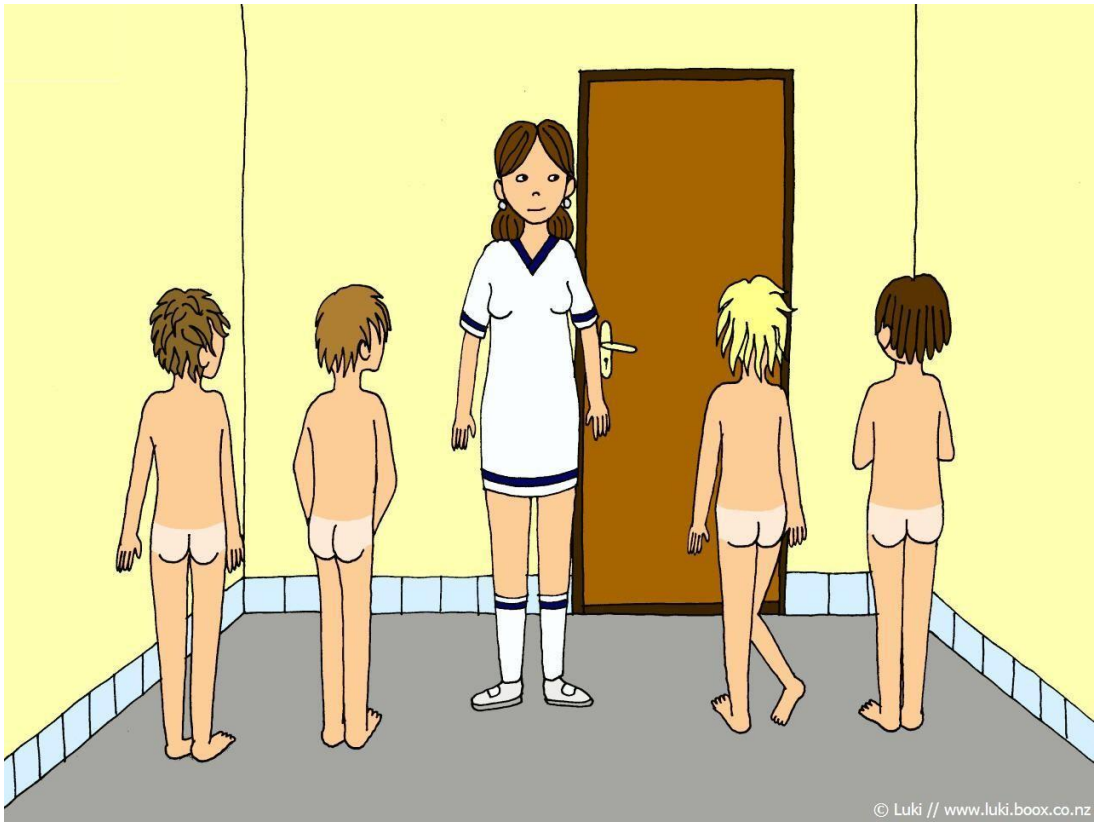
exercises every time we went there. I was slowly getting better, and also David made some progress, even if he obviously needed more time to get better. But I understood it, because his hurt was worse than mine.



The third day of our convalescence, we were exercising in the gym on afternoon, and on the evening, we went to the classroom, but not for learning, just for playing games. We couldn't go to the club-room for some reason; however, the classroom was more suitable for the games in which you have to move. There were also funny games, like "watchdog".

One of us had to be watchdog. He was sitting on the floor, blindfolded with a scarf. There was a bunch of keys on the floor in front of him. Other boys tried to pick the keys, but if the "watchdog" heard them and pointed to them, they had to return on their place next to the corner. Once, I was also "watchdog" and it was hard to pick the keys, because I was listening very carefully.

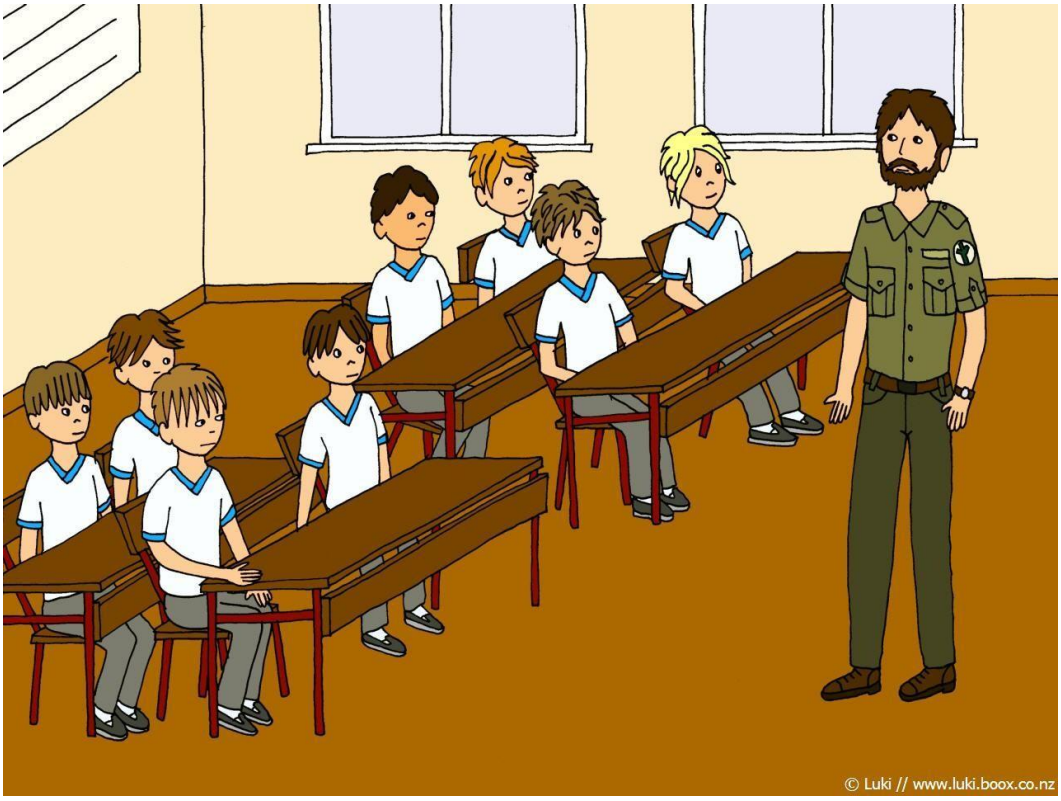
And the fourth day, we enjoyed the most popular part of our program, and it was a whirlpool. Our small group had to be divided into 2 fours, so that we could share the spa tub. So, David and me were sharing the whirlpool with Dan and Chipmunk. It was not easy to share a tub with Dan, who was kicking around, but then he had to calm down, because Katrina was watching us. I have to say that swimming trunks weren't allowed in that spa tub.



The water in the tub was pretty warm, and there were a lot of water-jets, so the bath in that spa was not only relaxing, but also kind of exciting for us, what became visible on certain parts of our bodies soon. Twenty minutes later, Katrina told us to get out from the tub, but nobody wanted to do that. But her voice was uncompromising, so we had to stand up and leave the spa, no matter what. I bet that Katrina must see how big boys we became, but even if she was looking at us, she acted as if there wasn't anything special. Now I know that professional nurses are used to see everything, but there in the whirlpool, I was afraid from annoying comments.

That day, we had kind of educative evening, because after the dinner, we went to the classroom with other groups of kids, and there was waiting us our teacher, Mrs. Burda, with a man in a green uniform with a beard.

"This is Mr. Mayer, the member of the Forest Guard," told us Mrs. Burda. "He came to tell us about local woods and the care of them."



I whispered to David: “Maybe we should ask him about poachers, or even tell him about ...”

But David replied, that we had to be careful with that, and first we had to listen what he will tell us.

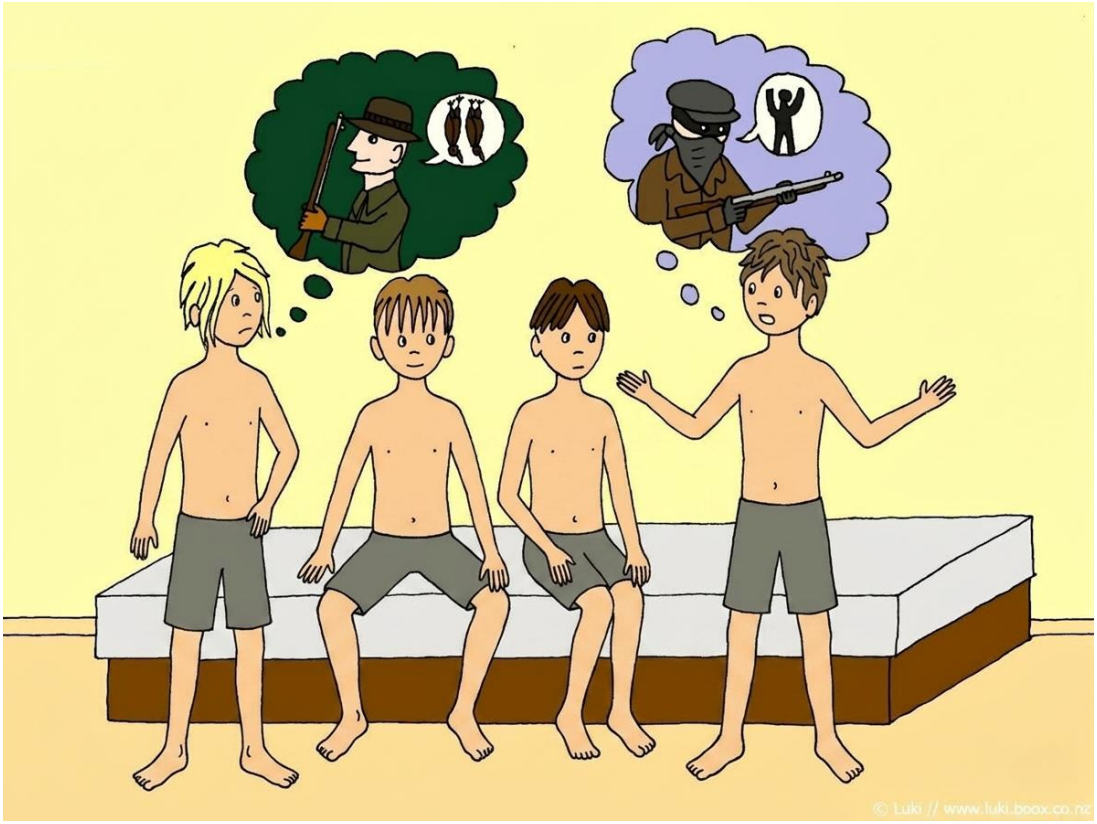
So, we were listening the ranger, who was talking about what species of trees and animals we could find in the woods. Then, he started complaining about environmental pollution and also about some irresponsible hikers who could cause forest fires. Then we could ask him any questions about his work. Some kids asked about hunting, and the ranger explained that only people who are members of the Hunting Association could hunt there in woods, but only in season, and besides, with a special permission.

I was looking at David, Dan and Chipmunk from time to time. They looked like being confused to ask any question, but after a brief hesitation, Dan put up his hand and asked: “Are there poachers in the local woods?”

The ranger nodded and said: “Unfortunately, from time to time we have such problems in our woods.” And he continued: “You know, while the hunters from Association are respecting the law and the nature, most of poachers are very inconsiderate. They cause a lot of damage. They often kill animals only to get trophies, like horns and so on. And it’s very bad.”

Because there was almost 8 o’clock, Mrs. Burda thanked Mr. Mayer for his visit, and then we had to leave the classroom. But before we left it, Mr. Mayer promised us to guide us on our next walk through the woods.

After the evening hygiene in shower-room, David and me visited Dan and Chipmunk on their room. We had only 5 minutes before lights-off time, so we just quickly agreed to tell Mr. Mayer about the empty cartridges we found in the wood, when he will be leading us on a walk. Then we had to return to our room. On the corridor, we met Katrina, who was pointing at the clock in the wall of corridor, but it was just 8:29, so we quickly ran into the bedroom, then quickly put our pajamas and switched the light off.



However, before sleep, we were silently talking, or rather whispering for a while. And even then, I was still thinking about Mr. Mayer and what he told us, so I couldn't sleep. When I had to go to pee, I met Katrina on the corridor. She was about to tell me something like: "What are you doing there so late?" But when she saw that I was going right to the restroom, she just smiled and said: "You was drinking a lot, wasn't you?"

After peeing, I returned to the bedroom, and then, it didn't take too much time before I fell asleep.

Our first weekend on convalescent home came, so I was wondering whether we will have some special program. On Saturday, there weren't lessons in classroom, so our small group of eight boys with our nurse Katrina went to the gym, and then, before the lunch, we were allowed to watch a DVD in the club-room. I was still thinking about what Mr. Mayer, the ranger, told us, so when our "lunch peace" started, David and me went to visit to the bedroom where Dan and Chipmunk were living.

We sat on the beds and this time we didn't jump on them, because we didn't want to raise unwanted attention.

“Well,” Dan started talking, “Now we have that poachers are here in the woods.”

David argued: “Sure, but we can’t know whether the cartridges were from poachers. Besides, the cartridges could be used before, let’s say on last year’s hunting season.”

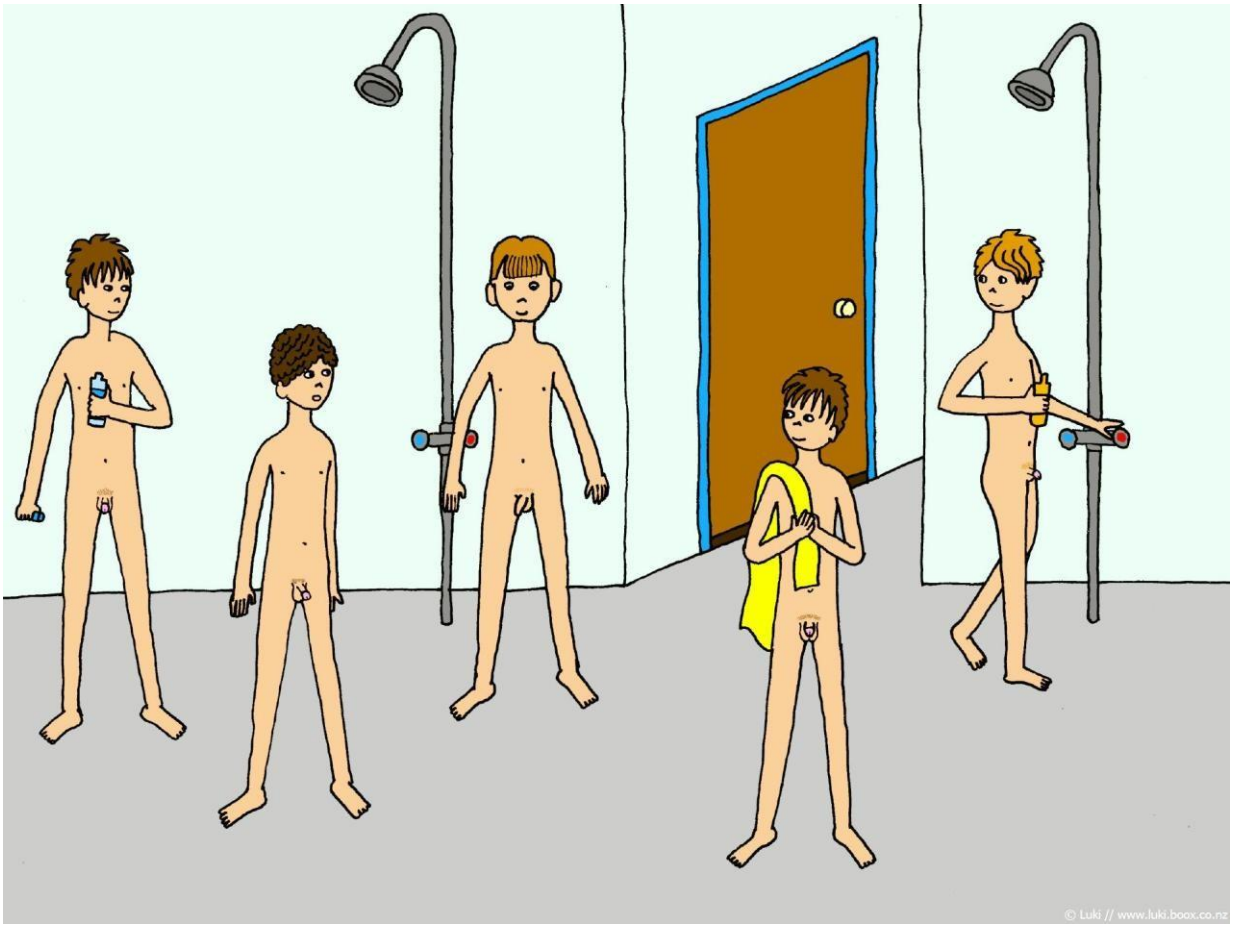
“Oh my,” replied Dan, “Haven’t you noticed that they were quite new, without any rust? And the hunters from Association aren’t leaving cartridges in the wood, they are used to pick them, so that kids like us couldn’t collect them and play with them.”

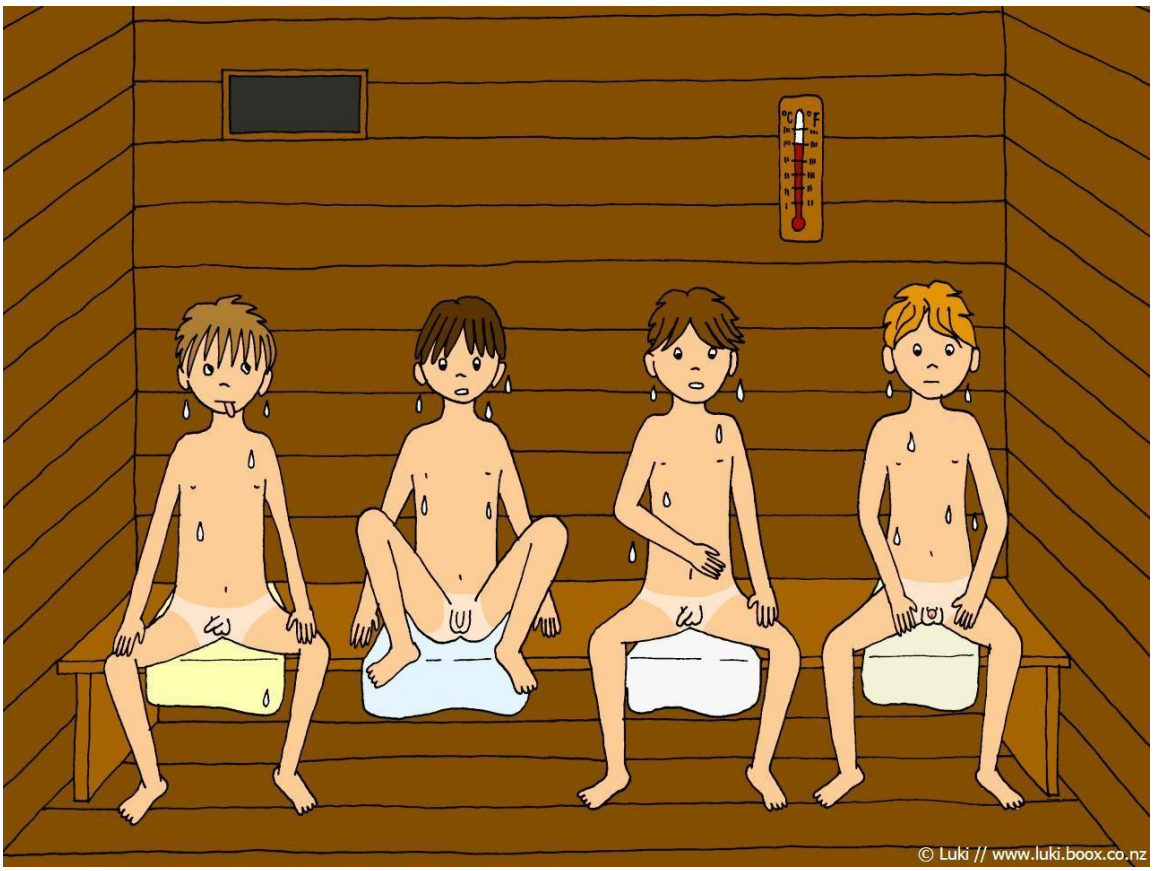
“Well, they weren’t hunters, who were shooting in the wood. But they didn’t have to be poachers as well. Maybe it was anybody else. Maybe we discovered a crime scene!”

“You’re reading detective stories too much,” replied Dan.

After all, we had to admit that we couldn’t solve the secret of empty cartridges, so we just agreed to wait for Mr. Mayer to bring us for a walk to the woods, and then to ask him.

On the afternoon, we had a lot of fun again, because there was a new part of our program, which we didn’t know before. And it was a sauna. Only two boys from our small group said that they had ever been in sauna, but for most of us, it was something new.



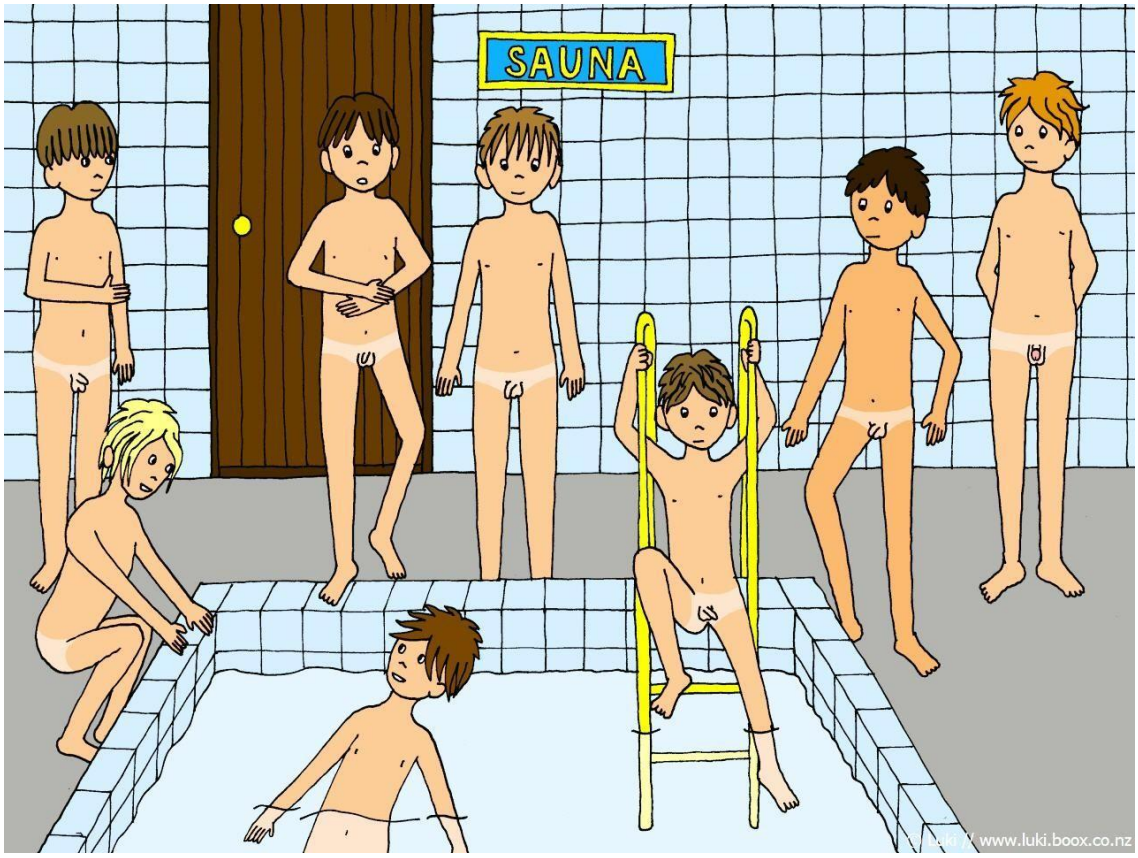


Before going to sauna room, we had to have a shower. There was a shower-room in front of entrance to the sauna, so that anybody who was going there couldn't miss it. I liked the sauna room, because it had wooden door and the walls were lined with wood too. The smell of the

wood was everywhere. We asked Katrina if she will join us in the sauna. But she said: "Maybe next time." I guessed it was because she didn't want to strip, because everybody had to go naked to sauna room.

At first, I liked the worm air in the sauna, because the shower wasn't particularly hot, but in a while, it started to be hot. I noticed that the other boys started to sweat as well. We were sitting on wooden benches and we had our towels under our butts. We were watching a thermometer on the wall, and there were a bit more than 80° Celsius (176° Fahrenheit).

However, we slowly get used in the hot room and started enjoying it. We tried to make some interesting hairstyles from our sweaty hair, and we also tried to hold our hands in front of our mouths to breathe through them. When Katrina opened the wooden door of sauna-room and told us to leave it, nobody wanted to go to the pool with cold water. I started shivering as soon as I put my tiptoe into the cold water. There was a boy called Marek who just jumped to the pool with a big yell, but he was one of those two were already used to get sauna. Most of the other members of our small group weren't so hardened. We tried to get slowly into the water, using the ladder there. But Katka told us that it doesn't worth and she said: "You should get into the pool as fast as possible, because that's the point."



And because we didn't want Katrina to laugh on us, we jumped into the pool so quickly, that the cold water was splashing the floor around. Of course, we were screaming and yelling like a group of monkeys. At first, the water was insufferably cold, and it seemed to be freezing to us, but in a while, we got used to the low temperature, and even started enjoying it.

We were splashing water all around, and it was a lot of fun when we were jumping into the pool again and again. In the end, Katrina shouldn't make us to get out of the pool, but because we weren't so bad boys, we listened to her and got out. Playing in the cold water, we almost forgot about its low temperature, but when we got out of the pool, we turned blue with a cold. Surprisingly, when we toweled ourselves and took on our clothes, none of us seemed to be cold. On the contrary, I felt a pretty warm feeling.

Because we had time enough, we were allowed to visit each other's rooms for an hour before the dinner. As usually, we met in Dan's and Chipmunk's bedroom. David took his cards, which aroused Dan's attention. He seemed to know card games well, so he suggested to play cards, saying: "Now, this bedroom is going to turn into Casino Royale."

"I hope you do not want to gamble for money?" David asked.

“Me too,” Chipmunk joined him, “I need my money for sweets and chewing-gums!”

“Well,” Dan nodded, “But we have to play for something.”

“So, do you have any suggestion,” David asked.

“When you’re asking,” replied Dan, “we could play for our clothes.”

“Do you mean strip game?” I asked him.

“Why not,” replied Dan.

“But it isn’t worth, because we can see each other naked every day in showers!” argued Radek.

“That’s truth,” I said. “Few minutes ago, we were all naked in the sauna, so why should we strip again?”

Then we started talking about the nudity, which could be seen quite often in the convalescent house.

“It’s not fair anyway,” told Martin, the tanned boy with dark hair. “Because Katrina can see us naked every day, but we haven’t seen HER naked at all!”

It was truth. We were naked in front of Katrina when we were showering, also preparing for exercises in swimming pool, and that day, she saw us naked in sauna and in the cooling pool again. But none of us could see Katka naked, but just in her blue swimming costume.

“I bet you would like to see Katka naked,” smiled Chipmunk and looked at Dan. I have to say that Dan and Chipmunk were the best friends, but they were teasing each other all the time.

“Who wouldn’t like to see her?” replied Dan, but he slightly turned red being asked.

“She promised to join us in sauna next time,” I said.

“Well, but maybe she just told it to get rid of us,” argued Chipmunk.

“I bet we will see Katka naked before our departure from here,” Dan said.

“I accept the bet!” replied Chipmunk with a smile.

“Actually, I haven’t meant a real bet,” Dan tried to back out. “But I see that it’s late now.”

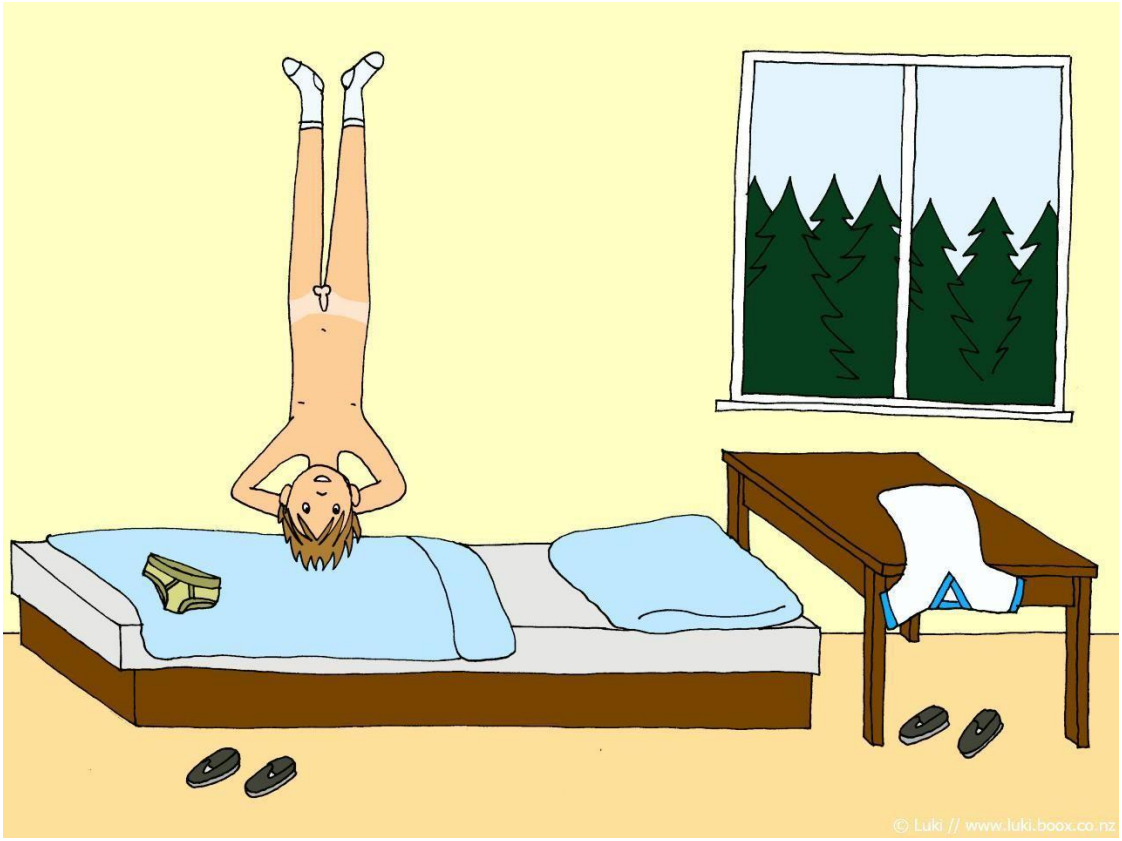
“Well, what we actually have bet?” asked him Chipmunk.

Dan thought for a moment, and then he said: “Well, if you win a bet, I will have to run naked through the corridor the last day before departure.”

“All right,” Chipmunk replied. “And if I lost, it will be me to have to run naked through the corridor.”

“And what about our card game?” asked David, who was still holding the pack of cards in his hand.

Dan thought for a moment again, and then he suggested: “Well, being stripped isn’t anything special there, so it really isn’t worth to play, but I have an idea.”



Then Dan told us, that we could took off pants, and play the cards. Who loses, he will have to do something in front of others. Because it sounded interesting, we all agreed. The card game went pretty quickly, so we had a lot of opportunities to decide what the looser should do. I was

the first player to lost, because I still wasn't used to play cards too much. So, other boys were thinking for a short while, and then Dan told me:
"Well, now you have to pull down your undies and do a handstand on the bed."

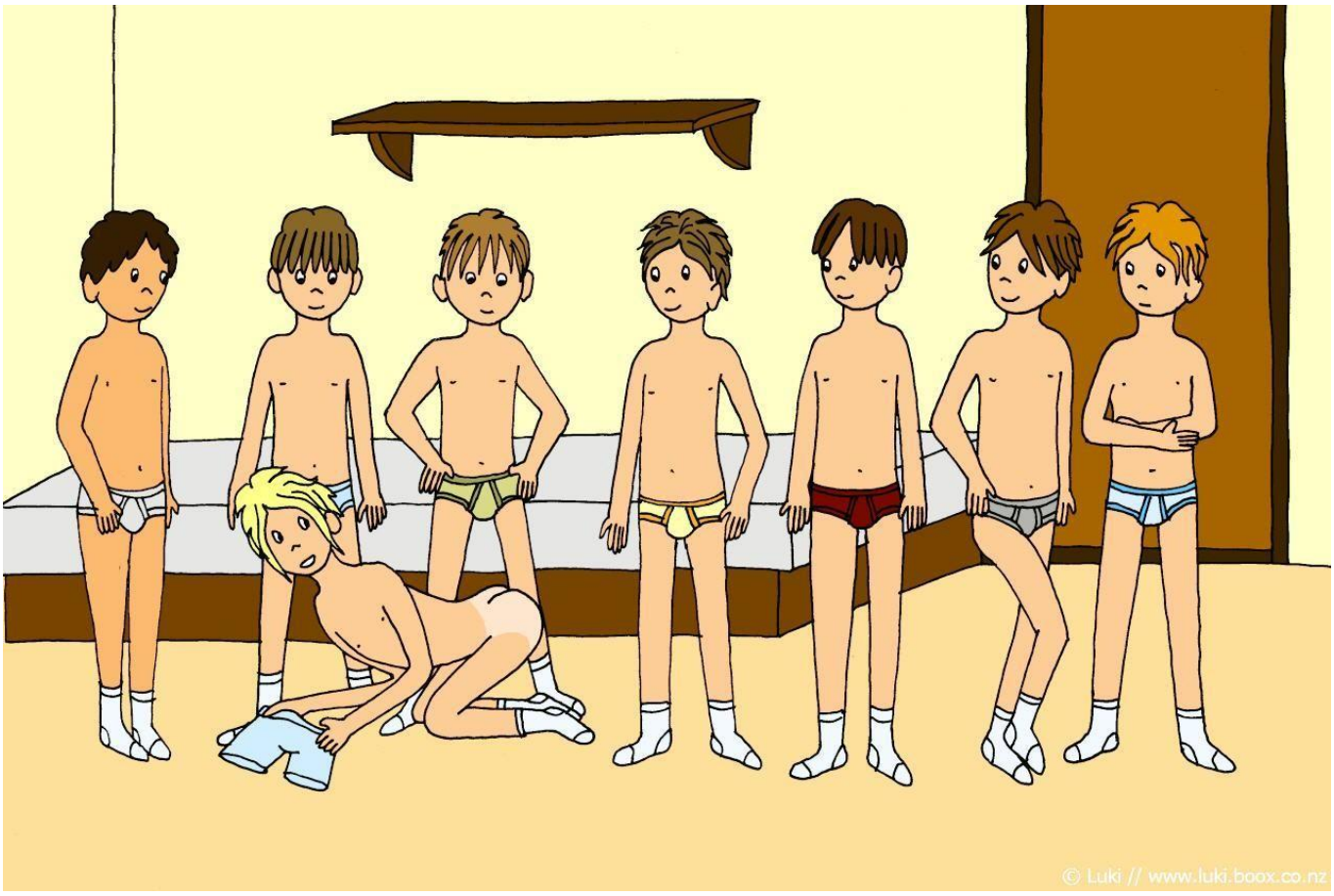
It wasn't problem, even if I wasn't used to do handstands too much before, but the boys allowed me to lean against the wall when doing it. However, it must look funny, because my

genitals were hanging down when I was doing the handstand. Some of boys smiled, but I didn't care.

Then, there was Martin to lost. He was told to make three knee-bends, of course, without his underwear. We were curious if his weenie would touch the floor, but it wasn't quite as big as we thought. However, it looked funny to see somebody exercising stark naked. The next boy to lose was Dan, and he just didn't have a luck in a game, because he was good player

otherwise. However, I was glad that he lost, because it was his idea to play that game, so I thought to myself: "Let him show himself!".

For Dan, we came up with a special task. He had to play a role of naked praying pagan. So, Dan had to get to knee-elbow position for a while, what was funny too, especially from the rear view.



After next game, it was Radek's turn. We knew that he was shy, so we didn't want to torment him too much. So, we told him: "You have to stand on the table and pull down your undies."

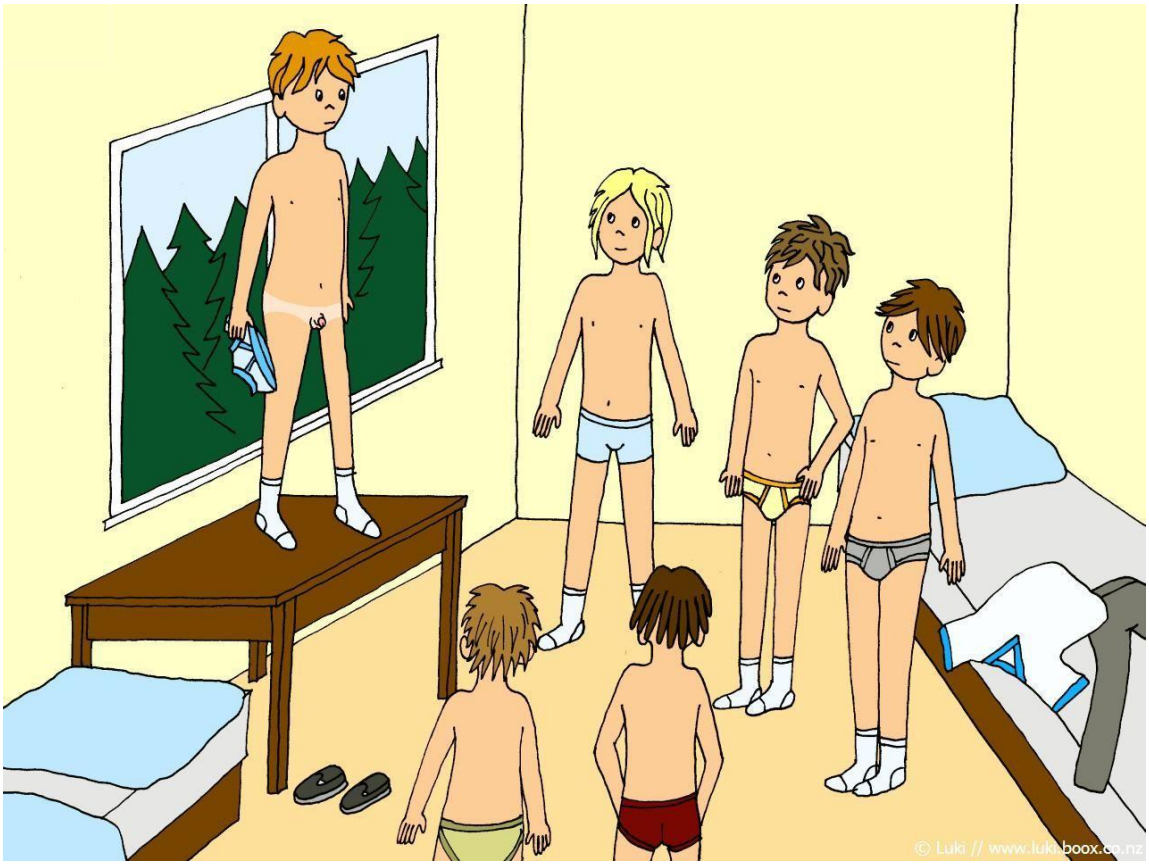
Being shy boy, Radek turned a little red, but he didn't want to spoil the game, so he climbed on the table and then he pulled his underwear down to his knees. We have already seen him, as every boy from our small group, but those were just glimpses, while now we could watch him for a while.

Radek must notice that we were peeking at him, but he just smiled and said: "I know that you're curious about me."

Chipmunk, being snappy boy, told him: "No wonder. Looks interesting."

Then, Radek climbed down from the table, pulled his underwear up and said: "When I was very small kid, I looked like you. But then, I had to go to surgery because of some problems with peeing. That's why I look different."

Since then, Radek was never shy in shower-rooms, because he already knew that nobody will laugh on him because of his difference. And none of us asked him any questions about his weenie, because we knew that it just had happened to him and there wasn't reason to talk about it more.



Because we had just quarter an hour before dinner, those lucky boys who never lost the game decided to show us something anyway, so that we weren't angry at them. So, we could see two bare butts of boys who decided mooning in front of us, and in the end, other two boys just pulled down their undies to show us their weenies. But it was funny anyway, because they did it next to each other and at the same moment.

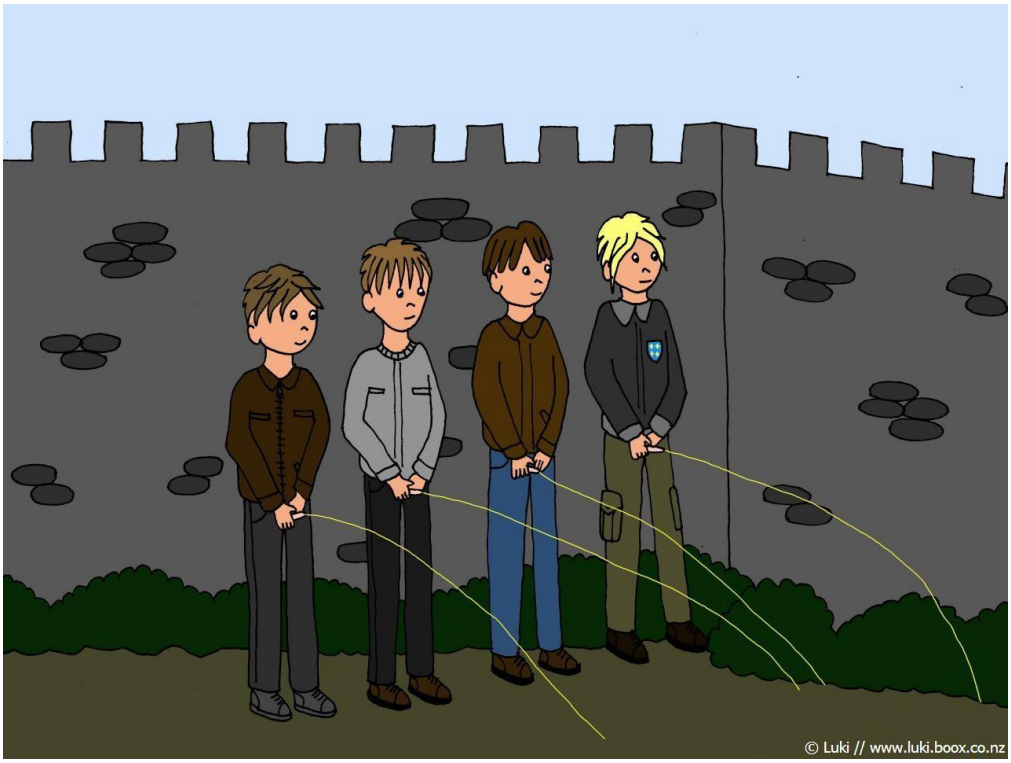
Then we went to the dinner. I bet that Katka must been wondering why we were looking at each other smiling all the dinner time.

Recreation Center 2

Viktor finally finished reading his book, so on Sunday morning I borrowed it from him. But I didn't have time to start reading the book on the morning, because Mrs. Burda, our teacher, took us for a trip. After the breakfast, the bus arrived. The trip was for both boys and girls from convalescent home, so the bus was full of us kids, and there were also some of the nurses to watch us. We were going about half an hour by bus, and then we have to go on food quarter an hour yet. The aim of our trip was an old castle, or rather castle ruins. As Mrs. teacher told us, it was pretty old building, from 13th century.

Even if it was a ruin, there was still pretty high tower with high walls around, and we could explore them, because the ruins were freely accessible. We walked through the place what used to be a yard of that castle, and there were newly reconstructed stairs to the walls. The walls had handrails on one side and battlements on the other side, so it was quite safe to walk there, but Mrs. Burda and the nurses had to watch us carefully, especially us boys, because we were lively, as usually.

When the tour of the castle finished, some of boys including me ask the teacher if we could go to pee. We found a hidden place where girls couldn't watch us. It was narrow strip of ground between the castle wall and bushes. So, we stood facing the wall and started peeing. When we were almost done, we could hear silent giggling. Of course, some of the girls were so

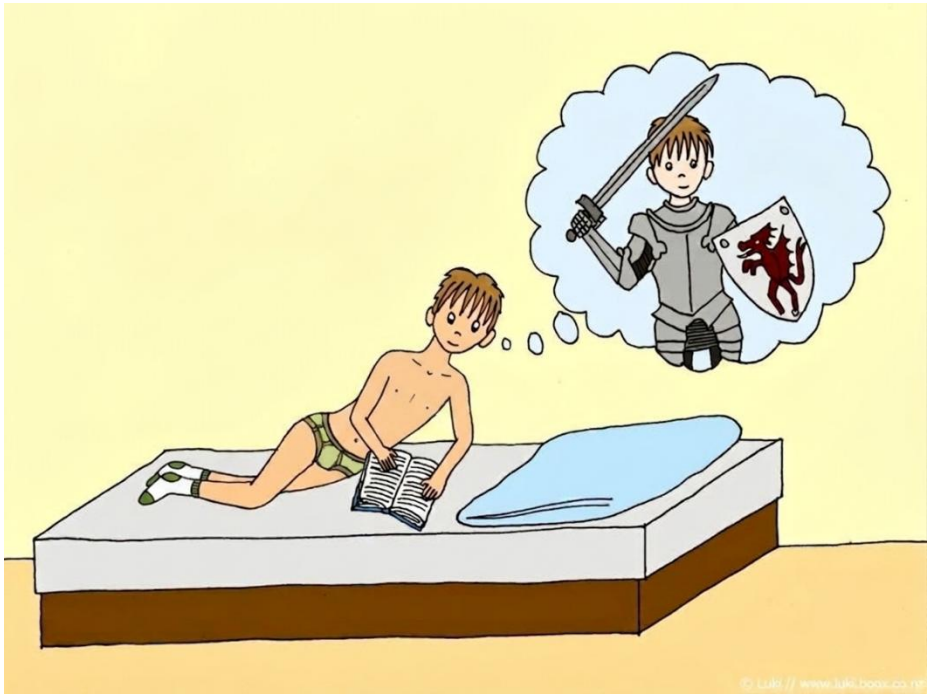


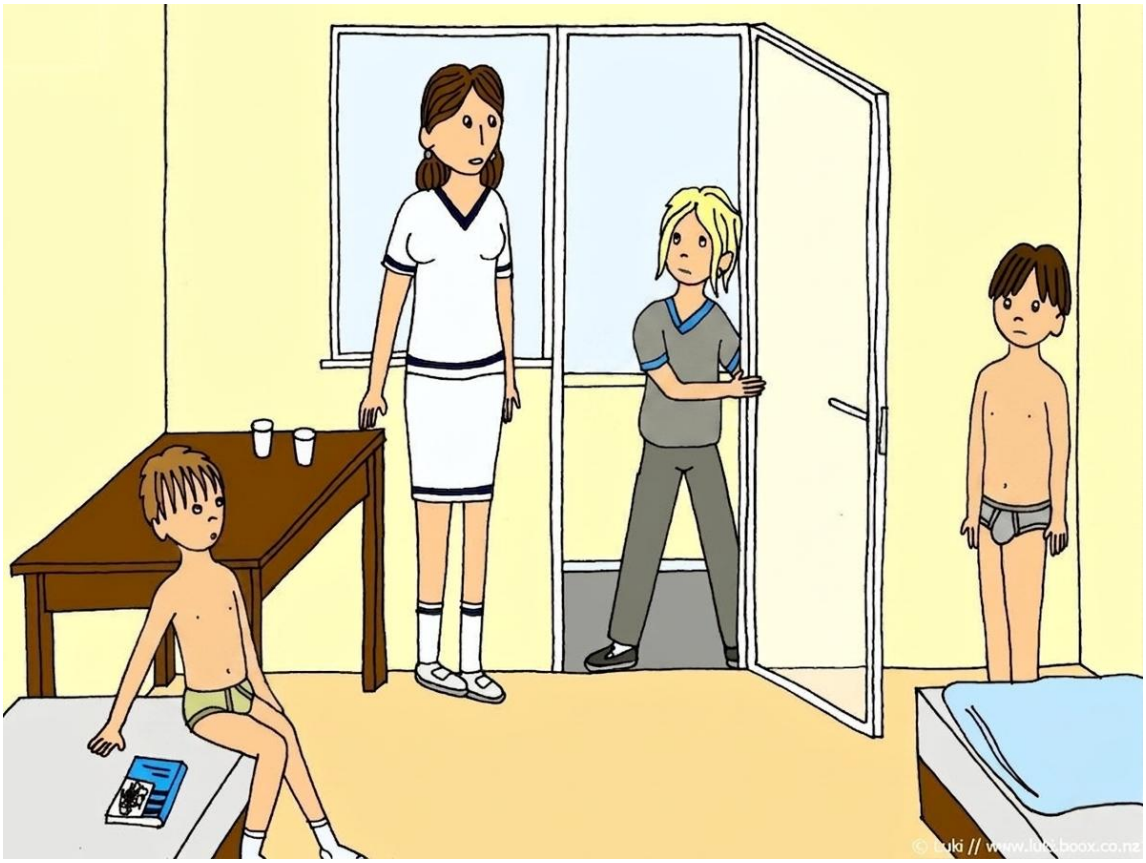
curious that they couldn't resist to spy us.

"Lucky for us that they can't spy us in showers too," said one of us.

Before the time to return, Mrs. Burda told us: "Look at the castle one more. On afternoon, you will be drawing a picture of this castle."

Then we returned to the bus, which brought us back to the convalescent home. We were back for lunch, so we just took off our jackets and changed our shoes, and then we went to the dining room. After the lunch, there was regular "lunch peace". Since we were a bit tired after the trip, both me and David were lying on our beds just in, underwear and socks. I started reading the book from Viktor. It was "The Black Arrow" by Stevenson, kind of adventure from old history. I was still thinking about the ruins which we visited on the morning





before lunch, and there were also castles and medieval warriors in the book.

So, I was dreaming about being young and brave knight helping the poor and orphans, but then, somebody knocked the door and Dan came to our bedroom with a smile on his face.

"Hello guys, what are you doing?" she asked.

"We're relaxing," replied David, and said: "Where you've left Chipmunk?"
David smiled and answered: "He had to go pee."

We were about start talking. Suddenly, somebody knocked the door again. I thought it was

Chipmunk, but Dan quickly jumped at the balcony door, he opened them and hid on the balcony. At the same moment, Katrina entered our bedroom.

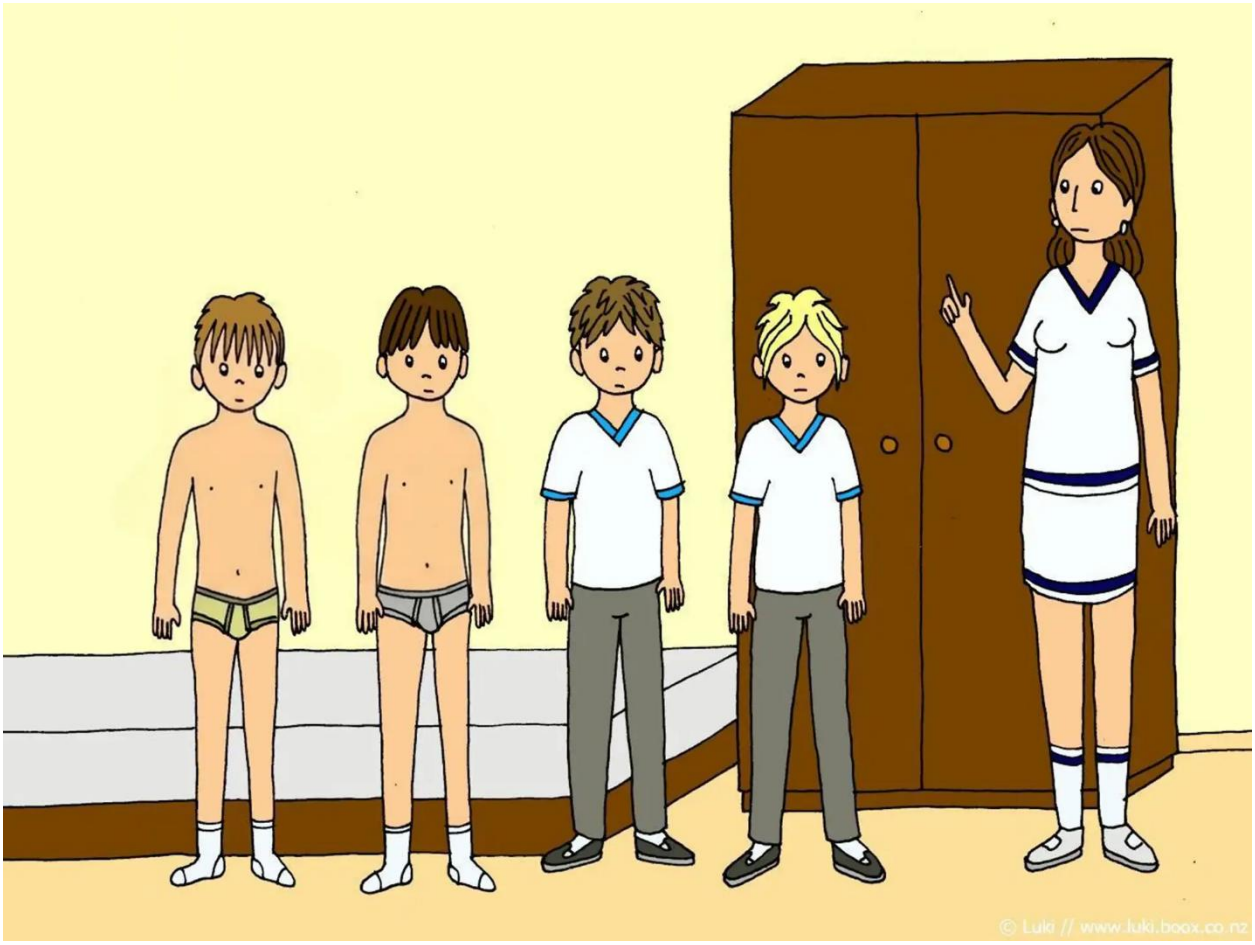
"Where is Dan?" she asked. "I saw that he came here!"

David and me were so confused, that we didn't say anything. But Katka noticed that the glass door wasn't closed properly. She opened the door, looked around, and then, Dan was caught and he had to return back to the room.

Katrina looked strictly at all three of us, saying: "You were told to not going to the balcony, weren't you?"

That was truth. On Dan's bedroom, there wasn't any balcony, so he didn't have any problems with this rule yet. But now, he broken the rule and we knew about it, and we didn't say anything. So, it wasn't wonder that Katrina got a little upset at us. And to make matters worse, Chipmunk entered our bedroom, and he was still adjusting the front his pants, as he was just returning from restrooms.

Katrina looked at us and she started talking: "I allowed you to visit each other, but first, you had to tell me about it, so that I knew where could I found you if necessary. Besides, one of yours were on the balcony. Going on balcony isn't forbidden just for fun. There's a reason for this rule. We just don't want you to hurt themselves by falling from a balcony, that's why. Or do you miss the hospital?"



Dan looked guilty. Or at least, he tried to look like this. We all must looked pitiful when we started begging her to not punish us. And it worked. Dan had to promise to not going on balcony again, and we all promised to ask Katrina every time we wanted to visit each other's bedroom. For now, the storm was over.

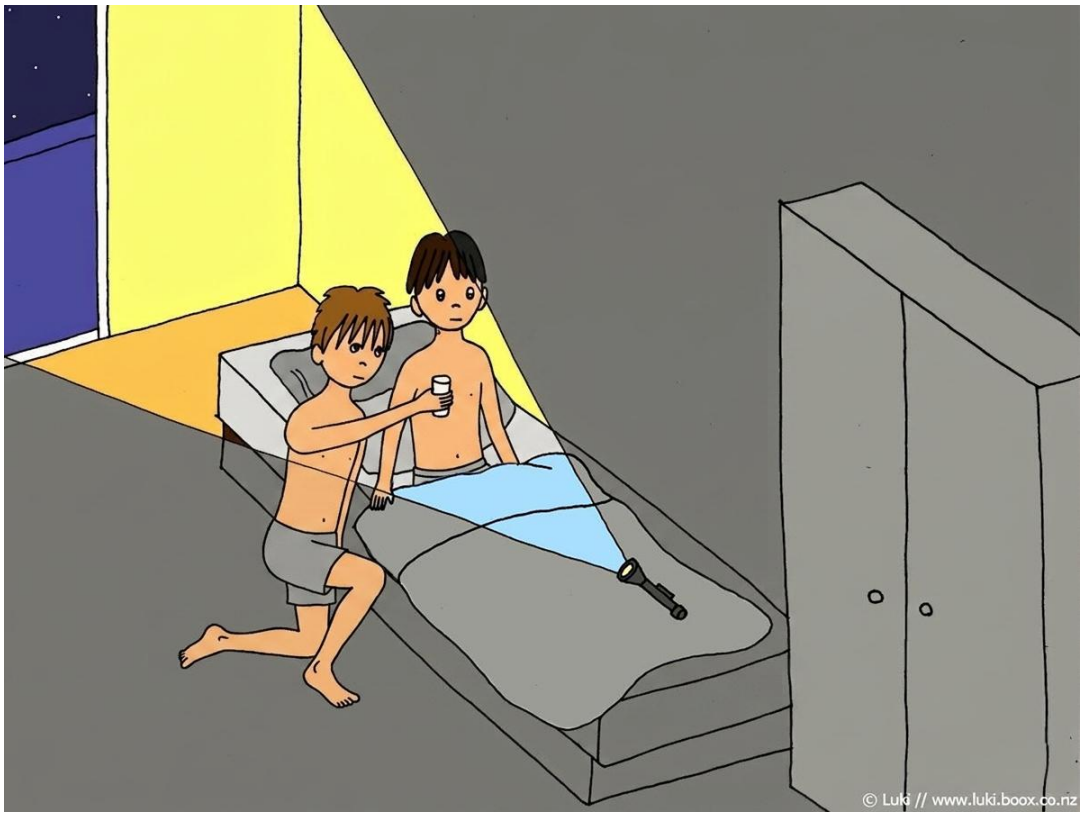
After the „lunch peace ", we went to the classroom, but not for learning, just for drawing the castle. For some of us, this task wasn't too easy, but most of the drawings looked pretty good. Then we picked the best drawings, which were placed on the notice table on the wall. Each of

authors was rewarded with a card. The rest of us was a bit jealous, but Mrs. Burda told us, that we will have a chance to deserve more cards after the dinner. And it was truth. On the evening, we were playing various games, like a few times ago, but now there were also some new games. Because there were a lot of games, each of us got at least one card. After the evening games, we had to take a shower in our common shower-room, and then we went to bed.

As usually, I started talking with David before sleep. But this time, his voice wasn't as strong as usually. After a while, he told me: "Tomas, I don't feel good." I asked him what happened. "I'm thirsty," he said.

So, I got up from bed and I bent over him. I felt David's warm breath, and even in the darkness, I could see his glistening eyes. When I knelt down, I saw that his forehead is sweaty.

I wasted no time and went to the dining room on the ground floor to bring a glass of tea. There was always a tea tank on a small table in the dining room, so that everyone could drink it. I was lucky, because the tank was on its place even at night. There was rather dark in dining room, but I managed to find a glass on a plastic tray and fill it with tea. The tea wasn't hot, but at least warm. When I returned to our bedroom, I helped David drinking. Holding the glass and helping him to sit down to drink, I felt that David's body was very warm, as if he had a fever. David drank the glass of tea quickly, and he asked for more. So, I had to go to dining room again. But as I was returning to our bedroom, I met Katrina on the stairs. Of course, she didn't look too friendly when she noticed me.



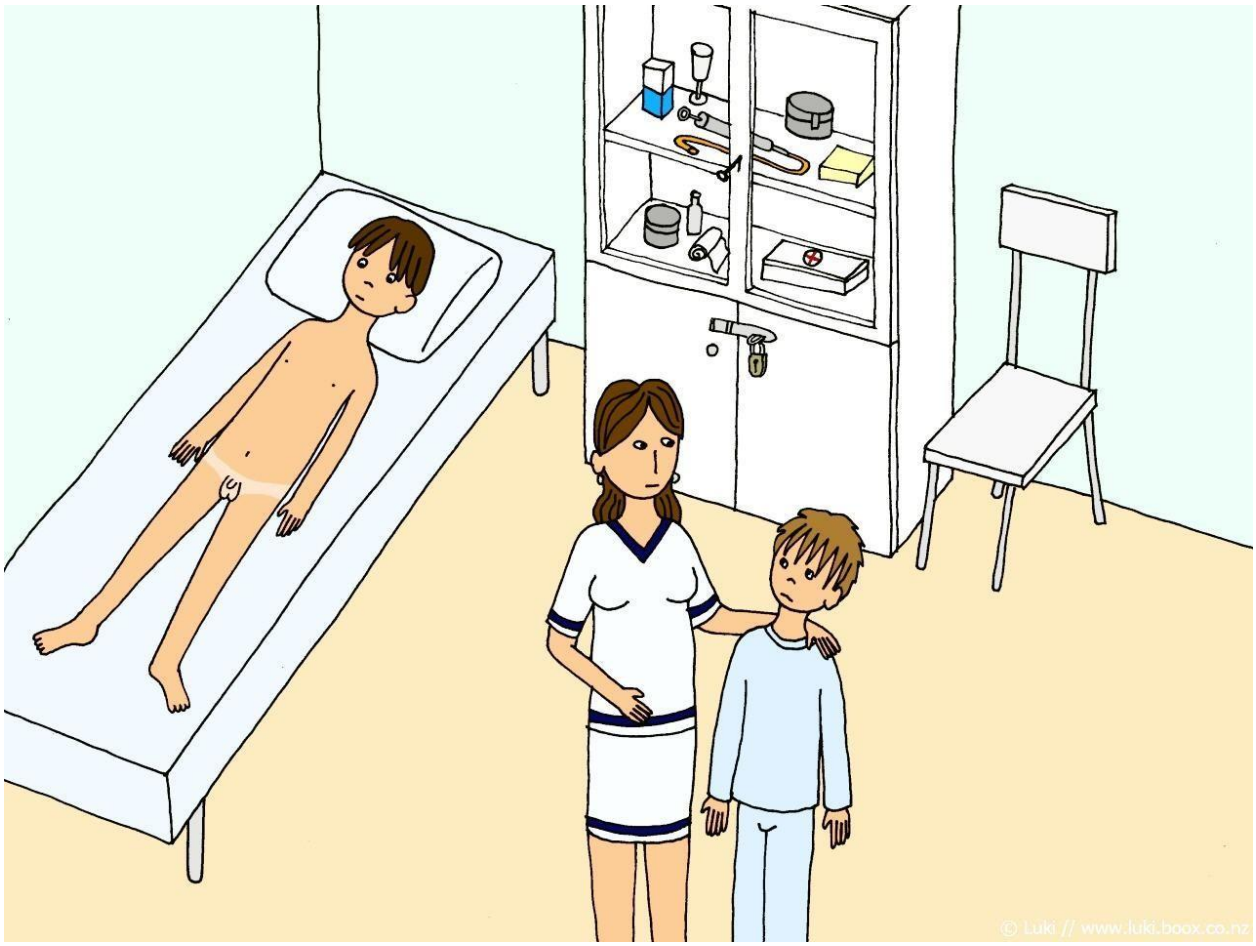
“What’s the time, young man?” she asked me. And because I didn’t know that exactly, she said: “It’s 9 o’clock. So, what you’re doing here on the stairs?”

Then, Katrina noticed the glass of tea in my hand, and she asked what did it mean.

“Excuse me,” I said, “But I was thirsty ... Actually, my friend was thirsty, so I went to ...”

“Does he feel bad? Isn’t he sick?” asked Katrina on worried voice. “Well, I rather look at him.”

So, our nurse joined me and we came to the bedroom. David was a little surprised when Katka bent over him. In the light from the corridor, I could only see how Katrina unbuttoned David’s pajamas and examined his breath with her ear on his chest.



“You had high temperature,” she said to David. “I will rather take you to the sickroom. Then, Katrina asked me to help her, so we took David to the special room, where we help him to lie down on the bed in a corner. Katrina took off both the top and the bottom of his pajamas and I noticed that David’s balls were kind of saggy. Just like mine, whenever I had a fever.

“Well, thank you for help, but now you return to your bedroom,” told Katrina to me.

I was afraid for David and I couldn't sleep for a long time. It must be at least 11 o'clock when I finally fell asleep.

When I woke up on the morning, I looked at David's empty bed. Just in my pajamas, I left the room and went straight to the sickroom. There was a nurse, but she wasn't Katka. I said "Good morning," and I looked at David who was lying in the bed sleeping. The nurse came to me and whispered: "You don't have to afraid everything is good with your friend. He was only tired and weakened, and therefore he had a high temperature, but now he will be better. He got some medicine and he will be healthy in 2 or 3 days."

So, I calmed down a little, however, I was sad because I knew that I will be missing my friend for 2 or 3 days. The nurse noticed that, so she said: "You can come and look at him on afternoon."

Of course, I was worried for David. And it was sad to live in the room alone, even if for just a few days. I was reading the book from Viktor, so that I didn't feel so lonely in the room. The characters of the book were by my side when I was alone. Besides, I was allowed to visit other boys on their room even without asking Katrina, to not feel lonely.

After the lessons in the classroom, we had about an hour before the lunch time, so I went to Dan's and Chipmunk's bedroom. Dan was in a good mood, because he got another of his mischievous ideas.

"We must explore the basement of this building," he said when I came to the room.

"Why must we?" I asked him.

"Because it can be adventure," replied Dan, who was surprised that someone couldn't understand such a simple thing.

So, Dan, Chipmunk and me cautiously went through the corridor and downstairs to the basement. It didn't look too adventurously there, maybe because the lights were switched on. We passed a laundry and other rooms which could be expected in a basement of such building as convalescent home, but we didn't find anything interesting. Then we noticed a metal door in the end of basement's corridor. The door was slightly opened and Dan couldn't resist to explore what were there behind it.

"It's dark there," he exclaimed, "I can't find any switch button. "

Suddenly, the door closed with a big noise. The problem was, that there weren't any handles on the door, just a keyhole and nothing else. Chipmunk and me almost started laughing, but then we realized the seriousness of the situation.

"It's dark and cold here," we heard through the door.

"What shall we do now?" I asked, while Chipmunk was still trying to not laugh.

We thought for a while, but after all, we decided to look for adult's help. So, we went upstairs, and the first adult we met was our nurse, Katrina. She wasn't too happy when we told to her what happened. Katrina told us to stay there, and in a while, she returned with a large bunch of keys.

"Mr. caretaker was nice enough to lend me the keys," she said, "But he couldn't remember which's the one we need."

So, when we returned downstairs, Katrina had to try at least fifteen keys, before finally getting opened the door.

When Dan came out, he shivered a little, but he was glad to see us again. But when he looked at Katrina and noticed the expression on her face, he wasn't too glad, and he started to prepare for the worst.

"I really don't know what to say," Katrina started talking. "Do you know where you ever got?"

"I just know there was dark and cold," Dan replied on a quiet and fearful voice. "I hope it wasn't morgue."

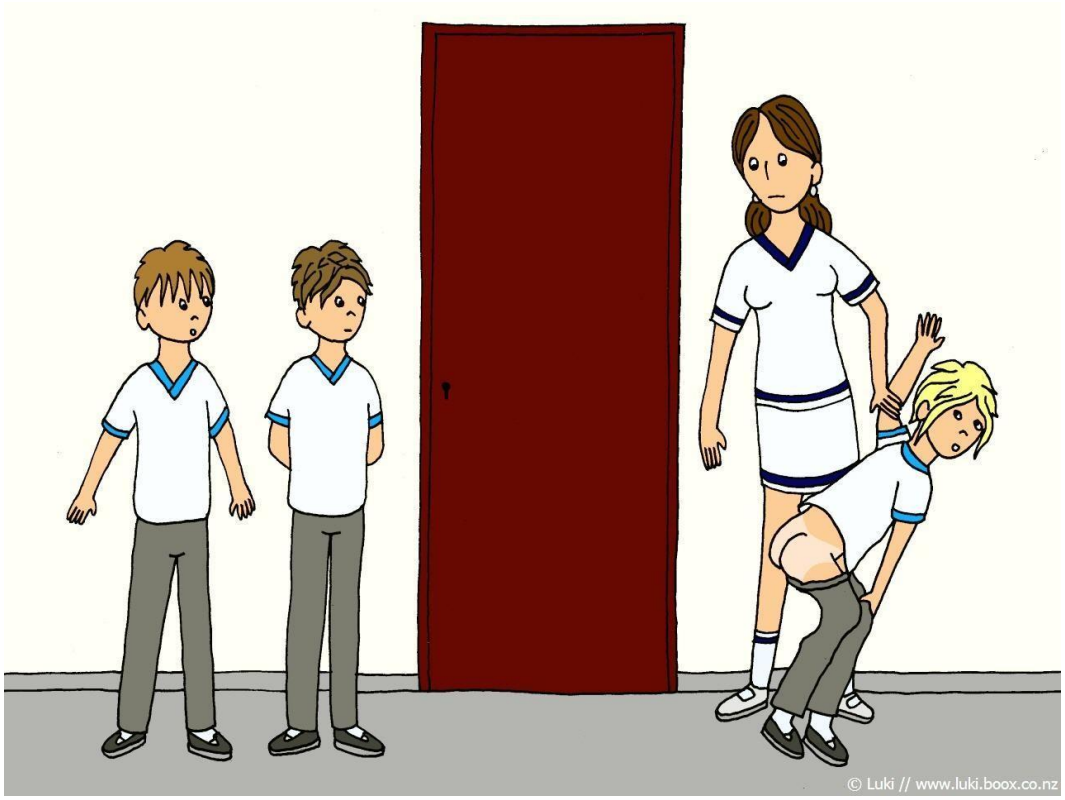
"Don't worry," said Katrina, "But no wonder there was cold, because there is usually cold in food stores and larders."

Talking to Dan, she was holding his shoulder. Dan was looking contritely, but when Katrina said that he got to the larder, Dan couldn't resist and he started giggle. As it turned out, his naughtiness was the last drop in the cup of Katrina's patience.

"Well," she said, "If you think that getting to the larder is so funny, I have to show you that you're wrong."

Then, Chipmunk and me became viewers of the sad scene. Dan was bent over Katrina's knee she pulled down his track suit pants and spanked his butt. It was just a short spanking and it couldn't be so painful, but being mischievous boy, Dan was yelling just for fun.

Chipmunk and me looked at each other and we felt a little guilty, because we realized that we had to stop Dan going to the food store, or at least, hold the door so that it couldn't close. So, I plucked up my courage and I said: "Actually, it was our fault too, we told Dan to explore that room."



Of course, me and Chipmunk were getting spanked too, but it wasn't as bad as with Dan, because we weren't found such naughty, and besides, Katka's hand must been already a little tired. On the one hand, it was a little humiliating, but on the other hand, Katka concluded that we were punished enough, so there weren't other consequences. Neither on afternoon program, nor on evening showering, Katrina didn't make any comments about it. maybe it was because we all tried to be as good as possible.

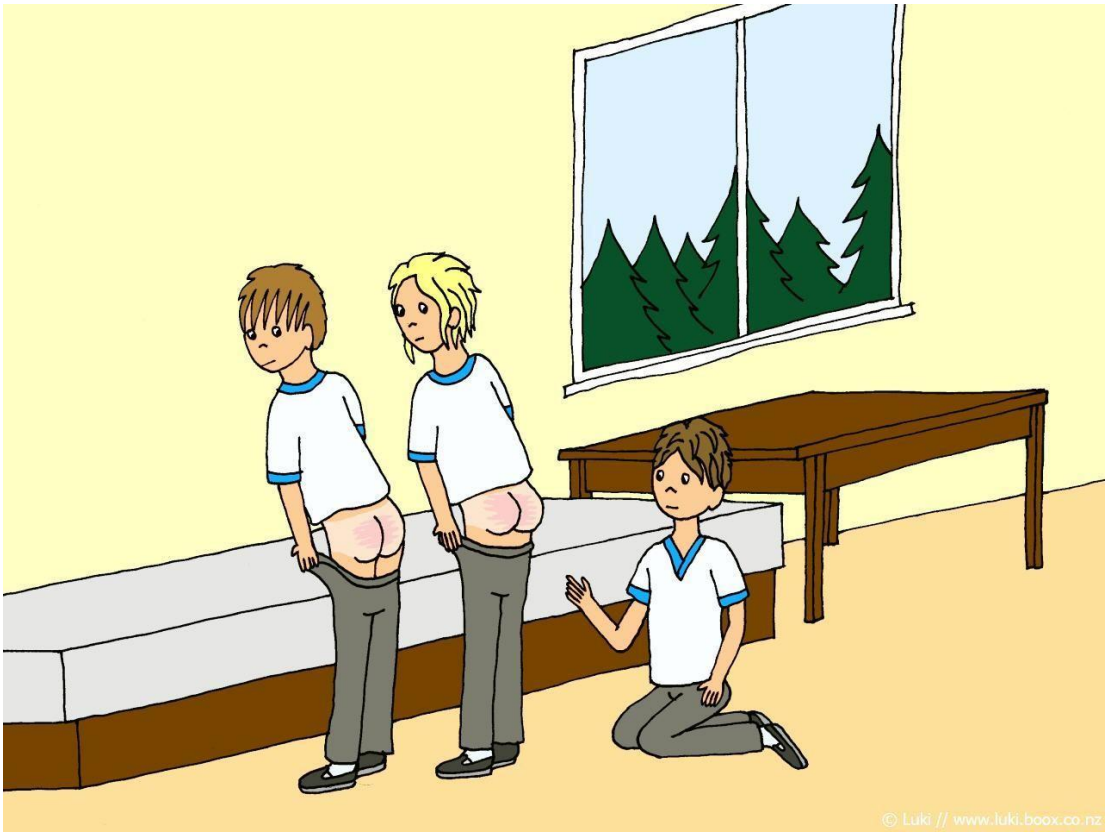
After the execution, we were sent to our bedrooms. I was allowed to join Dan and Chipmunk, to not be alone in the bedroom.

"You are real friends," said Dan, when we were on his and Chipmunk's room. "You haven't left me in trouble."

"Sure," replied Chipmunk.

Then we pulled our pants and underwear down in front of each other, to examine ourselves. Even if there were still some handprints, we didn't get any bruises or anything like this. Katka spanked us quite gently.

On the evening, I came to see David. We were allowed to talk for a while, but then I had to go for dinner anyway. When I returned to the sick room after the dinner, David was already asleep. So, the rest of the evening I spent in Dan's and Chipmunk's company.

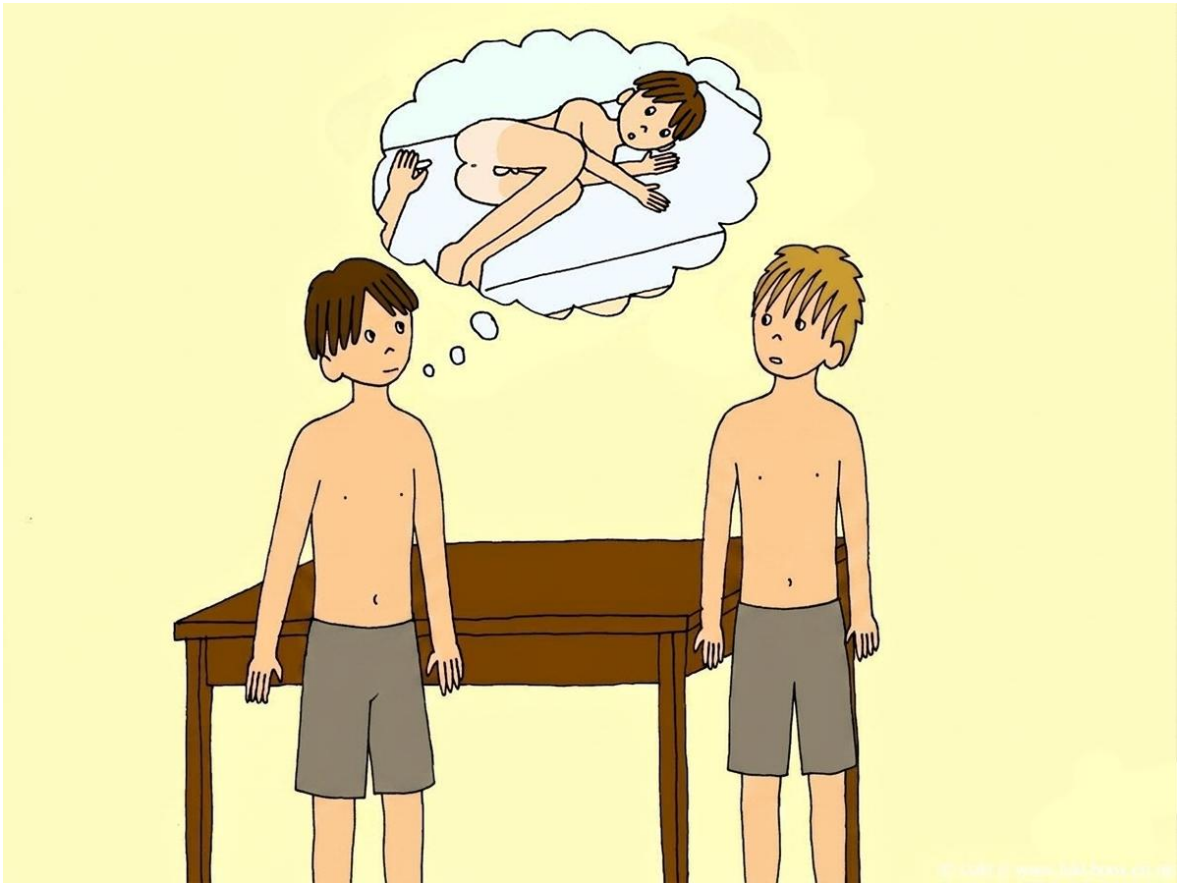


In the following days, our program in convalescent home went on, but I was missing David more and more. I realized that David was very good friend to me. Dan and Chipmunk were good friends and they tried to make me happy with their funny jokes, but even if you have a lot of good friends, the best friend can be only one. We were sharing the bedroom with David and we were sharing the same desk in classroom. I remembered how I tried to help him when he got sick, and I was still thinking about him as he was lying naked on the bed in sick room that evening. Of course, when I was visiting David every morning and every evening in that room, he already got a pants on. And he looked better every time I saw him, so in a few days, he was allowed to return. It took just four nights and three days, but I felt like I was missing him for a long week.

At first, I met David in classroom on the morning. He looked at me, smiled and said: “Hello, Tom, I’m back.” So, we sat down at our desk and I looked at him every now and then during the lessons. After the lessons, we went to our bedroom. Of course, I had a lot of questions to David. He probably knew that, so he started talking about three days on that sick room.

“The first day was the worse,” he said, “And I felt lonely there on the room. I was afraid that I got seriously ill, but then they said it wasn’t too bad.”

Then he started talking about the medicines he was taking. As he said, the medicines were called suppositories.



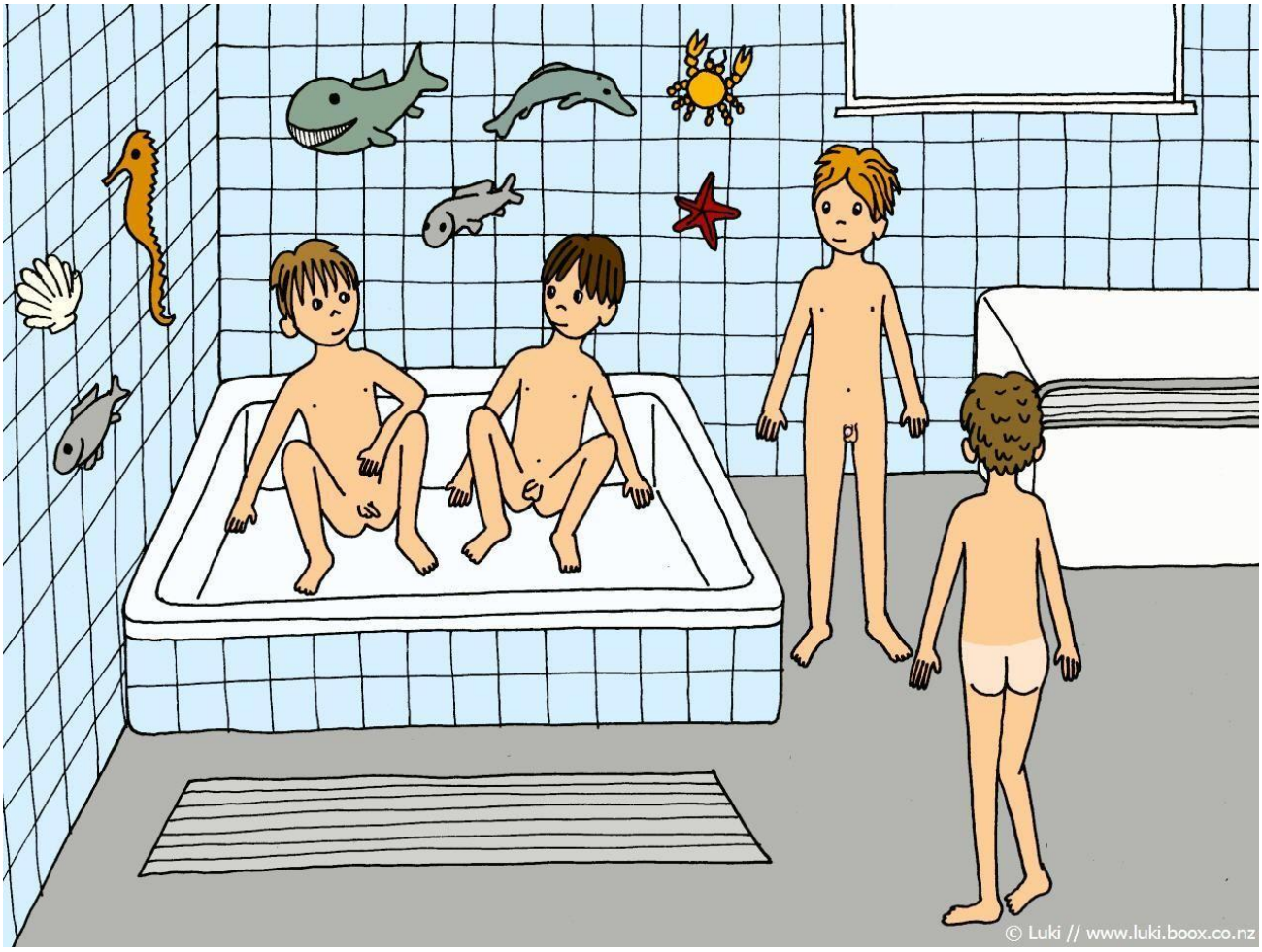
“I had to lie on my side,” David said slightly blushing. “Then the nurse held one of my buttocks to one side and she pushed the medicine right into my …” saying this, he started giggling, so I could imagine the rest.

Then I told to David how we went exploring the basement of the building with Dan and Chipmunk. I told him even about spanking we got from Katrina.

“I can see that my butt wasn’t the only one to suffer,” David said, and we both laughed.

There was also another reason for which I was so glad that David was healthy again. On the afternoon, after the “lunch peace”, Katrina took our small group to a bathroom where we hadn’t been yet. There was a big tub and there were colored stickers on the walls, with pictures of sea animals, like a dolphin, a whale and a crab. There was salt water in the tub. As Katka told to us, it wasn’t real seawater, but water with sea salt addition. It was a little more dense than normal water, and as we tasted (even if we were strictly told to not taste it), it was really salt. We were bathing in the tub for two, and of course, I was sharing the bath with David. After the bath in salt water, we had to shower properly. After the bath, we were taking a rest on loungers in next room. We were lying there covered with bed sheets for a while. And I noticed that even if I took a shower, there was still a slight flavor of salt on my skin.

When we returned to our bedroom, I told about it to David and he said that he noticed it as well. “Let me sniff!” I said. So, David set his hand, so that I could sniff it. And I could really feel



the same salt flavor. But when we repeated it after our evening's showering, we already couldn't smell it.

"It was sad when you wasn't there," I told to David when we were going on bed.

David looked at me with a smile and he said: "I missed you too in that separate room."

"Well, now we're together again," I said. "It isn't fun to be alone. But now, it will be fine again."

David seemed to hesitate for a while, but then he took a courage to ask: "Tom, when we were separated for days, we could compensate it now, couldn't we? What do you think?"

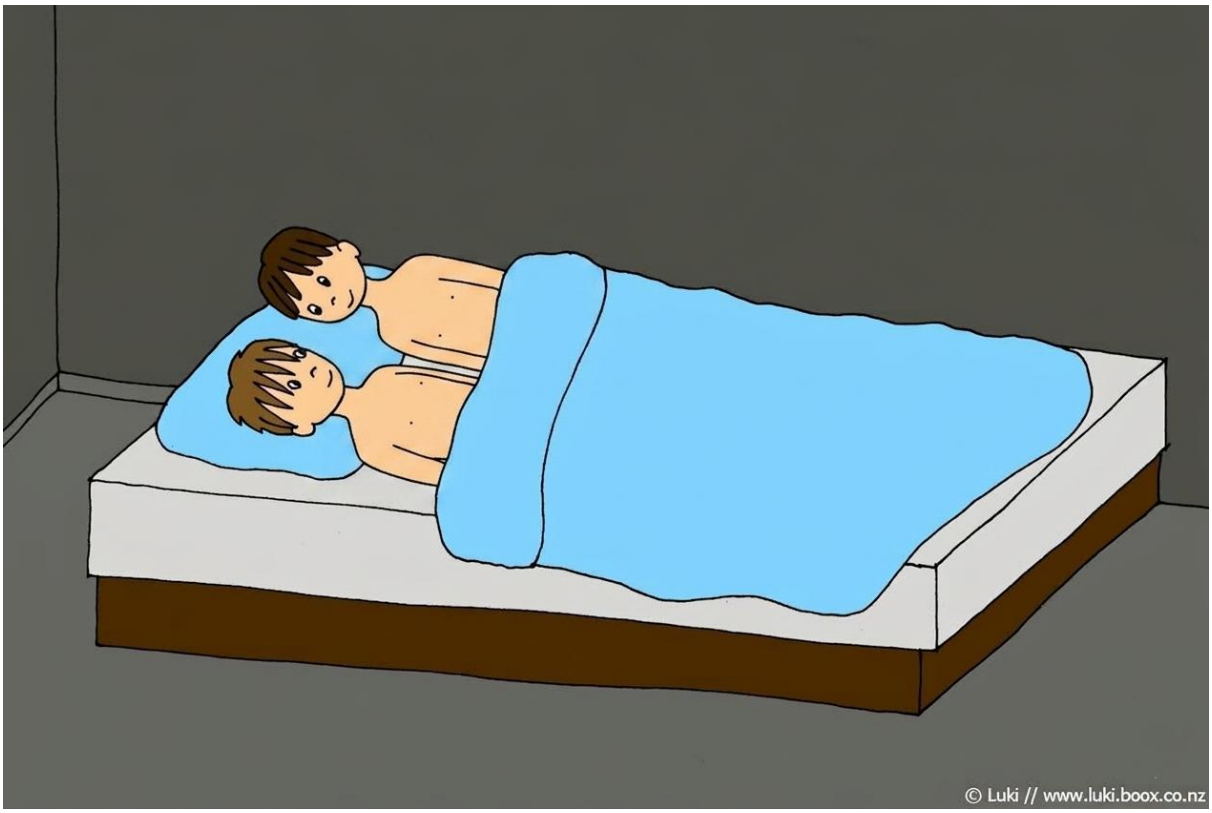
"What do you mean?" I asked him.

David continued: "I mean, we could share the bed. We could be talking before sleep, so that nobody could hear us."

We were already lying in our beds, but when David suggested me to share the bed with him, I couldn't deny. So, I moved to David's bed and we were lying side by side.

“When I was small and woke up in the night, sometimes I went to my parent’s bedroom and get in their bed,” I said. “But it was years ago,” I quickly said, so that David didn’t think that I was still doing it.

“So did I,” David replied, “But I have never shared a bed with a friend.”



“I’ve already shared a bed,” I said. “It was about two years ago, when our ice-hockey team was visiting in other town. After the match, we stood overnight in that town. But there were just 12 beds in our room in the lodging-house, while we were 17 boys in our team. So, some of us had to share a bed with a playmate.”

“What was it like?” asked me David.

“Oh, don’t ask!” I replied. “My bedfellow was kicking around all the night!”

David smiled and said: “I promise to not kick in sleep. I never do that.”

“How can you know that?” I asked.

“Because nobody complained yet,” he said. “But it may be just because I have never shared a bed!”

We laughed together, but not too loud, so that we didn’t make a noise. It was nice and warm feeling to share a bed with my new best friend. We were so close that I could hear his

breathing and feel his pulse. We were talking for a while, until we both slowly fell asleep.

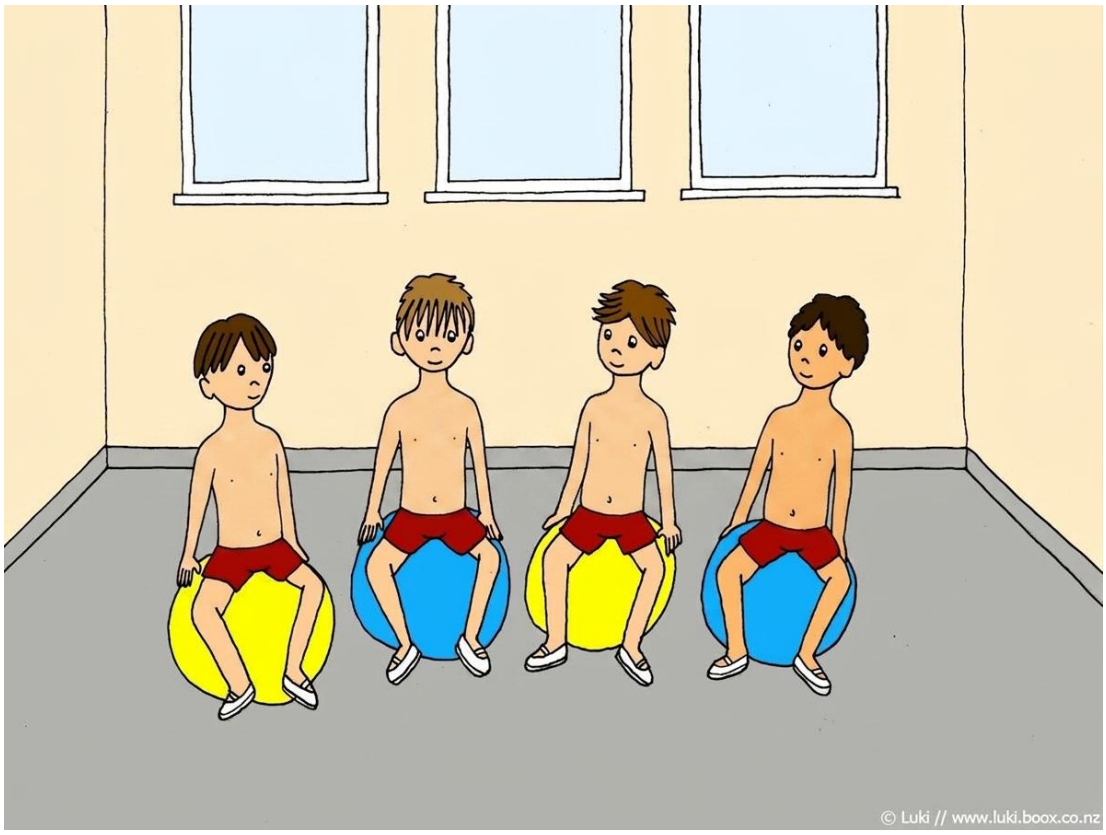
On the morning, we woke up side by side. I was the first to awake, but since I tried to turn on my side, I woke my bedfellow soon.

“So, was I kicking from the sleep?” David asked when he woke up.

“No, you weren’t,” I replied. “You’re the best bedfellow I’ve ever had!”

When the lessons in classroom started, our teacher told to us: “Tomorrow, Mr. Mayer will come. He will take us for a hike to the wood. And we prepared a program with games too.”

Of course, we were looking forward tomorrow. Especially those of us, who wanted to tell to Mr. Mayer about the empty cartridges we found on hidden place when Dan and Chipmunk got to pee there. The rest of the lessons, we weren’t paying too much attention because of it.



On the afternoon, we were practicing with gymnastic balls. It was funny, because we were allowed to bounce on them in the gym. It was funny feeling to sit astride on the gymnastic ball and jump after the shower. When we were returning to our rooms and talking in the corridor, some boys called that ‘a butt massage’ what sounded funny.

After the showering, it was time to go to bed. I was wondering if David would like me to share the bed with him again. And he did. Lying in the bed, he pulled the blanket and said: “Tomas, come here.” So, I did. The lights were already turned off, so we were lying side by side in the darkness, and we were quietly talking as usually. The main topic of our talking was

tomorrow's hiking with Mr. Mayer.

"It was Dan and Chipmunk to find the cartridges, so I think they should tell it Mr. Mayer by themselves," David said.

"Yes," I replied. "But we all know about it and we saw it, so I think we should tell him about it together."

"You're right," David agreed, "We are friends, so I guess we should tell it together then."

We were talking for a long time, because tomorrow's hiking in the woods seemed to be very interesting topic. Because I was lying in the same position on my side all the time, I had to stretch my muscles. When I was stretching my arms and hands, I touched David who was lying on my side, and suddenly, I could feel something soft in my hand.

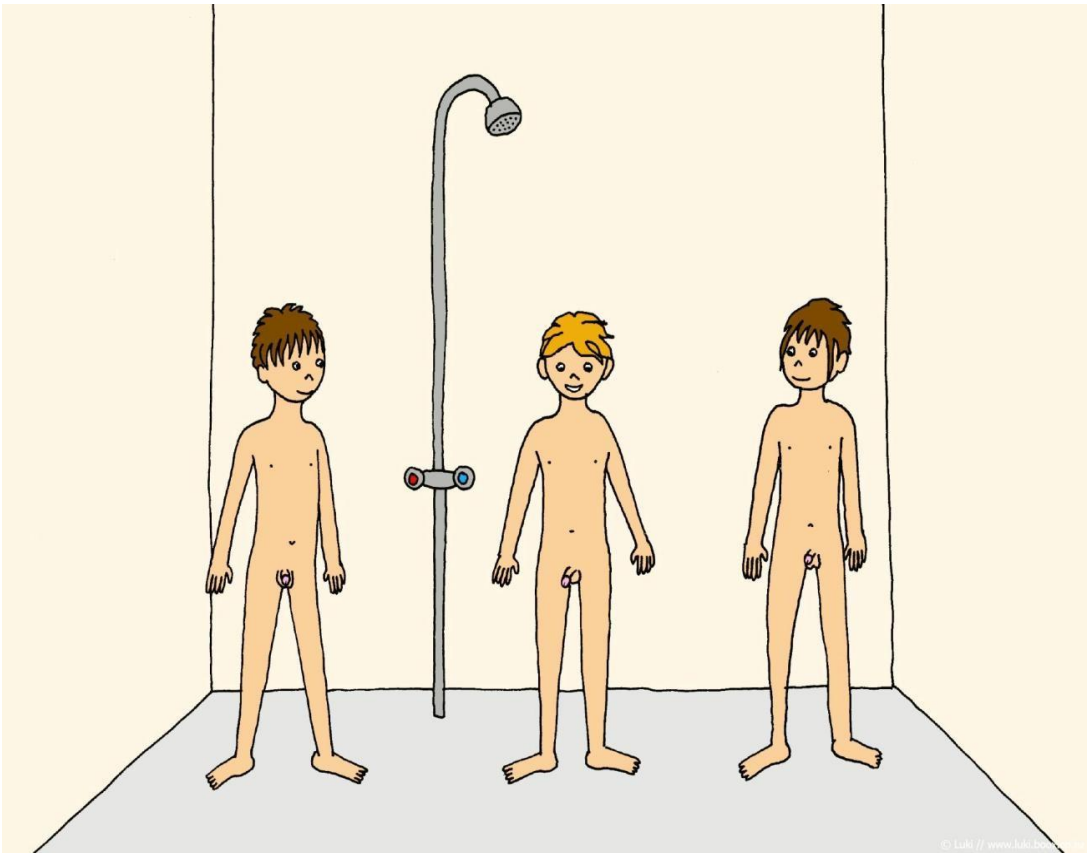
"Oh, excuse me!" I said, as I found that I touched something soft on David's body.

"Those were my balls," David replied smiling. "But never mind, it just happened."

I was a bit embarrassed of it, but the main thing was, that David didn't get upset and that he didn't expel me from his bed. So, I took the opportunity to ask him a question.

"David," I started talking bashfully, "Could I ask you a question?"

"Why not?" David replied.



“So,” I continued, “Since we are changing clothes together and showering together and taking a bath together, I have noticed that your balls are bigger than mine or other boys’, even if your weenie is an average size. I wonder why.”

David giggled and maybe he even blushed, but I couldn’t notice that in the dark. Then he said: “I’ve noticed that too, because all my undies seem to be shrunk in past months. I think it’s just because I’m going to grow up.”

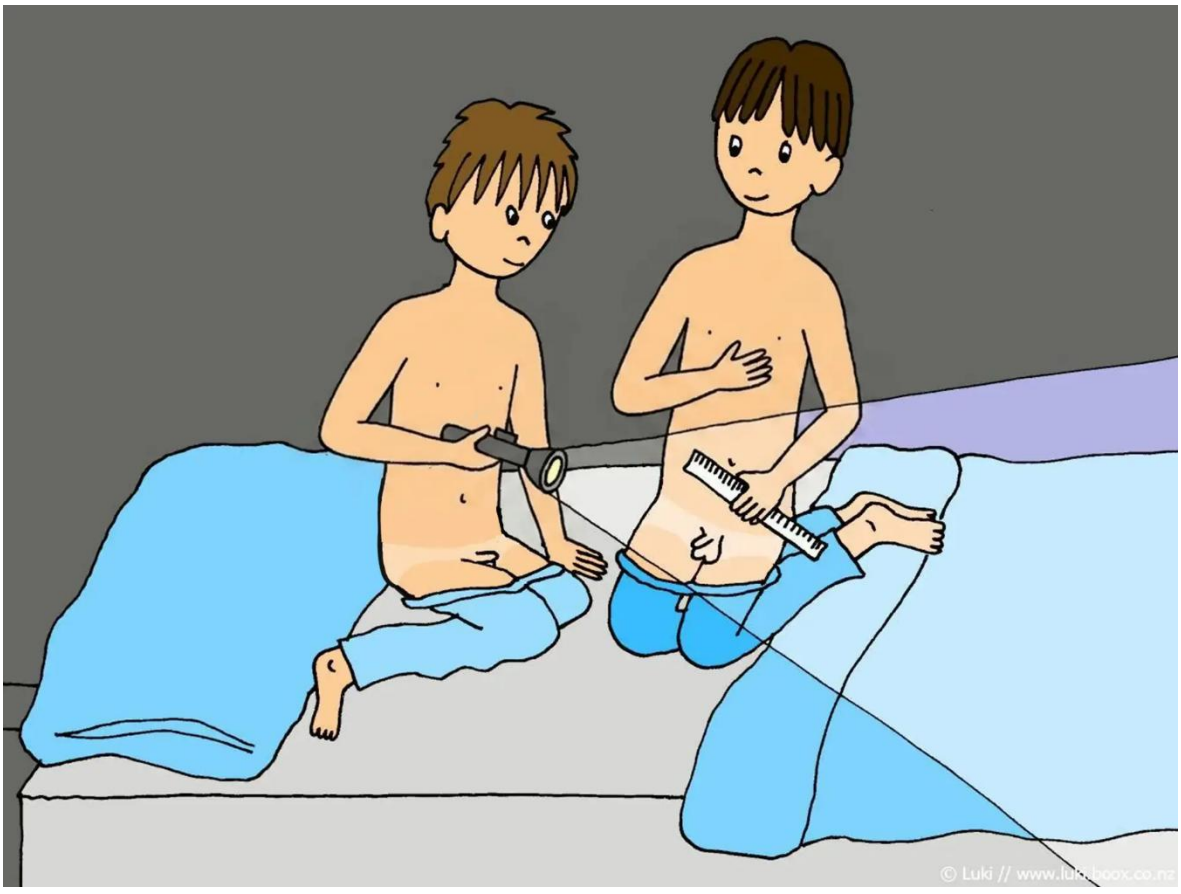
“What does it mean, you’re going to grow up?” I asked.

“It means that I am going into puberty,” David explained.

I knew that David was about a year older than me, he was almost 11 while I was 10. And I had already heard about puberty, so I understood what he was talking about, even if I thought that puberty means only behavioral changes and not physical changes. So, I asked David: “I know what is the puberty. It’s when children start arguing with their parents and don’t want to be obedient.”

“Yes, but it’s something which I’m afraid,” David said. “If I were arguing with my parents, they wouldn’t be so nice to me. But the puberty doesn’t mean only arguing with parents.”

“And what else does it mean?” I asked rather curiously.



“It means that you are growing fast, and you get strong muscles, your voice will change, and you will be growing your weenie and balls too,” David replied. On the latest words, he was a little smiling.

“Let’s measure ourselves,” I suggested. David was a little surprised, but he agreed. So, I got out of bed and went to the shelf. I took the flashlight and the ruler and returned to David’s bed. We switched on the flashlight, knelt on the bed and pulled our pajama pants down. At first, I took the measurement of my weenie, using the ruler. Then it was David’s turn.

“We are both almost the same size,” David found.

t was truth, because both of our weenies were the same, about 4 centimeters (≈ one and an half inch). However, there was still a difference in our balls’ size. My balls were the size of two cherries, while David’s balls were the size of walnuts. So, I said: “Yes, we have the same size of our pee-pees, but you have bigger balls anyway.”

And when I told to David about the cherries and walnuts, he started choking with laughter, so we rather switched the flashlight off, for the case we were heard through the door. Since we weren’t heard, I switched the flashlight on again, and I noticed something on David’s crotch.

“Hey,” I said, “Your wiener is bigger now!”

David just smiled and replied: “Yours too!”

And it was truth. So, I took the ruler and I measured it again. This time, my weenie had not 4, but almost 7 centimeters (≈ two and three-quarters inch). Also, David had similar size, even a little bit more. So, I had to switch off the flashlight again, because we were both laughing like two hyenas. We had to put our faces against the pillow. Because the laughter is tiring, we fell asleep soon, but before we flaked out, we were slightly giggling in the bed.

Finally, the day came, when we were going for hiking in the woods with Mr. Mayer. It must been on Saturday, because we did not have lessons in classroom. Mr. Mayer came on the morning, when we were waiting in front of the building of convalescent home. We had our jackets and caps, and bags or backpacks with bottles of tea and something for snack.

Mr. Mayer promised to prepare a special program for us, and he did. At first, we followed the path, but after about half an hour, we went deeper into the wood. Then some narrow path appeared, and it led us at wooden hut. The walls of the hut were made from cedar wood and there was a deer skull with antlers above the door. The hut wasn’t so big, and we were about 25 kids there, but we all came in. There were fur skins and other hunting trophies on the walls which looked adventurously, just like an old log house of some pathfinder.

“This is our club-room,” Mr. Mayer explained to us. “I’m working with a patrol of kids and young people in my leisure time. They’re preparing for nature protection and I hope that some of them will become foresters or rangers someday.”

Then he was talking about animals who lived in the woods around, and we could ask him questions which he replied. We were also playing some games, but the most interesting games were prepared for outdoor. Some of the games were probably taken from The Book of Woodcraft. And we were divided into three groups which competed with one another. Most of the games were a little simplified, because we weren’t so big boys, and the games mustn’t be dangerous, but they were still interesting enough for us. In the end, we were playing also some guessing game. There were various skulls, furs, horns and antlers on a wooden bench under the trees, and we had to recognize which animal are they of.

Because the lunch time came, we unpacked are backpacks and we ate our snacks and drank our tea. Then we started returning to our convalescent home. David, me, Dan and Chipmunk tried to get closer to Mr. Mayer. While our teacher led the row of kids, Mr. Mayer was walking in the end of the row. So we were walking slowly to get to the end of row as well.

It was Dan to speak to Mr. Mayer. Dan carefully started to talk: “Mr. Mayer, we have to tell you something.”

“What’s going on?” Mr. Mayer asked.

“Last week, we found something strange in the wood,” Dan continued.

“It sounds interesting,” replied Mr. Mayer. “So, what did you find?”

Dan replied by secret voice: “There were some empty cartridges from a gun.”

Mr. Mayer seemed to be interested in that. He said: “Yes, some people are going to the woods with guns. And most of them have bad intentions.”

Then he asked about the place when we found the cartridges and whether they seemed to be new or old.

“They must be quite new ones, because they were still shiny,” Dan replied.

Then Mr. Mayer asked us to show him the place where we found them.

“It can be problem,” we replied, “Because it was the other direction, so we would have to go too far from others. We might have problems being too late.”

“I can ask your teacher,” Mr. Mayer replied.

Chipmunk said: “I am not sure if it can help us. We’ll be having a problem anyway.”

“I must see the place,” Mr. Mayer explained to us, “But I think I know how to manage it.”

When we returned to the convalescent home, Mr. Mayer came to Mrs. Burda and they were talking for a while. Then, he returned to us and he said: “Don’t worry, I’ve already fixed it. You can go with me.”

So, while other kids returned to the building, we were leading our new friend ranger to the place where Dan and Chipmunk found the cartridges.

We went through the bushes right to the tree where Dan and Chipmunk were peeing. The empty cartridges were still there, even if they weren’t already so shiny. Mr. Mayer took a plastic bag from his bag. He carefully picked all of those shell casings and put them in a bag.

“What will you be doing with them?” Dan was asking curiously.

“I'll make a ballistic test,” Mr. Mayer replied. Then he started talking about a suspicion he had.

“Listen boys, there is a small village in neighborhood, and a young guy lives there. I’m afraid that it was him to be shooting there in the wood.”

“Why’s he doing it?” Chipmunk asked. Actually, we all were curious about it.

“I am afraid that he isn’t mentally healthy,” Mr. Mayer replied. “He kills birds and animals just for fun.“

„Isn’t it what a lot of official hunters are doing as well?“ I asked.

Mr. Mayer nodded, but he started explaining: „That’s truth, but the official hunters have to keep some rules, while that young man doesn’t keep them. And that’s why he’s committing crimes. If we convicted him, he would get a medical help. But we haven’t had any evidence against him.”

“And now, you have the evidence?” Dan asked rather excitedly.

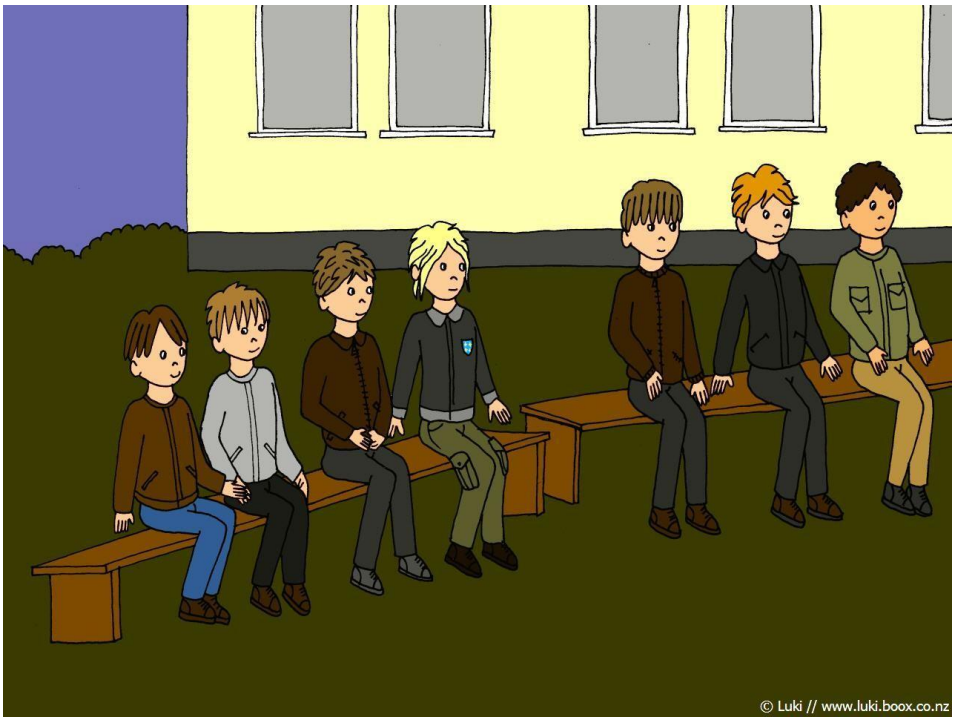
“It’s not so easy,” Mr. Mayer replied with a smile. “But these cartridges can help us.”

When we returned, it was really late, but nobody could blame us, because we were helping a ranger. We got a dinner in the dining room, and then there we had a while to talk about everything what Mr. Mayer told to us. It was exciting to help a ranger to catch a criminal.

And there was even another thing to make us excited. Because the middle of our stay in the convalescent home came, the first campfire was planned for the Sunday. There was a fireplace

in front of building, with benches around. Right from the Sunday morning, the campfire was prepared and we were all looking forward to it.

Finally, the Sunday evening came. All the kids came together and sat on the benches. Even if it was April, it wasn't cold, and the campfire warmed us. We were sitting on the benches and singing various songs. Of course, I was sitting next to David, my best friend there in the convalescent home. I noticed that David was much better at singing than me. He had a lot of hobbies, and I guess that he must been also singing in some boys' choir.



Then we were just sitting and we looked into the flames, while one of the nurses was playing the guitar. We got already tried, but nobody wanted to leave. As David and me were sitting side by side, I felt his hand on mine. I didn't know if somebody noticed that, but we were holding each other's hand for a while. I realized that I was getting slightly homesick and restless after two weeks there in convalescent home, but with David on my side it wasn't too bad. Then we had to leave the campfire, to take a shower. That time, we weren't so frisky in the shower room. After the evening spent at the campfire, we felt kind of festively.

After the showers, we went to our bedrooms, and I was sharing the bed with David again. We were talking about the campfire and we were both fascinated. I could see David's eyes shining in the darkness.

"You are the best friend I've met here," he said in a friendly way.

"I've got the same feeling," I said. "Both you and me were hurt badly, but thanks to this, we've met each other."

"You are like brother to me," David said.

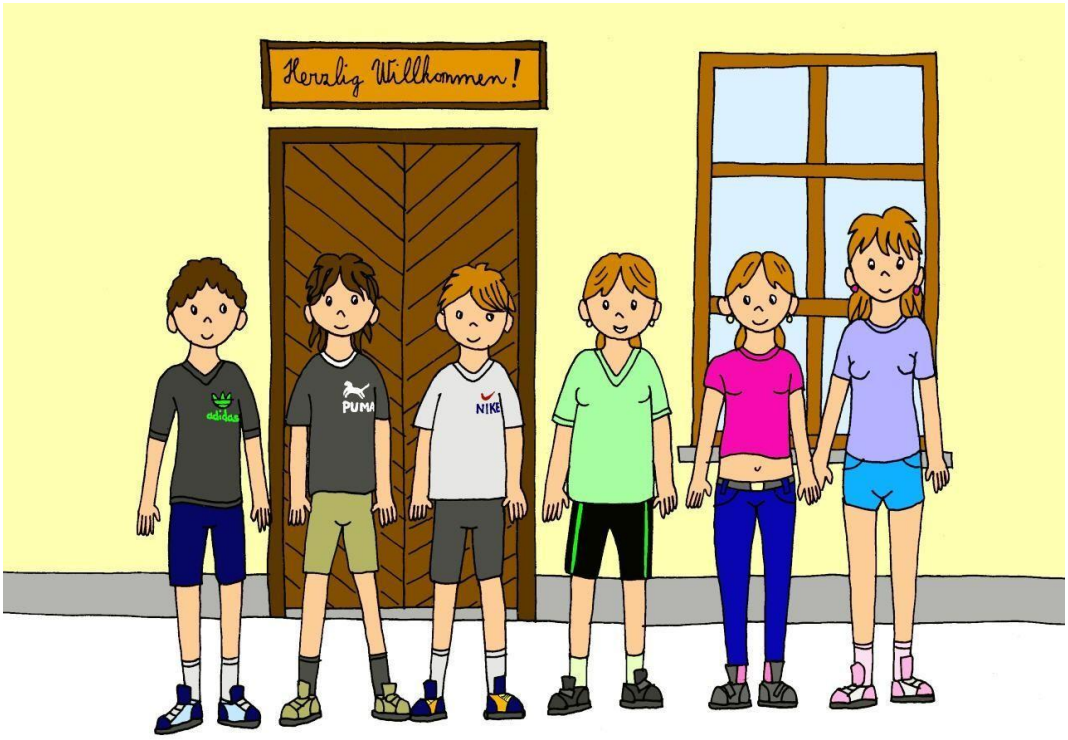
Actually, none of us had a brother, but if I had a brother, I would like him to be like David.

“I’m glad you take me for brother,” I said.

Then we were lying side by side until we both fell asleep.

by Jan

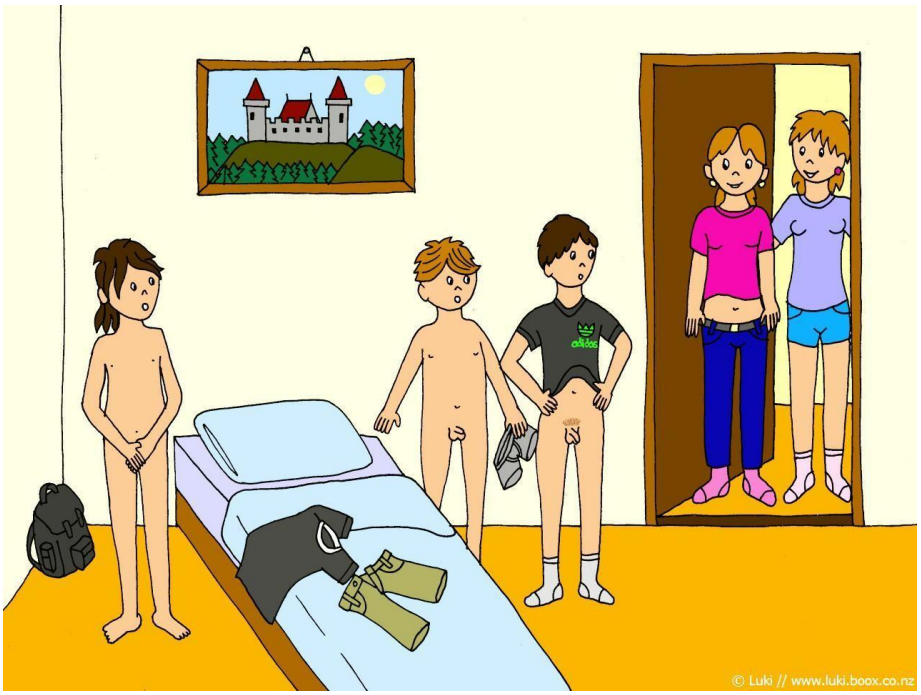
Class trip



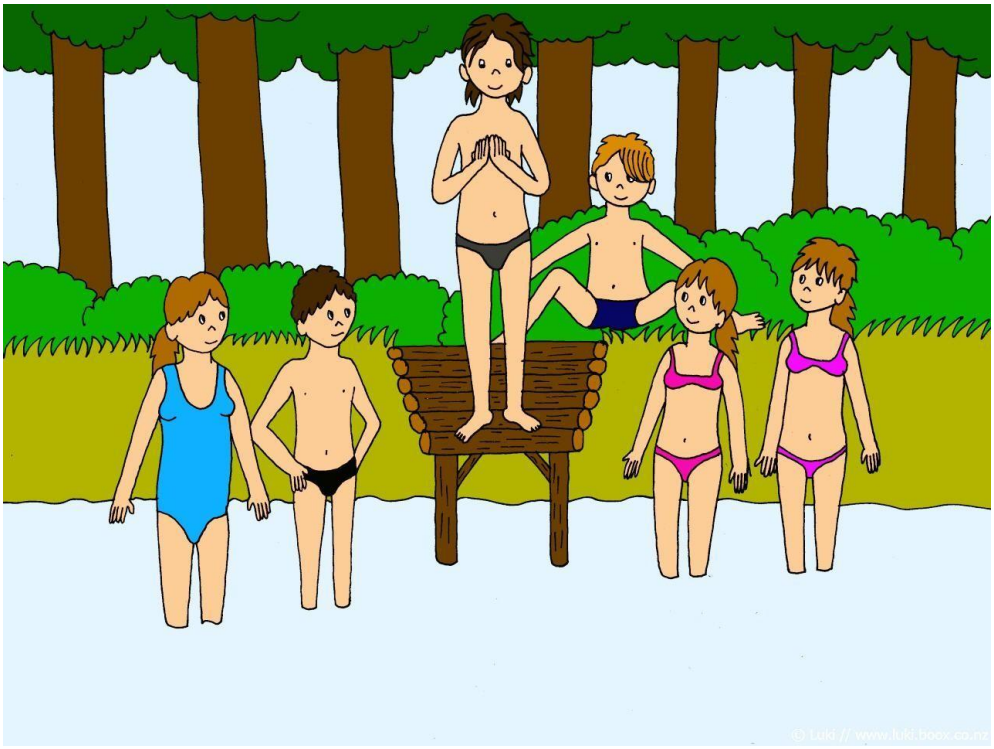
At the end of the school year, my class (6th grade) made a trip to a boarding house in a rural area. It was really great. We were the only people in the house and there was a small lake. We also had to make our own food. During the day we normally made trips to the surrounding areas. The best one was a trip to a big rollercoaster park. In the afternoon we normally played at the lake and the pupils from two rooms had to cook dinner for everyone.
Our teachers were Herr Müller, a small grey haired man and Miss Schroeder, a young teacher.

I was in the room with my friends Vincent and Rüdiger. We already had a lot of fun because from our window we could see into the window of Miss Schroeder's room and sometimes secretly watched her when she changed or undressed. It was really fun. Next to our room were the girls Therese, Christiane and Britta. They were close friends and sometimes classmates made jokes that they were sisters because they always were together and they all had dark blonde hair and pony tails.

Before we went to the pool, I was ashamed to undress myself in front of the other boys in my room. So I tried to hide my pecker. But it was obvious that the other boys had seen it.

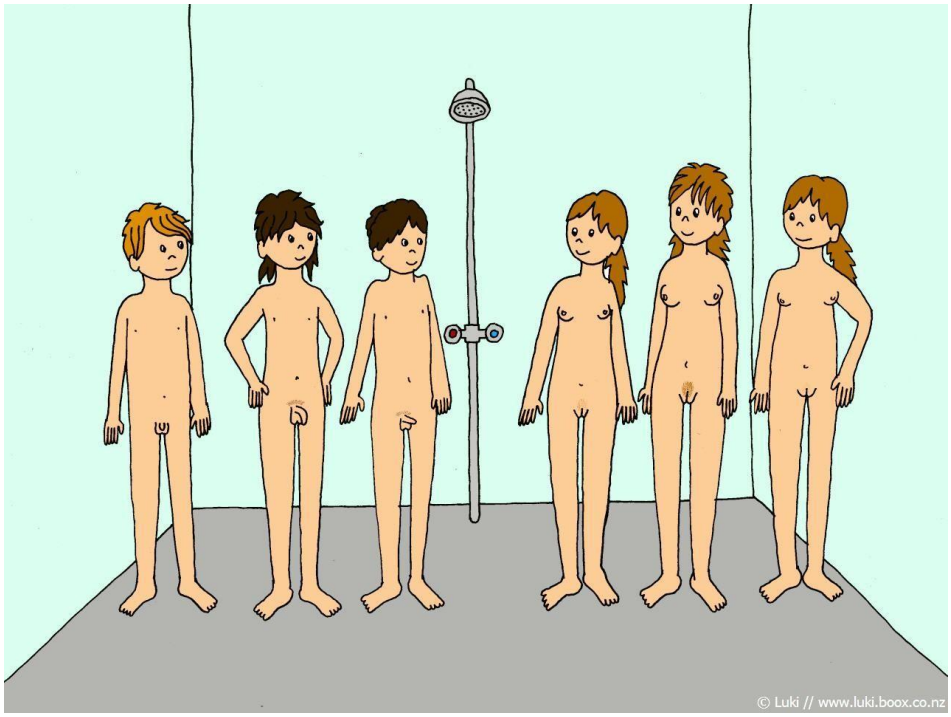


Vincent did not mind at all and undressed in the middle of the room. Suddenly the girls from our neighbor room entered: Therese, Britta and Christiane. Vincent was very ashamed and hid behind his bed and put his pants on. The girls were giggling and Rüdiger and me laughed too. Therese said: "We just wanted to tell you that you and us will not do the trip to the cave. Herr Müller said that we buy the food for tonight and prepare dinner." They left giggling.



Later we went to the pond and when the others left for the tour to the cave Mr. Müller gave us the money for the food and we stayed at the lake. We had a lot fun and we peeked a lot at the girls. Therese and Christiane were already wearing a bikini and Britta a bathing suit. I looked very much at Therese and Christiane because especially Therese already had a big breast. We

made a diving contest and when Therese jumped into the water her top slipped a bit and I could see one of her breasts. I was very excited and I had to stay in the water.



We had a lot of fun in the lake but suddenly we noticed that it was very late. We hurried to the shower room before we went to shop because we were a bit muddy. We were showering in our bathing suits when Therese suddenly giggled and pulled her bikini off.

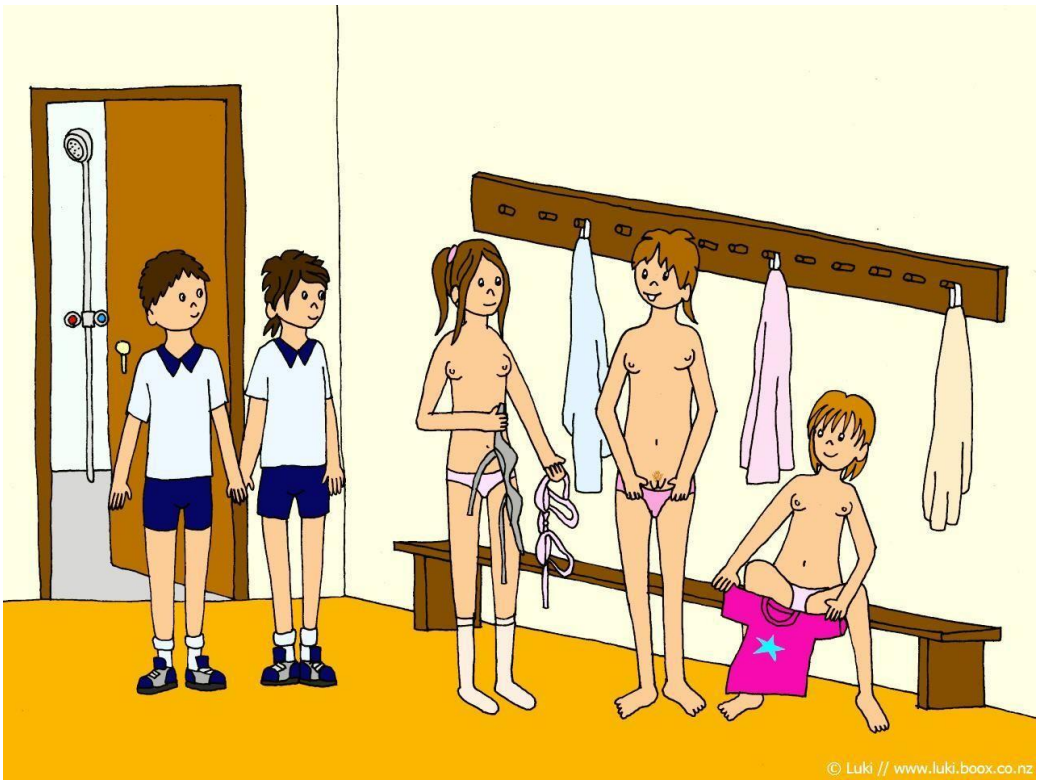
"Showering in clothes is stupid!" she said. We were surprised and starred at her. She had some hair down there and Rüdiger said: "Jan also has a lot of hair down there!" I was angry about him. But Vincent put his trunks off quickly as they had already seen him and said: “You are right Therese!” The girls smiled and me and Christiane took our suits off too. Britta and Rüdiger were still ashamed, but Therese said: "You don’t want to be the only dirty kids during the trip?" So they pulled down their clothes too.

It was mean but I think the girls giggled because Rüdiger had a really small one, but he didn’t notice. We looked a lot at each other and I got a little exited but then Christiane teased: "Vincent and Jan have stiffies!" We were ashamed first but the girls smiled, so we showed off and enjoyed them looking. Sadly we were very late and had to get dressed soon as we had to go shopping.

The other kids told their trip to the cave was great but I think my afternoon was better. The rest of the trip was also good. But this was our best day there. Afterwards Therese became my girlfriend.

Story on physical education

My school has 2 gyms. The bigger one is separated from the school building and the small one is located inside the building. The smaller one has only one locker room, which is normally no problem as boys and girls have separated sport lessons in the different gyms.

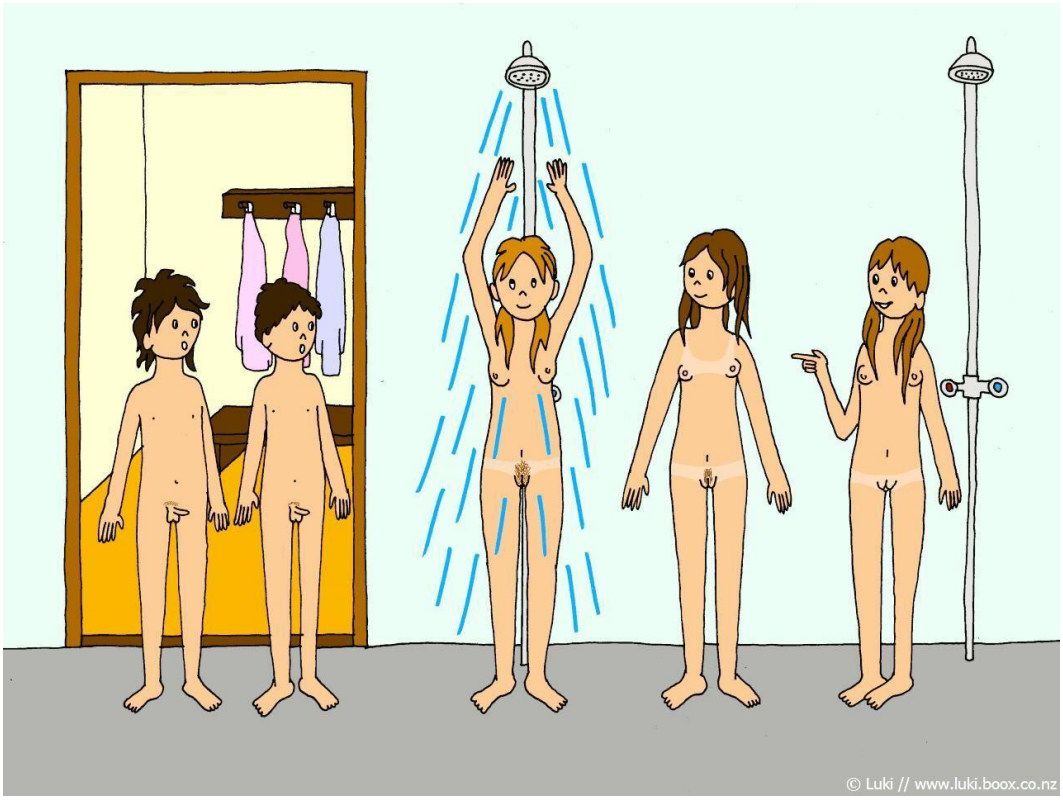


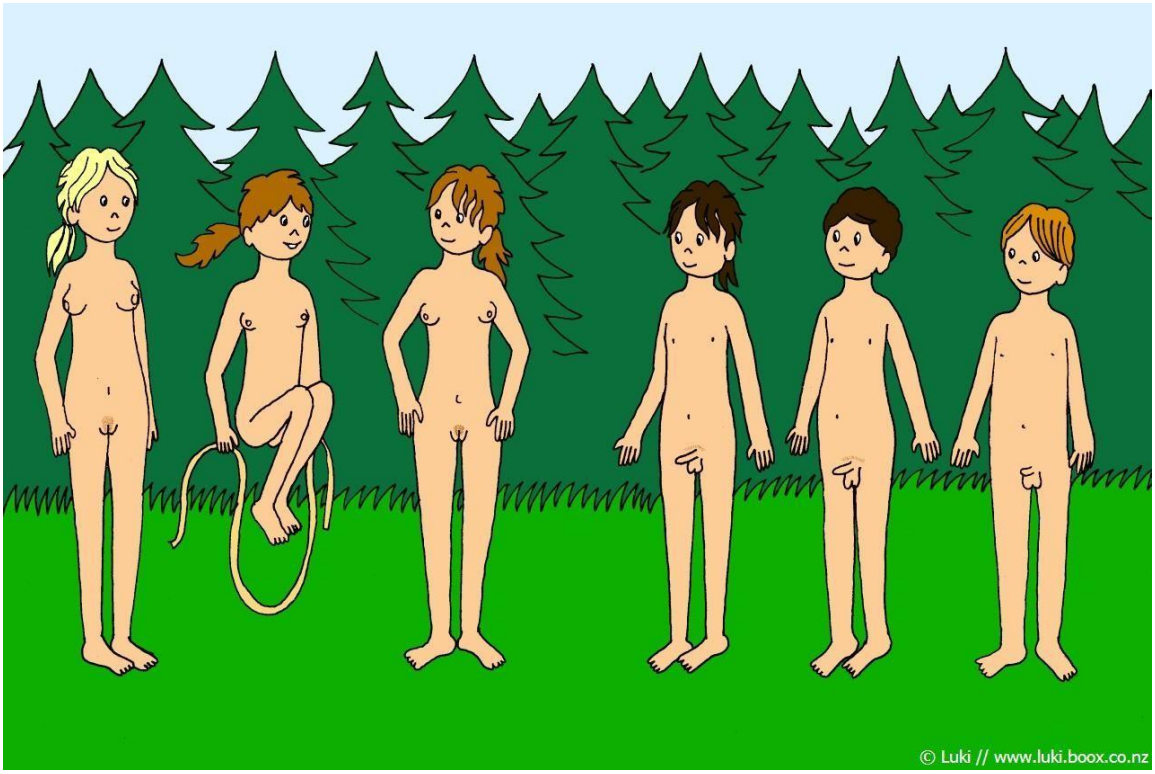
But in the second half of the 6th grade me and my friend Vincent were told to tidy up the small gym after the lesson and so we got late to our changing room. Just a moment after we arrived several girls from the 10th grade aged 15 or 16 arrived and complained that we didn't finish yet. We apologized that we just arrived because we had to tidy up. The girls were impatient and so the first one entered and started changing.

Vincent and I were ashamed to get undressed for the shower but we were also fascinated to see all those developed girls putting on their sports clothes. Some of them changed completely putting on sport bras and sport panties. We undressed very slowly as we were ashamed showing ourselves but also enjoyed watching. I also had some hair down there but I was amazed to see the girls hair there. I also noticed one girl who had only one very small patch of hairs and one with none at all which made me wonder back then because the girls were several years older and she had a big breast.

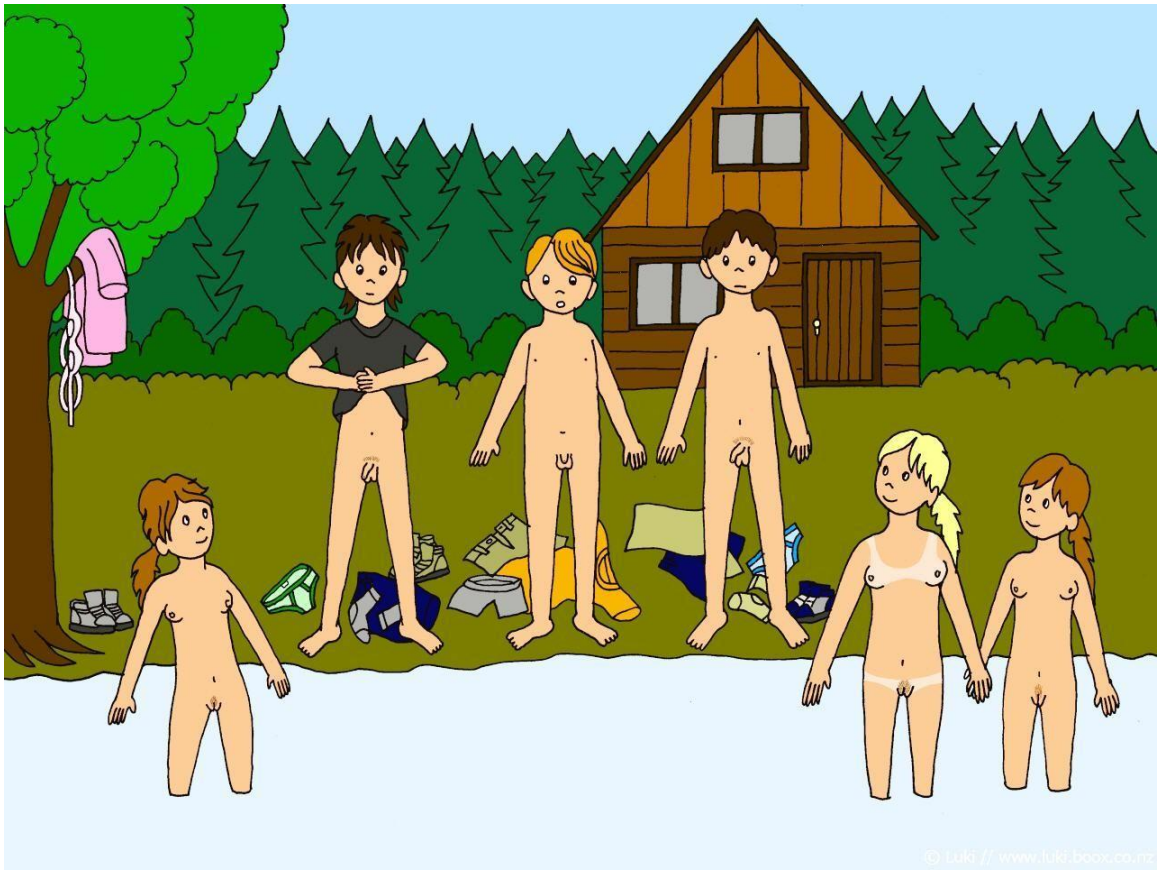
We were now also undressed and headed for the shower. Some girls giggled and one said "Not bad for a 6th grader!" I got very excited and ran for the shower with the girls giggling and

laughing. The girl with no hairs also entered the shower smiled and said: "Don’t worry that happens to boys ... also you don’t have to be ashamed of anything."





She blinked at us and left us in the shower. After that, we always volunteered to clean up the gym after the lesson.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By Thomas

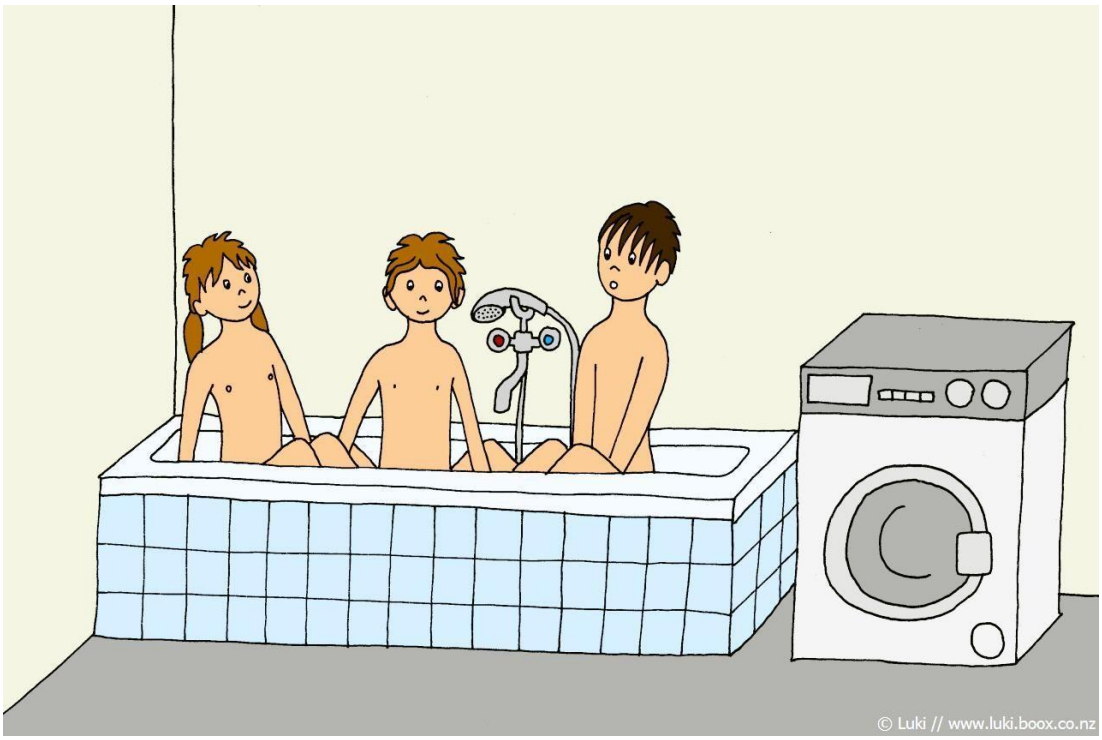
Bathing together

My grandmother was staying with us and my twin cousins, a girl and boy of 9 were with us for a week visit in the summer. I was 11 at the time. The first night my parents went out and grandma was babysitting. Around 9 she said time to get ready for bed, and bath time. She filled the tub, and said all of you get in the tub, and wash. I protested as I was 11 and could wash myself, but it was no good, I stripped quickly hiding my penis from her and climbed into the tub.

Grandma said to me: "Don't worry Mike, I've seen naked boys before."

Soon my cousins walked in, both naked, and joined me in the tub. But I wasn't prepared for the sight of a naked girl, and her brother with his large penis. It was almost twice as long as mine, but his balls were small and tight against his penis. Even grandma said to him: "What a big man we have here!"

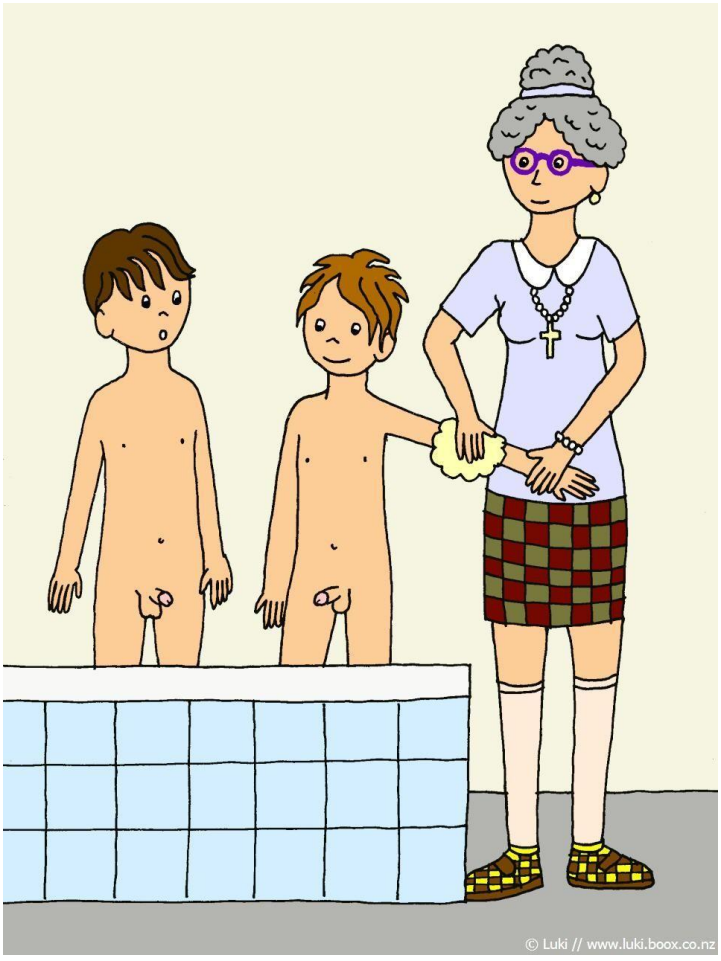
Grandma then had me and my boy cousin stand as she soaped and washed our bodies, not missing our penises, It felt good and both of us were soon sporting hard. Mine about 2.5 inches long, and his about 4 inches long and stiffing straight up in the air. "Look grandma," my girl cousin said, "the boys weenies are sticking out, and Sam's weenie is bigger than Thomas'!"



"I know said Grandma, Sam has a big weenie."

"I like to look at their weenies," she told grandma, “But Thomas' small penis looks funny next to Sam's."

Embarrassed, I sat down in the water to cover my still stiffing, but smaller penis. Sam kept standing proud to show his bigger penis to his sister and grandma. Carol, my girl cousin then stood up as was her turn to be washed. I had never seen a naked girl, and like what I saw. It made me and my penis even feel better. She had no pubic hair, and her breasts were only slightly swollen nipples.



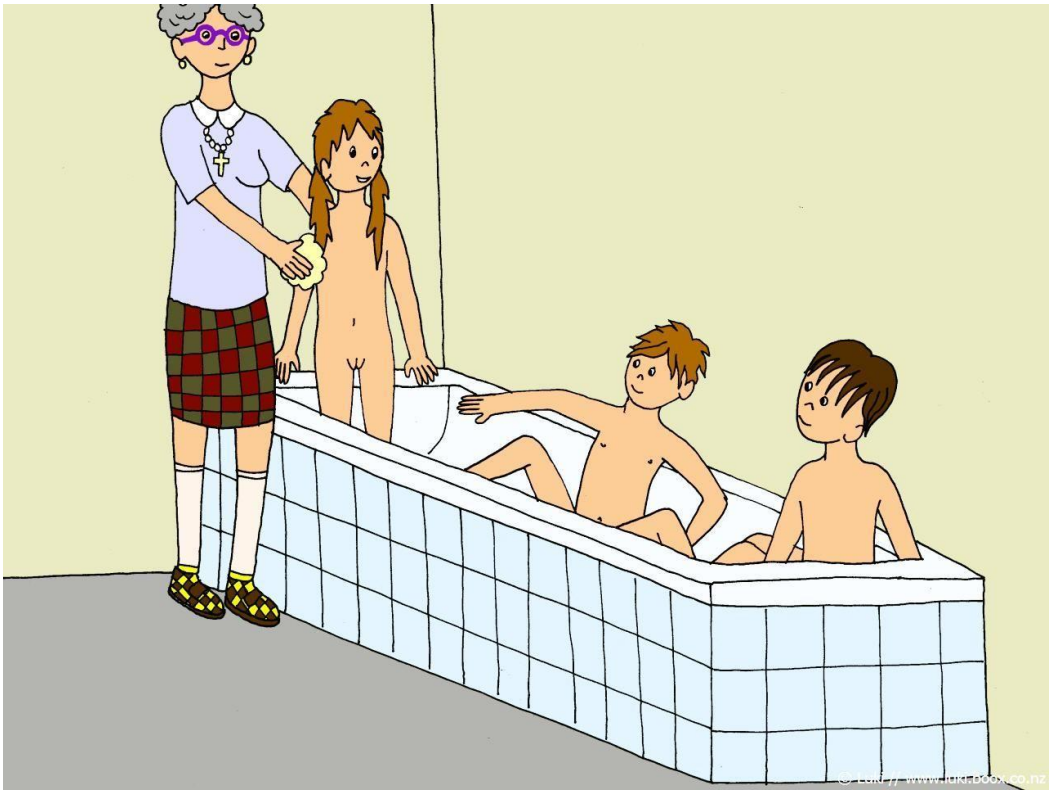
"My weenie is bigger than yours!" I told her.

"That's because I don’t have a weenie, you silly!" she said. "I have a slit, look."

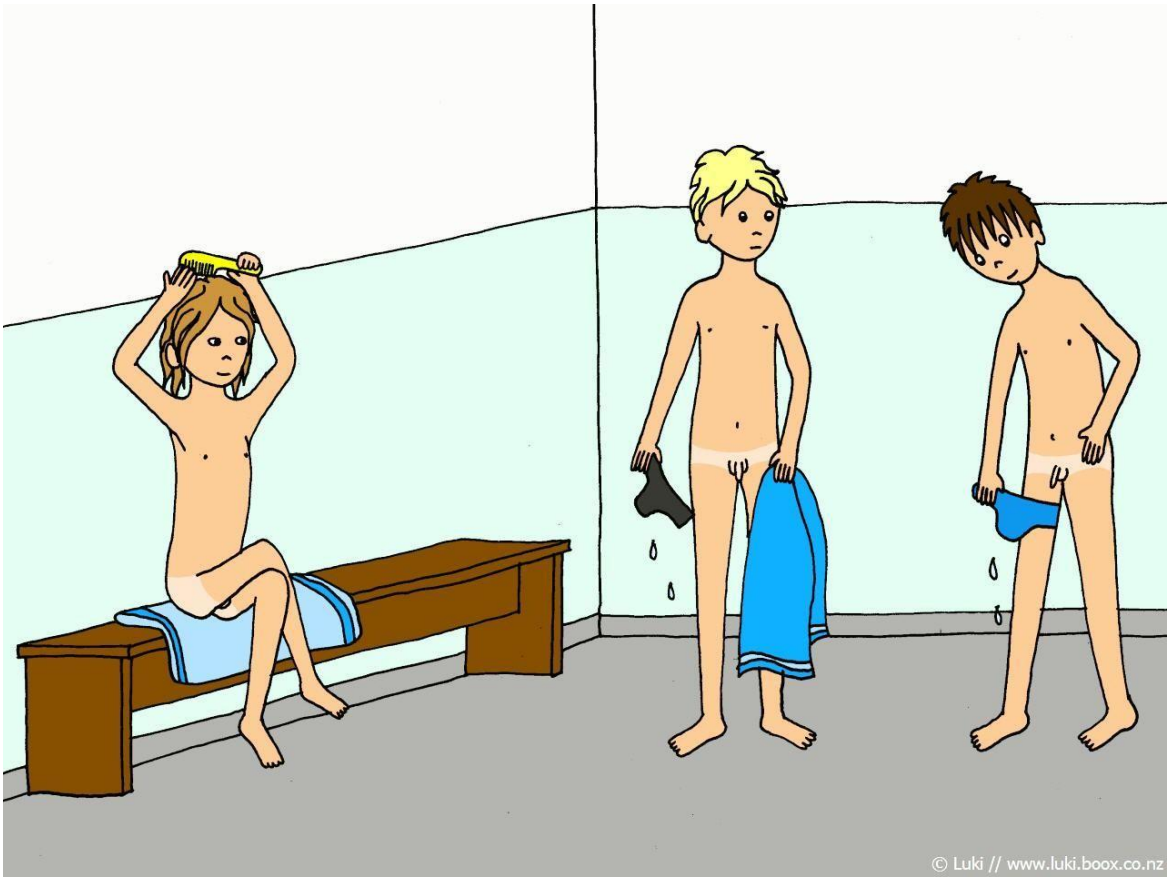
I looked closer to see she was right.

"It was enough," said grandma, "get out of the tub, dry off, get into your pajamas and go to bed."

Once in bed we played and soon all of us took down our pajama pants. It was a lot of fun, but something we never did again.



Locker Rooms



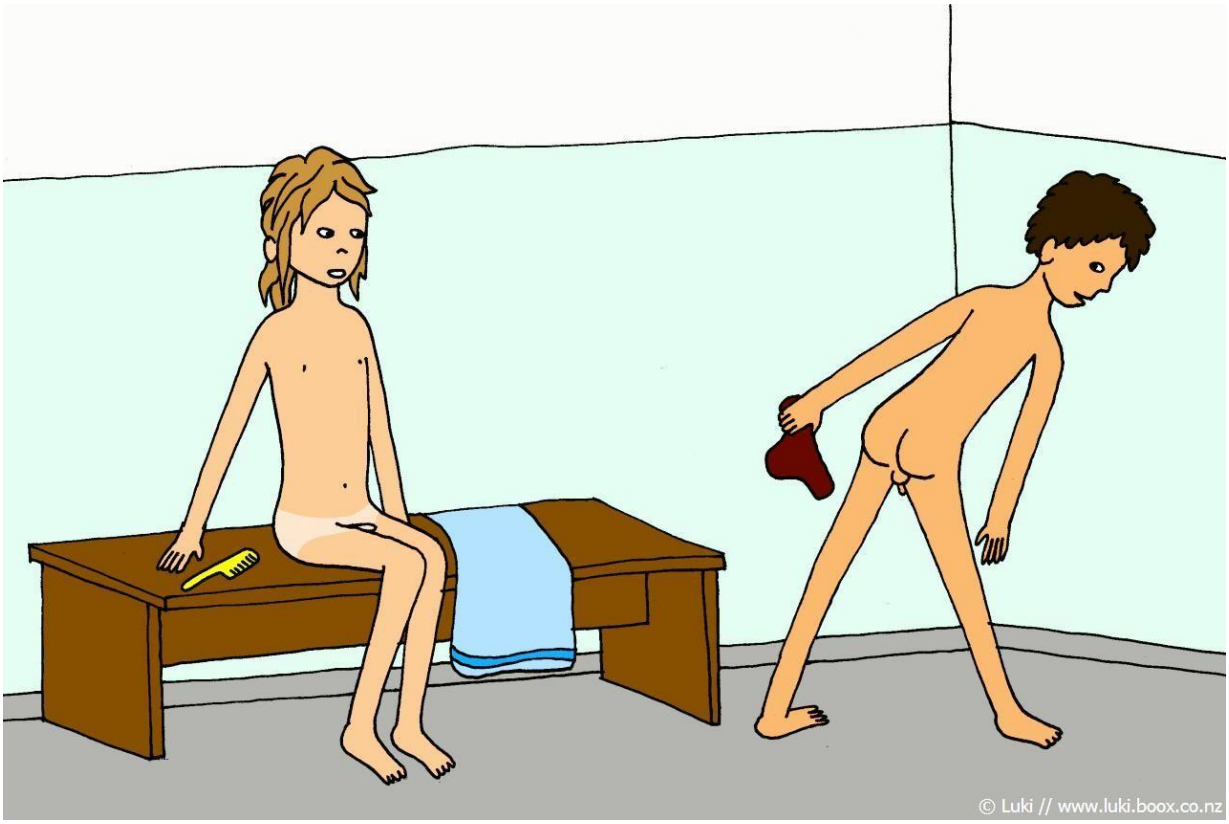
If I grew up deep in Africa or Amazonia, where nudity is taken for common, it wouldn't be so fascinating to me. But since I didn't grow up in those parts of the world, I can remember that I turned a voyeur when I was 9 years old. Every autumn I took part in the indoor swimming lessons. The best part of the swimming lessons was, when the whistle ended our lesson and we all had to get out of the water, and we all hurtled to the change room at the same time.

Everywhere I looked, there were swimming trunks pulling down and underwear up, all in the big rush, so that nobody could see too much. What's the rush? Lucky for me, my parents let me have hair to my shoulders, giving me the perfect excuse to sit on the bench to dry and comb my hair, while the other boys were hurry with their changing. For the most interesting thing, I took tan lines from the summer. Golden bronzed bodies sharply changing into snow-white boy parts, as soon as the trunks came off.

It was the color contrast to point on the fact that I was getting a private and privileged view. However, there was one tanned little boy who hardly had any tan line at all. He attracted me even more, because that boy must be spending most of the summer out in the sun with no clothes on.

Where could he get a tan like this? Unlike his peers, he hadn't any compunction about being seen naked. He passed through the locker-rooms stark naked, crooning, laughing, joking, no matter the fact people were looking at him and loving it. When he saw me staring at him, he

just gave me an mischievous smile and kept going. In less than fifteen minutes only him and me were left.



"Wanna see my butt?" he joked playfully.

"O.k.," I said.

The boy turned back to me and he bent over, giggling and wiggling his tanned butt right under my nose. I was thrilled. In a half a minute, he straightened again, turned red in the face from bending over.

"Your turn," he said.

So, I took my trunks off and I returned him the kindness. He slapped my buttocks with his towel, then he ran to the opposite side of the locker-room. I ran after him. The door opened and a young man entered. He was a caretaker and ticket collector of the swimming pool. He looked at me, then at the other boy, and back at me again. I must have turned red being caught with my pants down, literally.

"Stevie?" he questioned.
"Yup," answered the other boy.

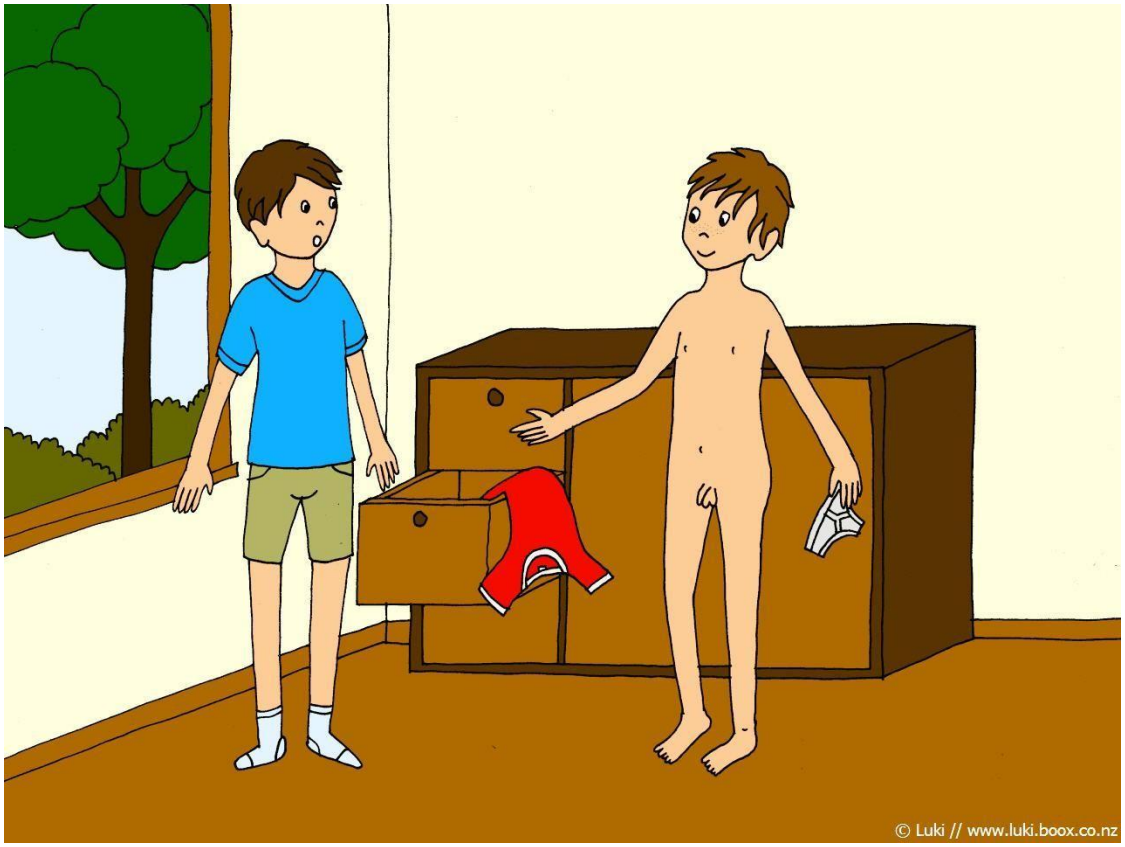
"Your mother says to hurry

by Mark

Nudism and Me - Getting Started

This is the story of how I became a nudist: It started when I'd just turned 11. We had recently moved to the area and I'd had to start school and stuff without knowing anybody there. Luckily, I made several friends including one lad, Adam, who would later become my best friend.

We'd known each other a few weeks when the school summer holidays started. One day he invited me round to his house. It was the first time I had been, and when Mum dropped me off, I noticed they had one of those big inflatable pools in the garden. I didn't think anything more of it, other than how cool it was and that I should remember to bring my swimming trunks next time.



We started just by hanging out, watching TV, playing PlayStation and stuff. Only his mum was at home and she pretty much let us do what we wanted. Then, out of the blue, Adam said "Let's go in the pool".

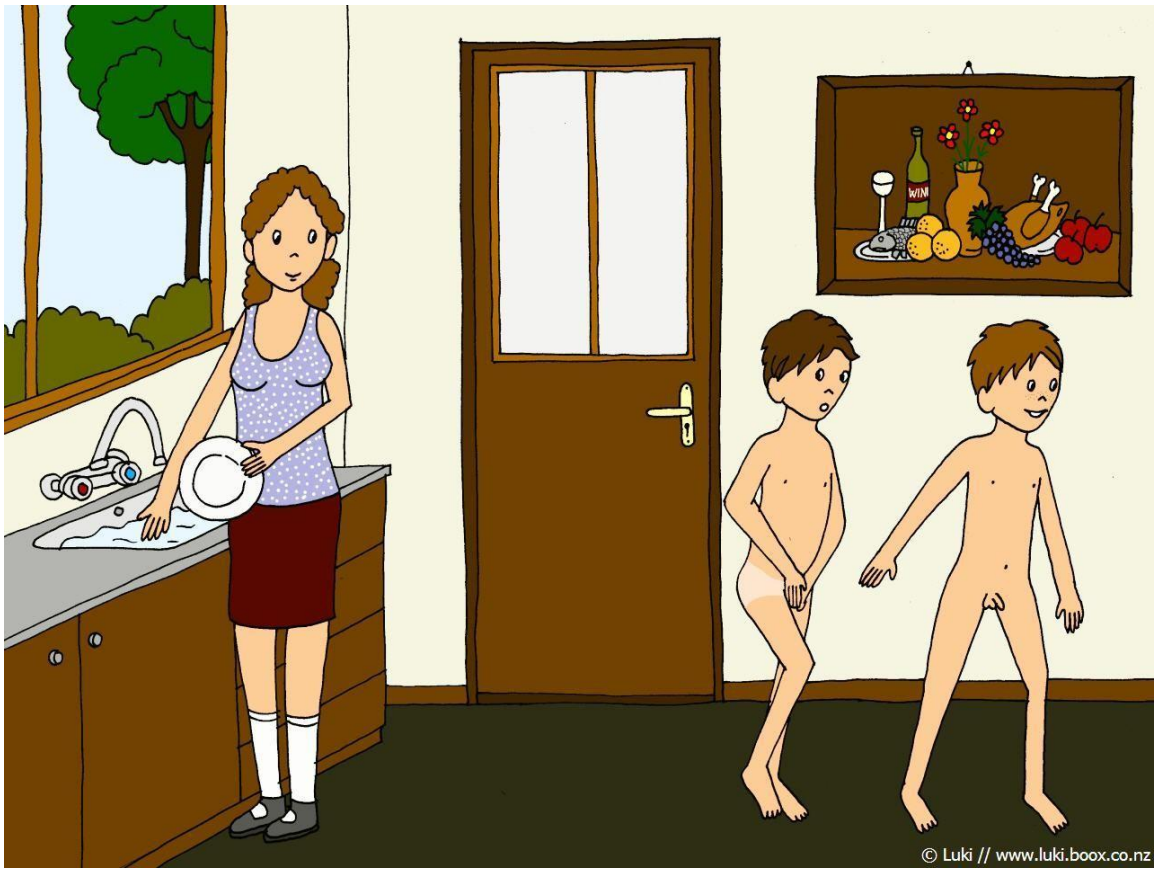
"I can't" I replied, "I haven't got my swimming trunks with me."

"That's OK" he said, "We don't need them."

"Oh, you mean like go in in our undies?"
I said. By this time he had already stripped down to his underpants.

"No, I mean go in with nothing on" he said. And he took of his underpants right there in front of me.

He could see I was somewhat surprised and he followed up with "It's OK, this is how we normally do it here." I wasn't quite sure what he meant but didn't say any more. I asked him if I could keep my undies on, but he just said "Don't be such a wuss!"



After he said that, there was no way I could chicken out. I stripped naked and followed him out to the pool. On the way, we had to go through the kitchen, where his mum was. I was surprised by how calmly he walked past her, totally naked, telling her we were going out to the pool. She didn't bat an eyelid and just said "That's nice dear". As I walked past her, I made sure I covered my penis with my hands and I could feel myself blushing.

Anyway, after about 5 minutes in the pool I soon forgot that I was naked. In fact we just swam and splashed and messed around in the water as normal. It was at this point I asked him what he had meant earlier, and he told me that he and his family were nudists. I was kind a surprised at first, especially when he explained that he, his mum and dad, and his 13-year-old sister were very often nude at home; and that the only reason his mum was dressed today was because they had a visitor who wasn't a nudist (me).

A short while later, his mum brought some lunch out for us. We got out of the pool and lay on the lawn, still naked, eating our lunch. I was starting to get more comfortable with my

nakedness as I was no longer trying to hide my penis. Adam asked me how I liked being nude, and I said it was OK. He then said that next time, I'd probably see his parents and sister nude too. I wasn't so sure about this at the time, but I kept quiet.

I asked him to not tell my parents about me going nude, as I was worried I might get into trouble. He agreed and we made sure we were both dressed again before my mum came to pick me up.

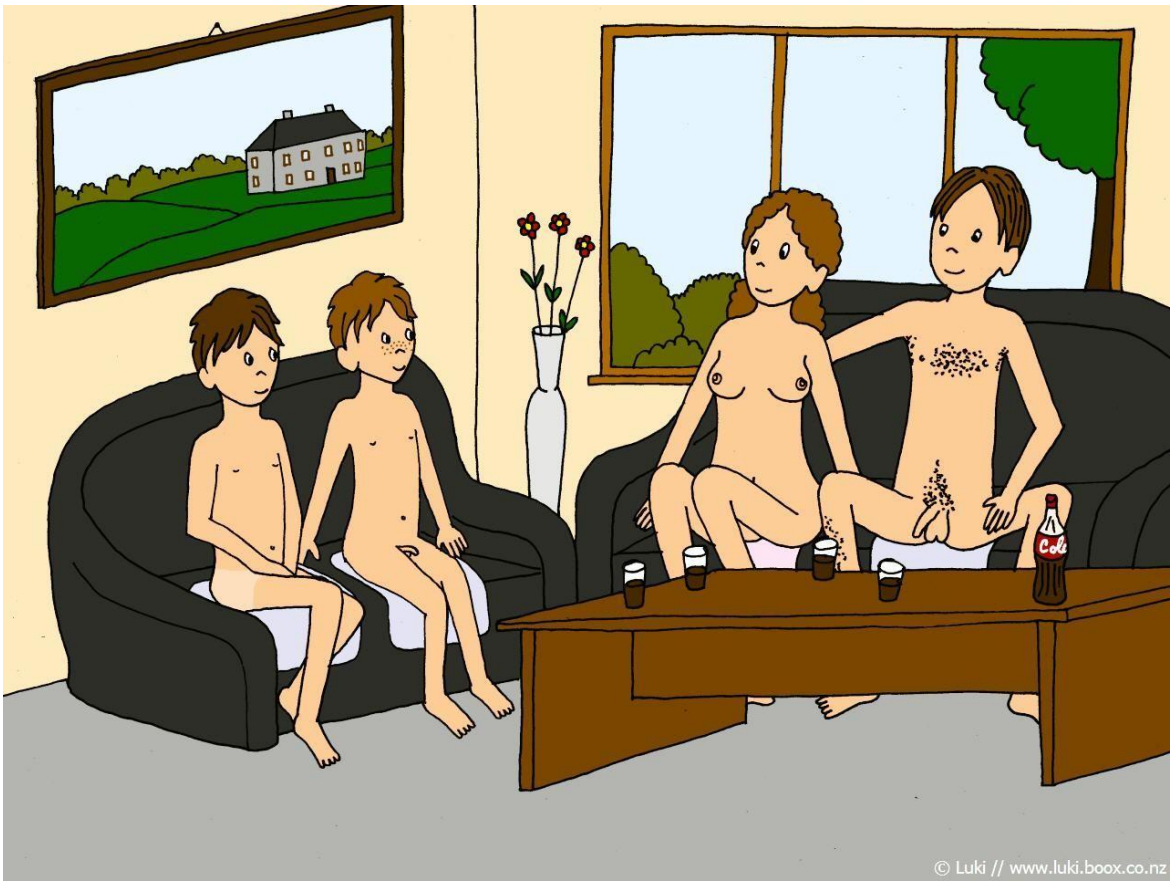
by Mark

Nudism and Me - Adam's Family

It happened a few days after I had been swimming nude with Adam in his family's pool. Adam had invited me round again and I was looking forward to it. After experiencing swimming nude, I was keen to try it again. However, I was nervous about being naked with the rest of his family.

Mum gave me a lift again, but this time I got her to drop me off round the corner and walked the rest of the way. I was worried that she might see Adam or his parents naked and would then find out my secret. Fortunately, Adam had his clothes on when he answered the door. He let me in and closed the door behind him.

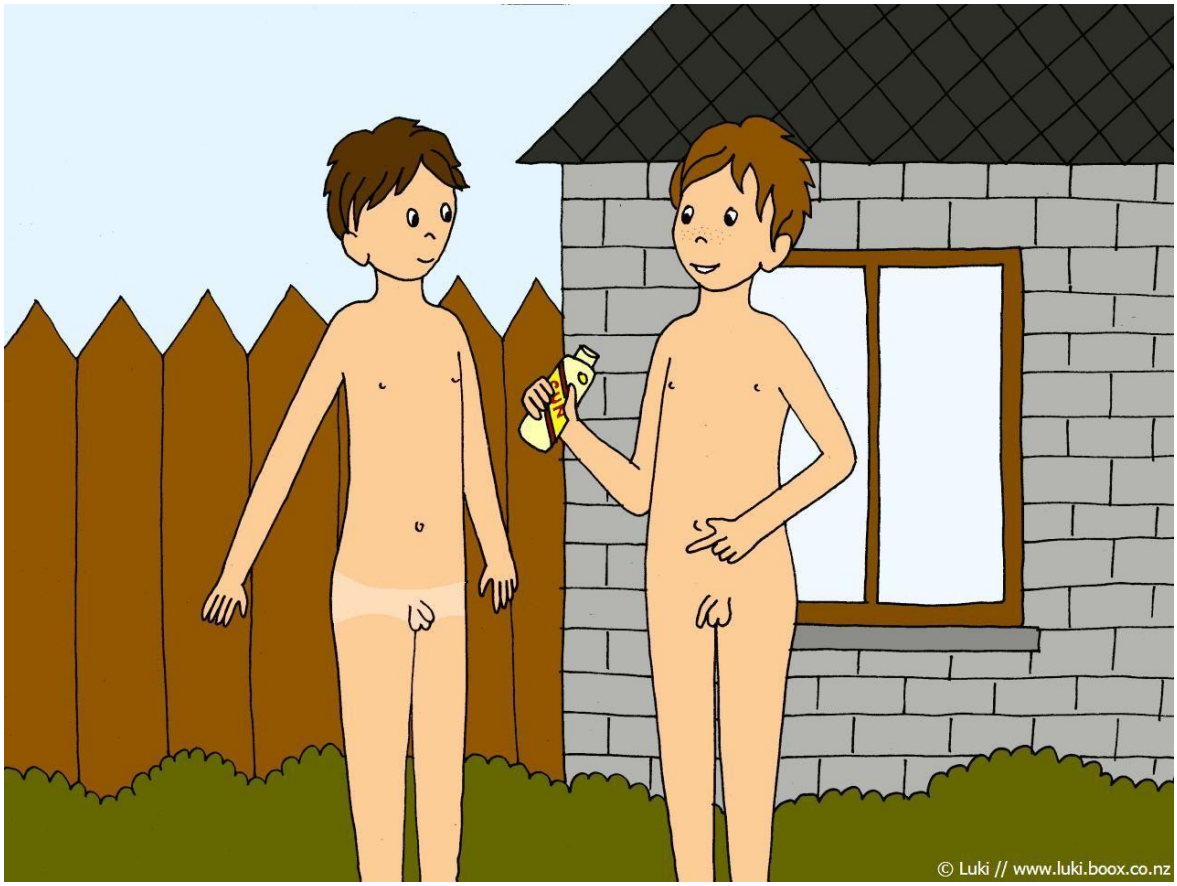
"I put my clothes on just in case your mum was there." he said as he took of his short and T-shirt (he wasn't wearing any underpants).



"Cheers" I replied as I first took of my shorts and underpants, followed by my T-shirt.

Once I was naked, he said "Come and say hello to mum and dad."

I was so nervous as I followed him into the living-room. Instinctively I covered my penis with my hands again. I just couldn't help it. Adam's mum and dad were both sat in the living room, completely naked. Adam gave me a towel to sit on, and we both sat down on the sofa. His mum and dad started chatting to us and were both very friendly. They were obviously trying to put me at ease with their nudity, but it wasn't easy. I just didn't know where to look. The curious part of me wanted to look at their private parts, but another part of me thought this was just rude. In the end, I settled for fixing on their faces. However, if one of them got up from their chairs, it was difficult not to take in the rest of their bodies.



Adam's dad was a keen rugby player and as a result was quite a big man. He was also really hairy, with dark brown hair, and had a massive penis. Actually, it was average size, but to me at 11 years old it seemed massive! His mum was slim with light brown hair. I remember she had quite nice breasts and brown pubic hair.

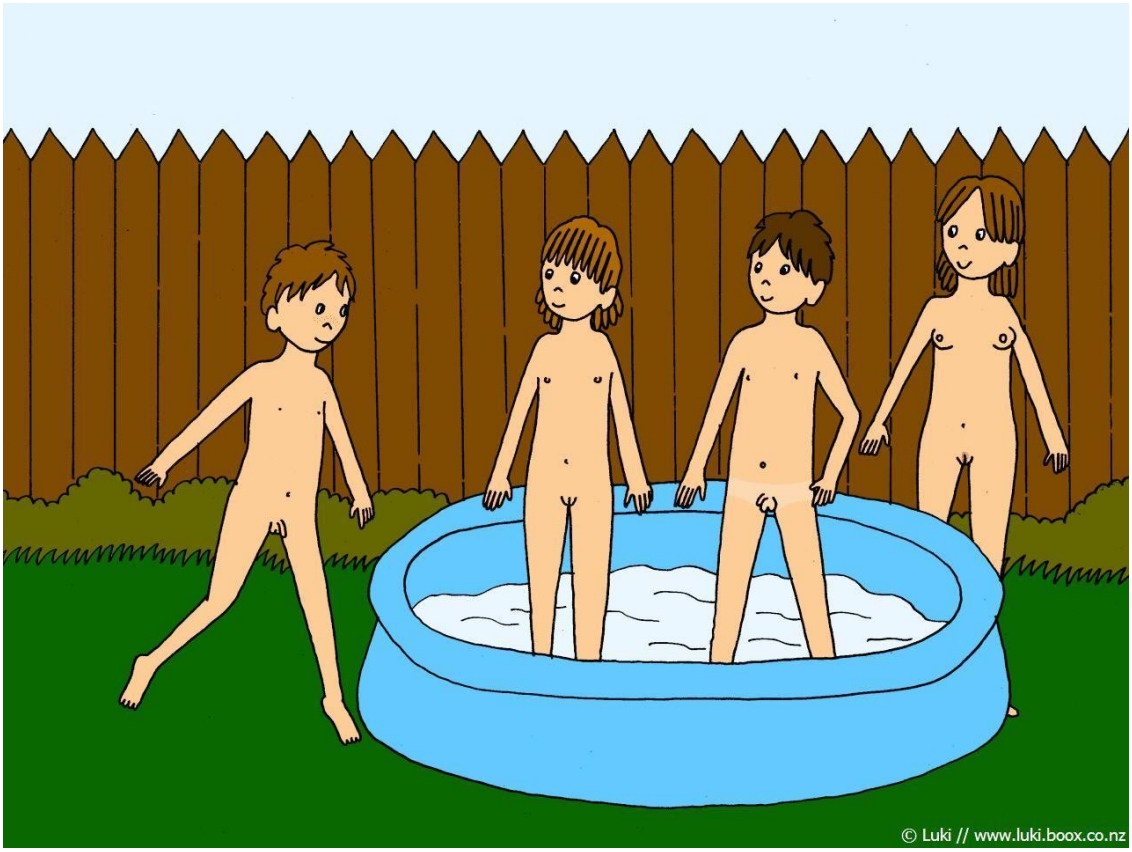
After a while, Adam and I went out into the garden. It was a hot day so we sunbathed for a while on a couple of sun-loungers. Adam gave me some sun-lotion to put on.

"Make sure you put some on your dick." he said "It's really painful if you get sunburned there."

I did as he said. It seemed a strange thing to say at first, but thinking about it, I realized that throughout my life I've never needed sun-lotion on my penis as my penis had always been covered by swimming trunks or shorts.

Later, we both got in the pool to cool down. Whilst we were splashing around, a girl's voice said "Hi guys!".

It was Adam's 13 years old sister, Michelle, and her best friend Zoe. They'd just come back from Town and they disappeared inside the house. About ten minutes later, they re-appeared both stark naked. My jaw dropped! I had seen plenty of little girls (like toddler age) naked before, but this was the first time I'd seen two teenage girls in the nude.



Michelle was the more developed of the two with small breasts and small patch of brown hair on her slit. Zoe was more flat-chested, and at first I didn't think she had any pubic hair; but when she came a bit closer, I could see that she had a tiny blonde patch. At this point I was thankful for being in the pool. Then we all started swimming and splashing around together.

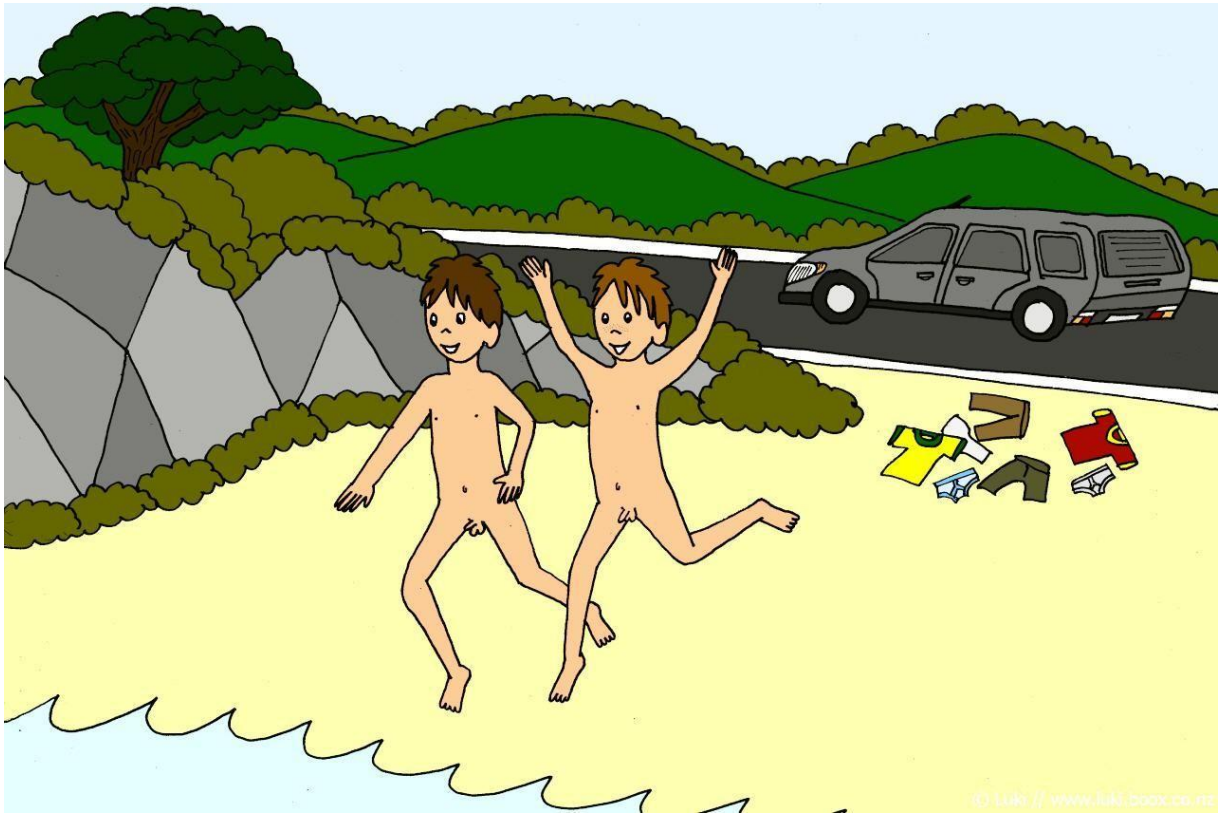
We hung out together for the rest of the day, and I started to get more and more comfortable with being nude around Adam's family, including the girls.

by Mark

Nudism and Me the Beach

I'd been nude with Adam and his family several times now during the summer holidays. One day, his mum and dad decided we should all go to the beach and they invited me along. I had heard about nudist beaches, but never been to one. I'd always loved ordinary beaches since I was little, and thought it would be awesome to go nude on one.

So, one day when the weather was good, we all got in the car and set off. Michelle didn't come with us as she was doing something else with her friends. I thought it was shame because I thought she was kind a cool.

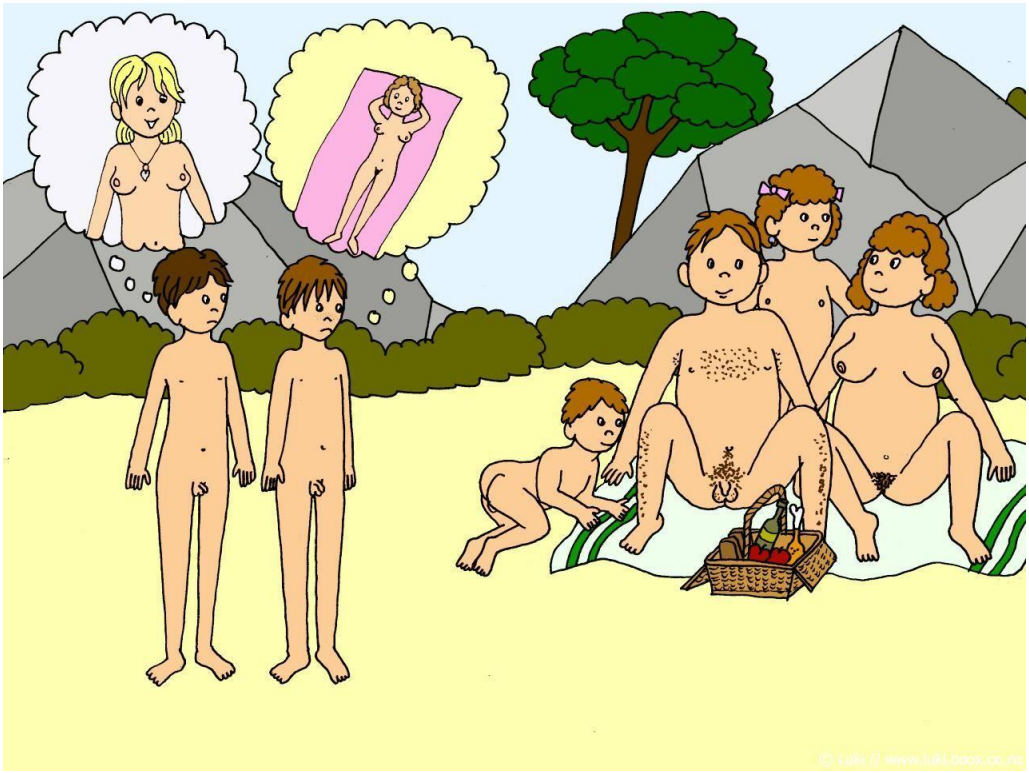


The journey took nearly two hours and by the time we arrived, Adam and I were impatient to get on the beach. We walked from the car, through the non-nudist section and eventually arrived at the nudist beach. Adam and I stripped of straight away and ran down to the sea. The water cold, so we only paddled in the shallows for a few minutes before going back to where his mum and dad had pitched up and set out our stuff.

They had also both stripped off. I was now quite comfortable seeing his mum and dad nude, and was also less self-conscious of my own nakedness. We both put on some sun-lotion and went back down to the water.

This time we decided to go in properly. As the water was cold we did it slowly. First we paddled, getting only our feet wet. Next we went in up to our knees, then further until the waists. Finally we both took the plunge and ducked completely under the water. It felt cold but we soon got used to it. It felt awesome swimming in the sea, totally naked.

Whilst we were swimming, I started noticing some of the other people on the beach. It was mainly full of old people, some of them quite fat too. There were very few kids around and no teenagers or kids our age that I could see. I asked Adam about it and he said it was normal. In fact he said that he was glad I came along as it meant he had someone to hang out with.

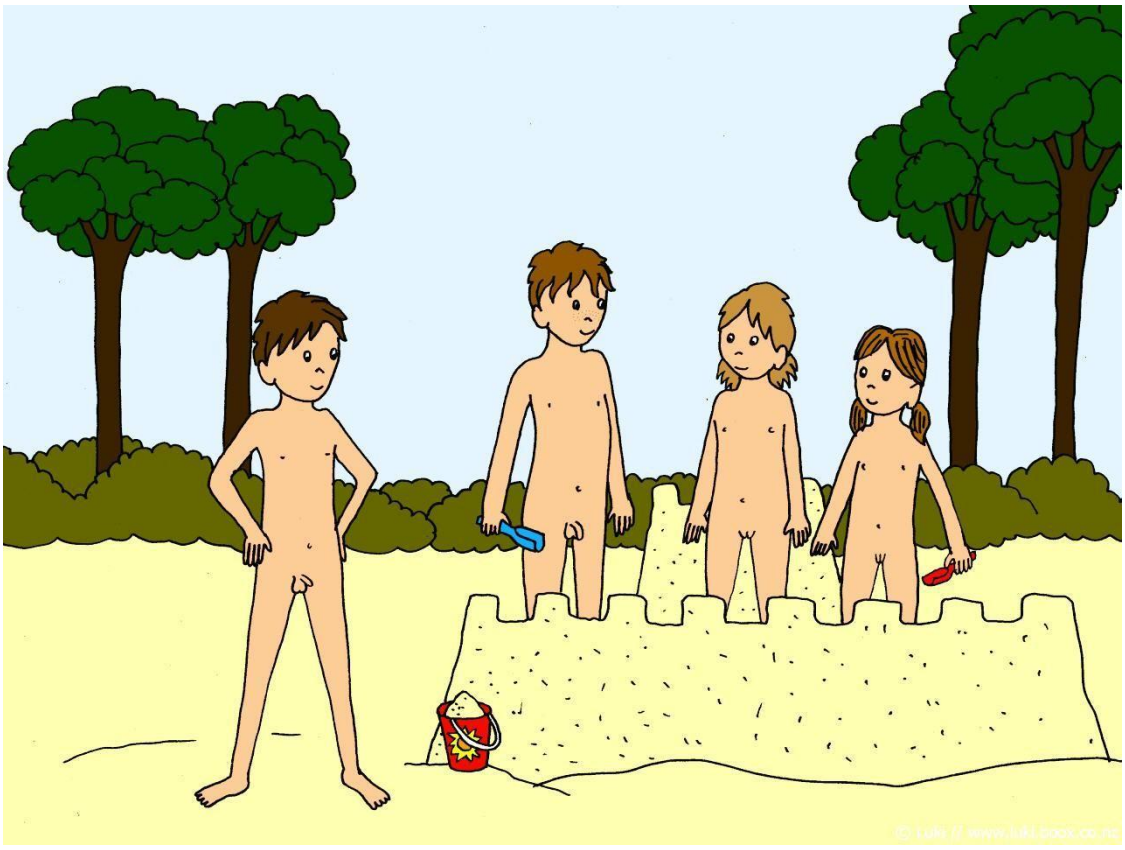


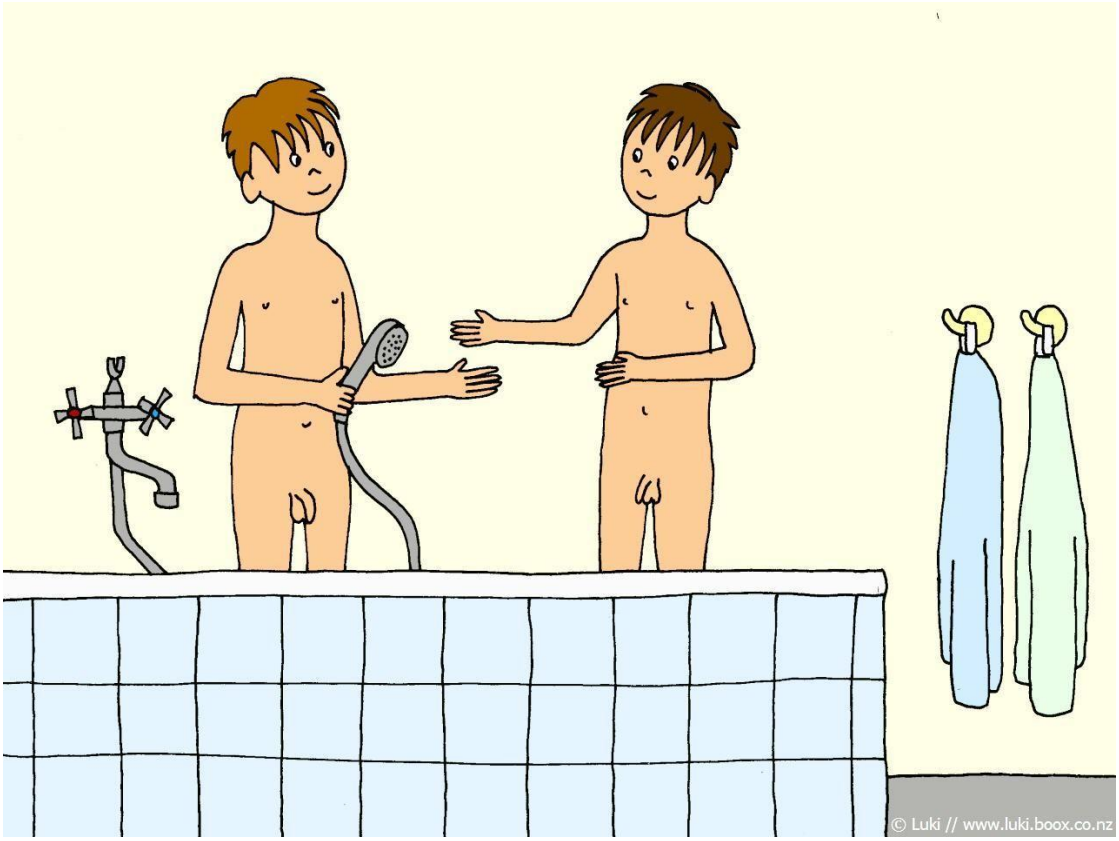
Once we'd had enough in the water, Adam suggested we build a big sandcastle by the water's edge. I thought it was a cool idea and we set to work. We were well underway when a voice asked "Can we play too?"

The voice belonged to a girl, who later told us her name was Louise. She was 8 years old and was with her 5-year-old sister, Holly. At first, I didn't want to hang out with two little kids, but Adam got in first and said "Sure" and started showing them what to do.

We ended up building an awesome sandcastle, and despite my initial thoughts, it was actually quite good fun hanging out with the two girls. It was a pity they weren't older, but it was still better than just hanging out with Adam's mum and dad. The girls also enjoyed it I think. I think they thought it was cool to be able to hang out with a couple of "big" boys.

When it came time to go home, Adam's parents made a couple of funny comments on how we'd now got a couple of girlfriends. We just ignored them!

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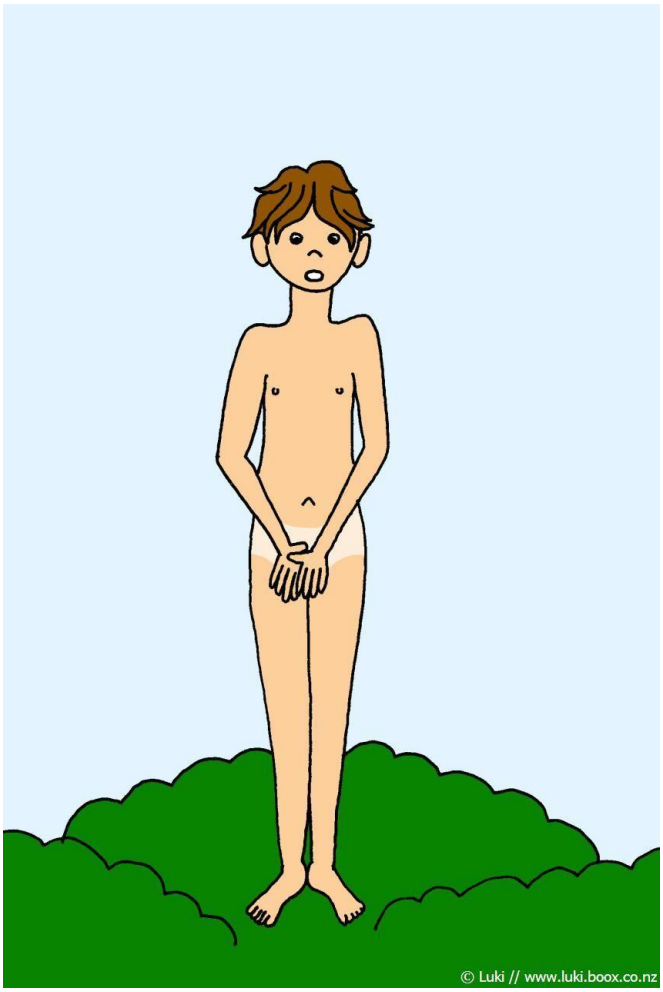
by Joe

First Naked Swimming Experience



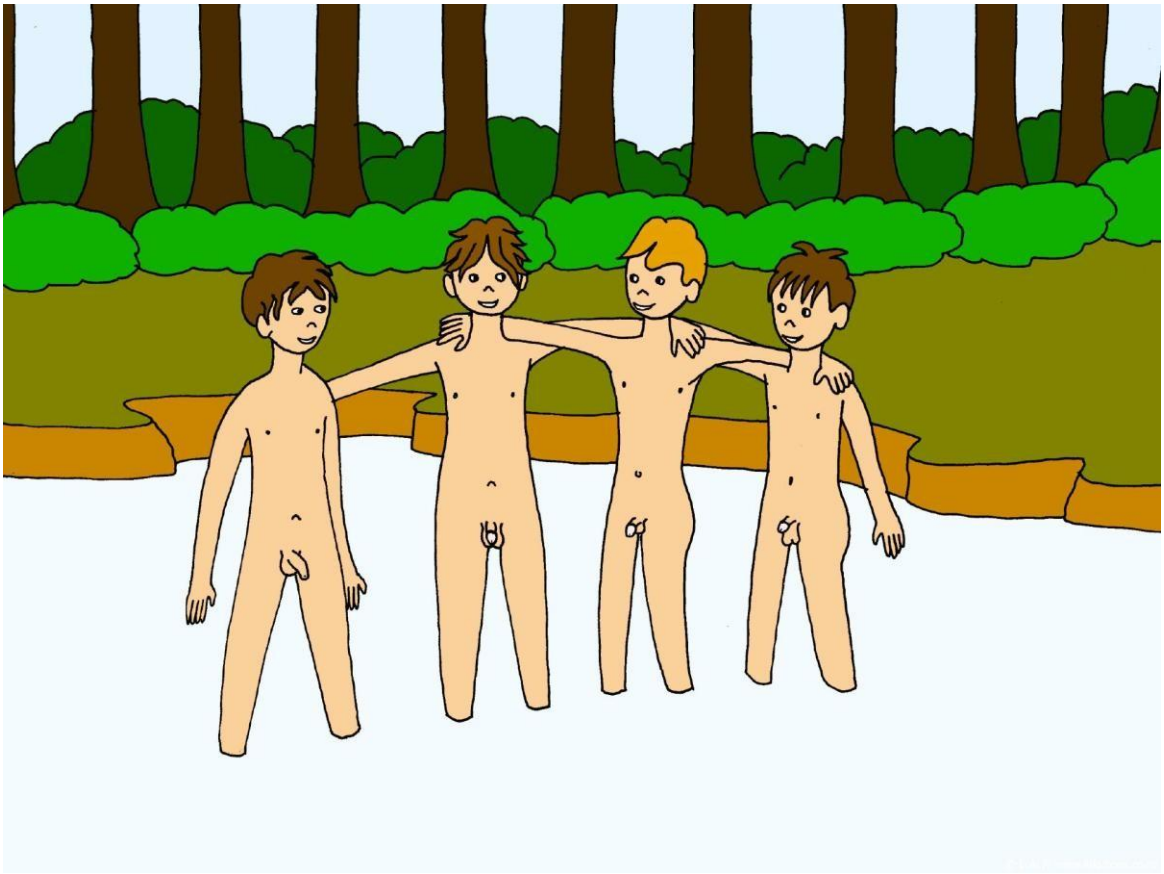
When I was 12, I joined Boy Scouts. I liked the outdoors and hiking and camping so I thought Boy Scouts would be fun. I did not know that they swam naked or I probably would not have joined. I was from a very prudish home that did not allow any nudity and I was taught that being naked was bad. So, growing up until I joined Scouts, I thought being naked was bad and was very afraid to be undressed and seen. Keep in mind this was in the very early 1960's, and times were different back then. Skinny-dipping (naked swimming) was accepted in the rural areas in the rivers and creeks here in the U.S.

I was very excited about my first campout coming up in a few days. We left the church and went to a camping spot that the leaders knew about and set up camp near the river. It was a very nice place. We had it to ourselves. After the tents and camp was set up, the leader said hit the river. I ran to my tent, went inside, and changed into my swim suit. When I came out, everyone was gone to the river. There were clothes everywhere around the tents, but I did not think anything about it. I ran down the path to the river and when I got there, I had the surprise of my life.

Everyone was NAKED!! I was not ready for that. I did not expect it. I got in the water and swam with the group. Lots of fun, but I had a hard time getting used to everyone being naked, including the two adult leaders. (all men and boys of course) After the swim we went back to camp. Some of the boys only wore underwear, and some stayed naked and we all played around. I changed back into my dry clothes IN my tent. I was still very embarrassed about myself. It was a great campout. I learned about building fires and cooking eggs in an iron skillet. We went home the next day. Some of the boys went swimming again, a few did not, and I did not. I had feelings that were confusing. I was embarrassed about being naked, but it was kind of exciting watching the others. I started having a desire to do that too.

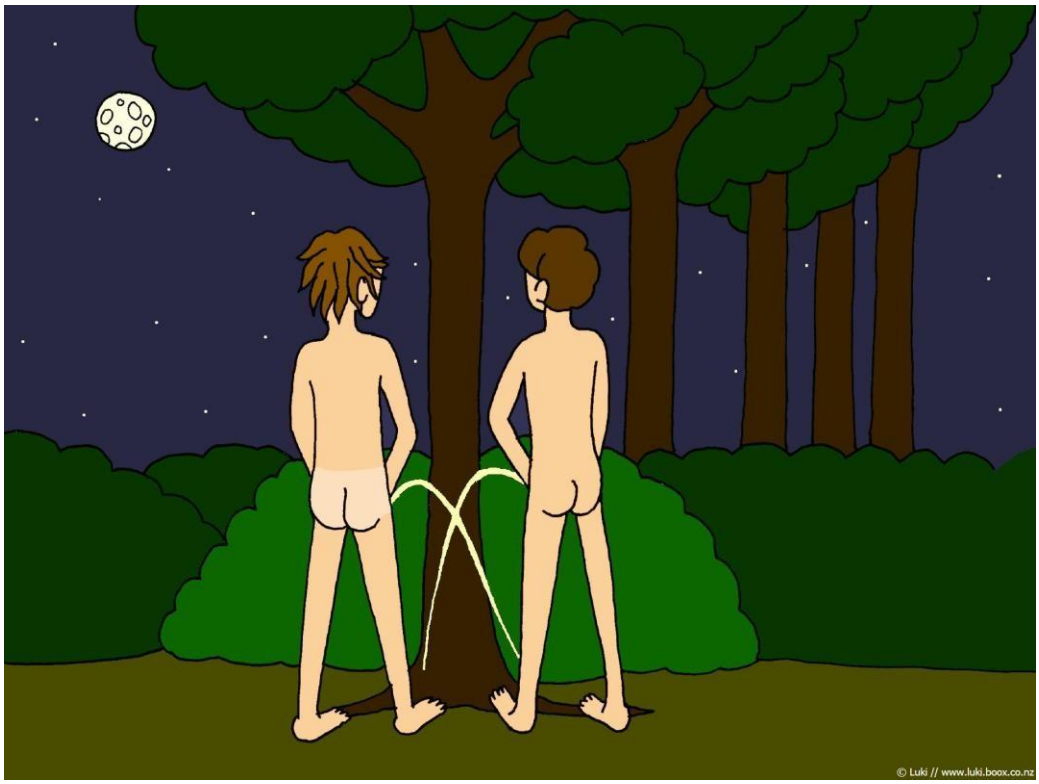
The next campout three weeks later was about the same thing. We went to a different place, but the troop skinny-dipped. I wore a swim suit. I was still embarrassed and afraid. The leaders were nice and did not allow the other boys to laugh at me. That campout was good.

The third campout three weeks or so later, we went back to the first camping area. After the camp was set up, down to the river we went. I stripped down to my underwear what I call “tightly - whities” (white briefs) and went with them. I was the only one there with anything on. I had decided I really wanted to do this, and I was going to try. When we got to the water, I pushed off the underwear very quickly and jumped in the water.



I had to do it quickly without thinking, or I would have “chickened out”. (been afraid) Wow! What a feeling. After a few minutes, my embarrassment was gone, and we were all playing hard. None of the other boys said a word about my nakedness. I do not even think most of them even though anything about it. It was so fun. I had never done anything like this in my life. There was a big rock in the river to climb up on and jump in. I did that many times that day, and it felt great to be up there and not embarrassed to be seen.

I discovered that I loved it and couldn’t wait to go swimming each time! That day, after swimming, I stayed naked for quite a while with the rest of the troop running around in the woods and whooping and hollering. The adult leaders always dressed after swimming, but they did not care if we stayed naked. It was a great feeling, and I felt like part of the group. It is

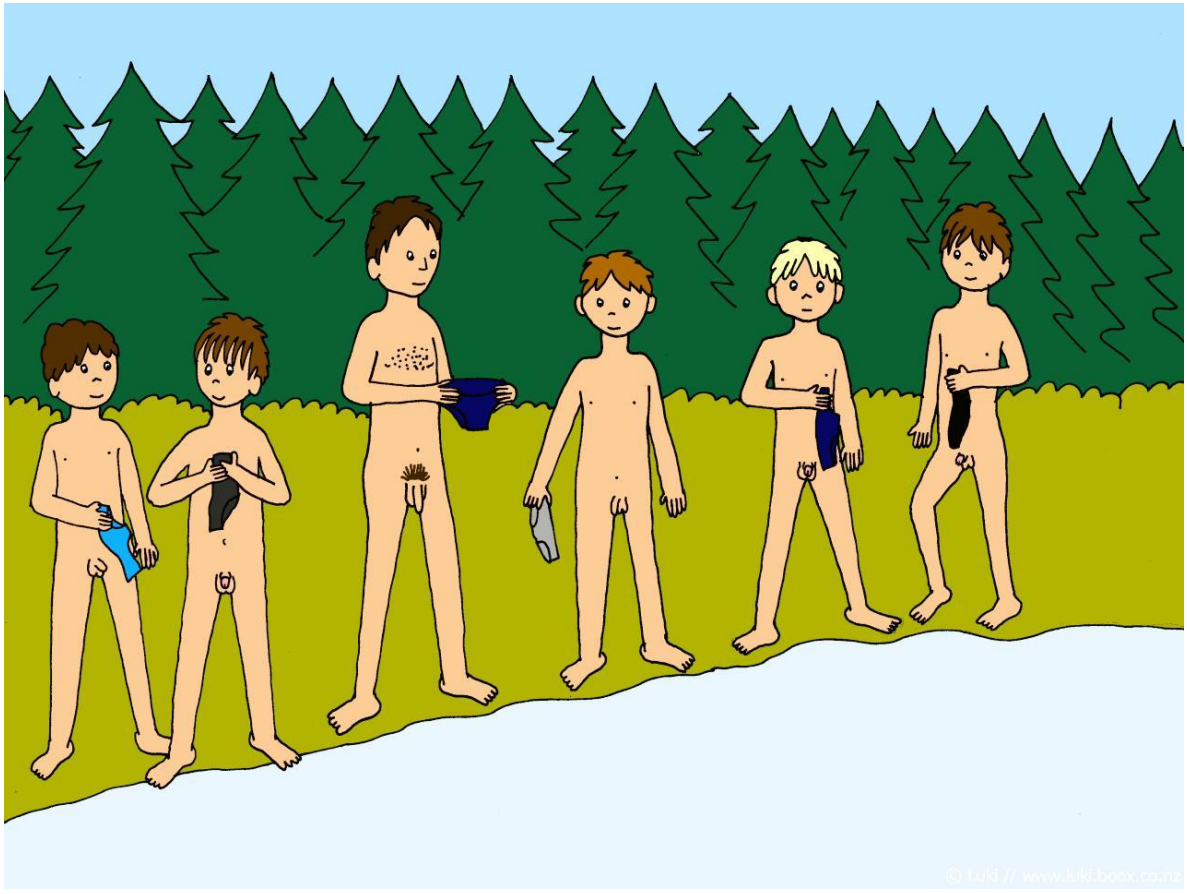


funny what a little piece of cloth can do to keep you from feeling like you are a member of the group.

That night I had another first experience. My tent mate slept naked, which surprised me. I had never heard of that. Since I was mostly over my embarrassment of nakedness, I did that too. He had to get up and go pee later in the night and so did I so we just left the tent naked and went over by the trees and did it, then walked back to the tent. I was really getting into the natural (naked) feeling. So comfortable, and since no one made a big deal out of it or laughed at us, I really discovered I liked it.

From that time on, I was ready to go camping with them anytime. I packed for a campout a few months later and did not pack a swim suit. Of course, I did not need one. My mother checked my pack and asked where my swim suit was. I ALMOST slipped and told her I did not need one. But I was lucky and thought quick and told her I forgot it. I went and got it and put it in. If my parents had known about these naked activities, I would have been made to quit scouts. But they never knew.

Hooray for Boy Scouts. They taught me lots of things, the most important to me was not to be embarrassed about being naked. It was not dirty or bad.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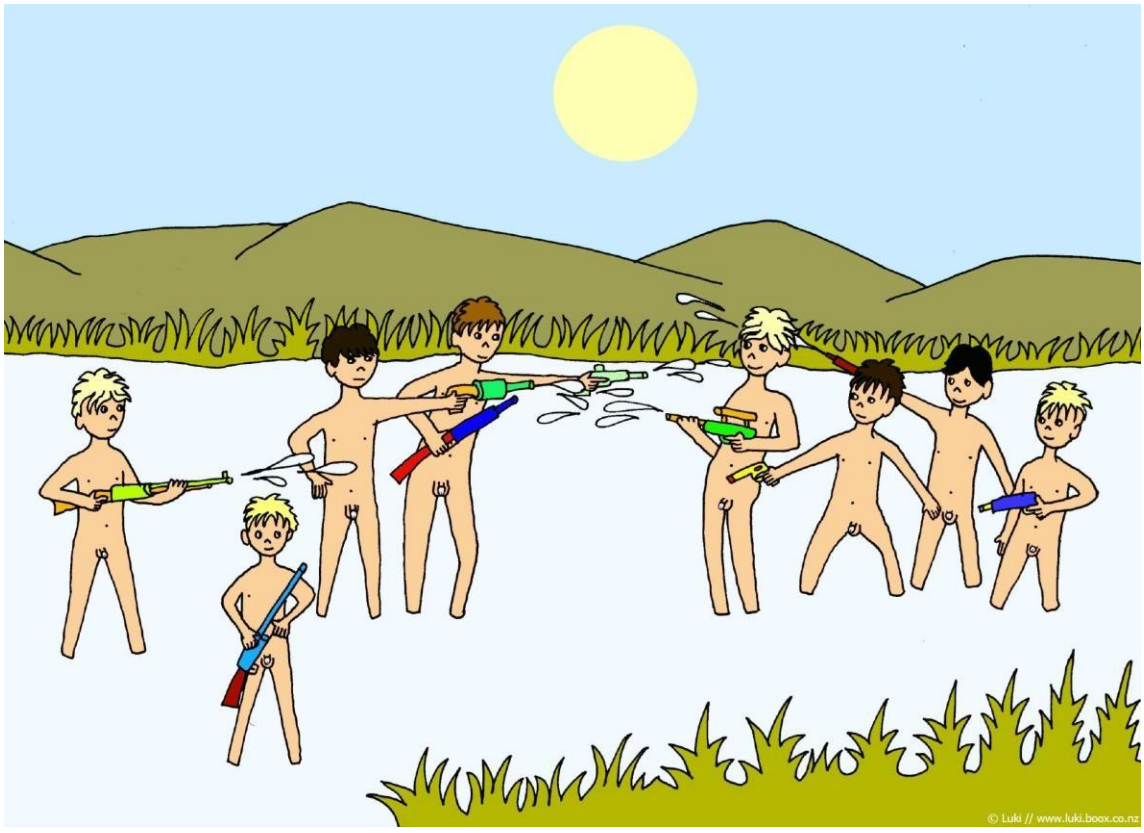
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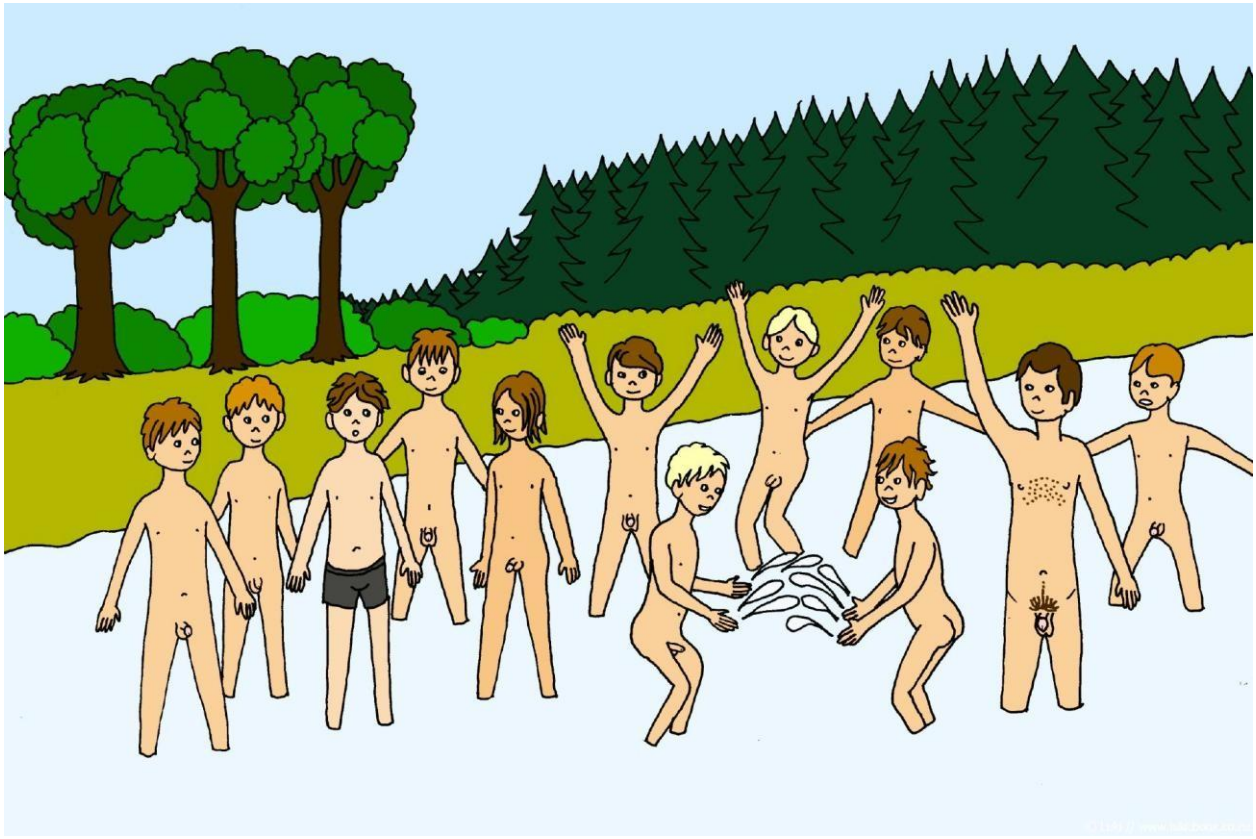

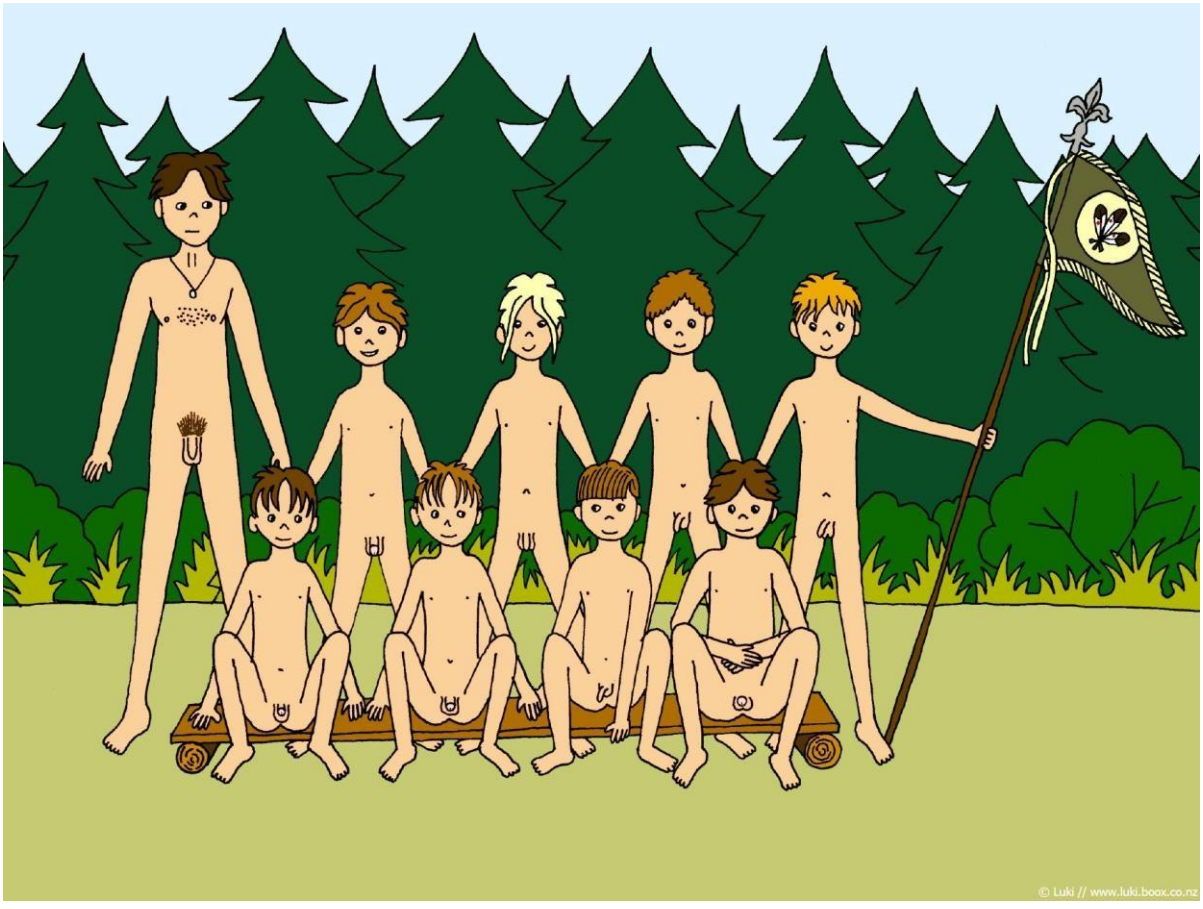
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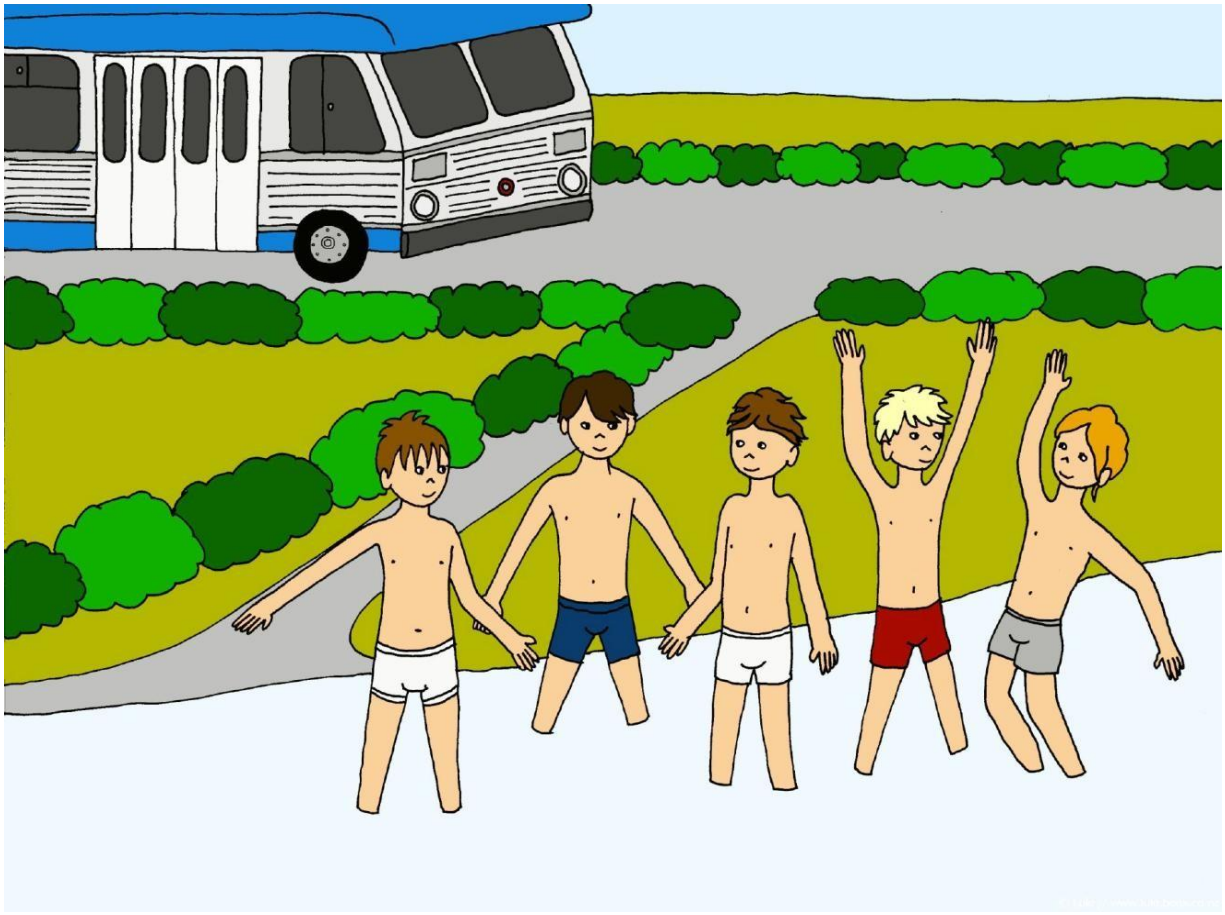
by Joe

First Summer Camp Experience

I joined Boy Scouts at 12 years old. I missed summer camp that first year since I was new and young and my parents thought I was too young to go for a whole week. I had never been away from home for that long. So that first summer of Boy Scouts I was bored as the whole troop went.

Of course they came back 6 days later, and at the next meeting they HAD to tell me what I missed. O'well, I got over it. Life went on. We did our regular monthly campouts and I had lots of fun on them. The winter campouts were not as much fun as no swimming and naked playing around.

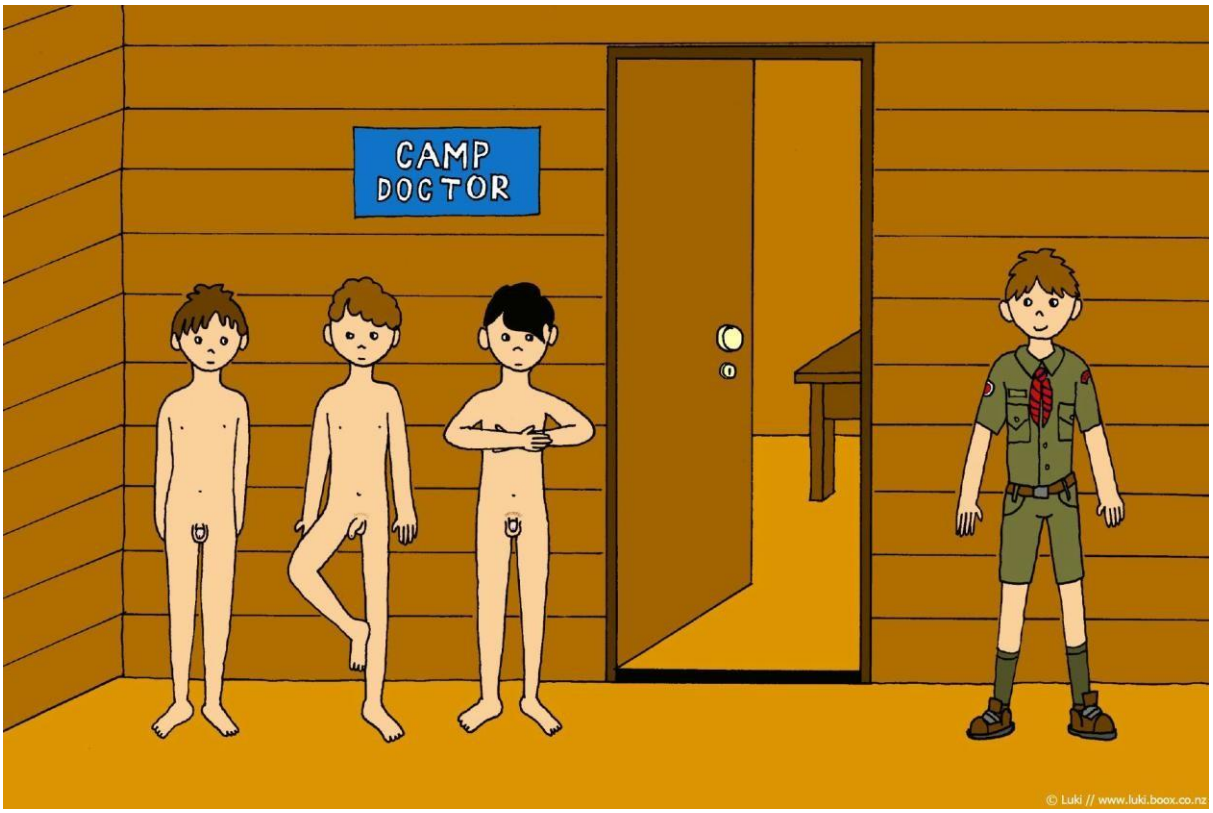
Next summer rolled around. I was 13 by then and my parents decided to let me go. I was sure glad. We went to the summer camp in an old church bus. That was an experience to remember. We thought the old bus was going to blow up every time the driver shifted gears. We stopped for a sack lunch at a river crossing and ate lunch, then went swimming in the river. It was a very public place, people everywhere, so we could not skinny-dip.



And our bags and packs of clothes and equipment were not easy to get to on the bus, so we swam in our underwear. That sucked. My “tighty-whities” turn transparent when they get wet, so I may as well have been naked! I noticed several people there watching me. I guess they thought I was naked! One boy was commando (no underwear under his pants) and he wanted to swim really bad, so when no one was close by (talking about other visitors, not us scouts), he stripped off his pants and jumped in the water. I wish I had done that. But, too late, my underwear was wet. It was not obvious that he was naked since he was in the water and stayed out away from the banks where the other people were.

When the Scoutmaster found out, he was not very happy, but he did not get angry. He told him to be careful and not let anyone see him that way. After swimming we went back to the bus. Charles, the naked swimmer, got in a group of us so he would not be seen and he did not have to put his underwear back on until he dried off. We all got on the bus and removed our wet underwear and wrung them out the windows to help them start drying. I am sure that looked funny. Most of us had to stand up or get up on the seats to be able to reach out the windows with both arms, so anyone around could get an eyeful of naked boys. We just stayed naked on the bus until we got to camp.

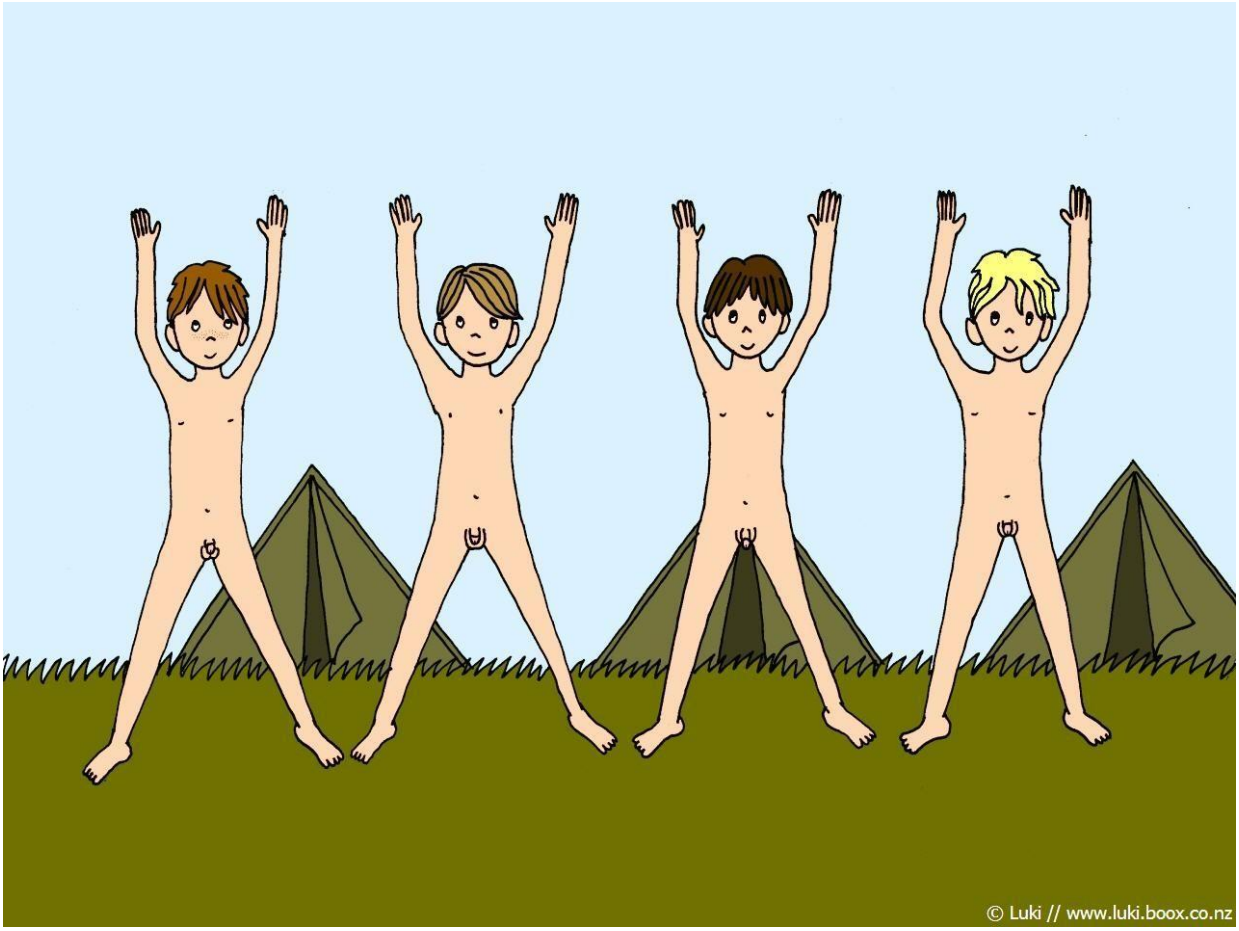
Ahh, the good old days. Today the Scoutmaster would be in trouble if caught with a bus load of naked boys. It was different back then. We dressed to get off the bus since we were at the main office of the camp. We were all commando since our underwear was wet. We set up camp and got the bus parked in the parking lot far from the campsite. Tents were provided for us, and they were already set up. Boy Scout summer camps usually run for 6 to 10 weeks in the summer with new troops coming each week.

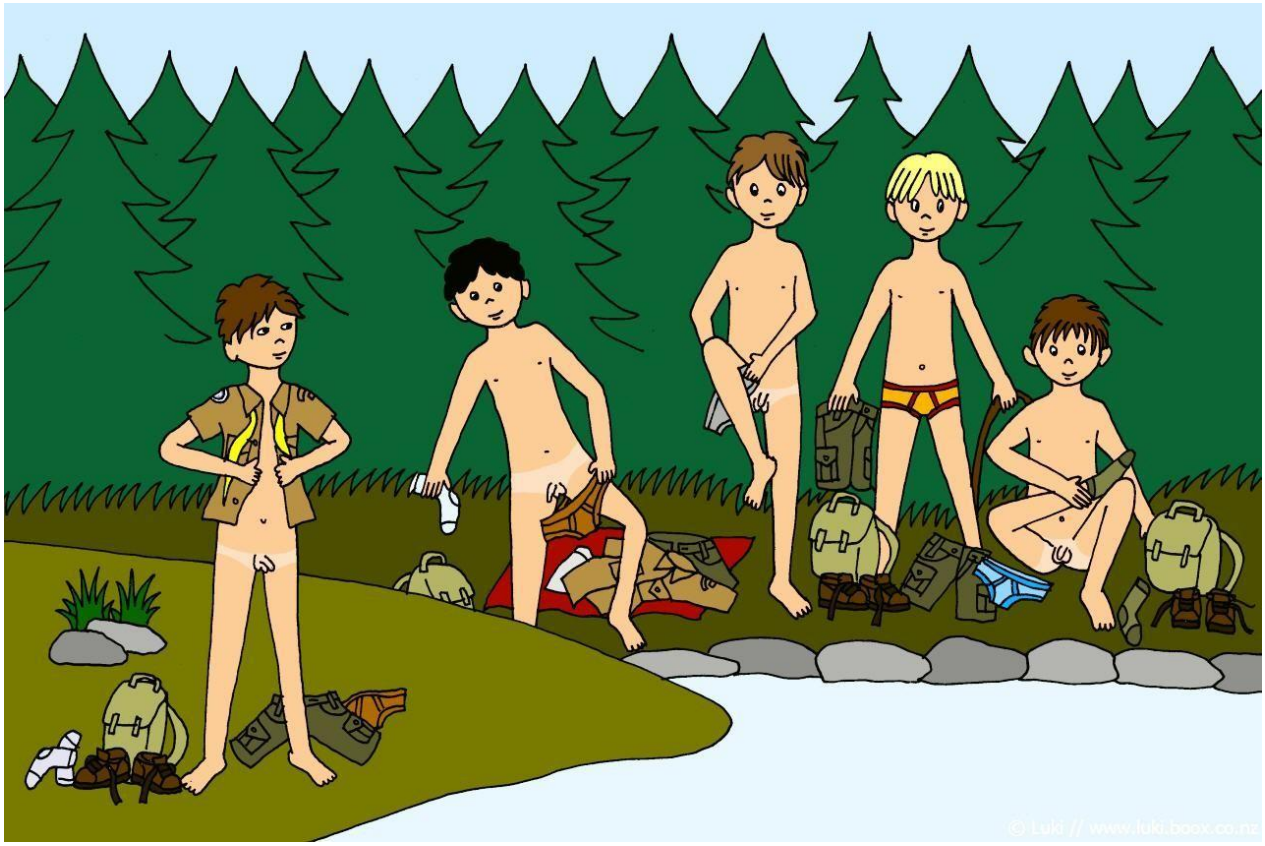


We did all the stuff and listened to the counselors telling us the rules of the camp. The boys who did not have a physical exam by their family doctor back home had to go to the camp doctor for a physical. Since we only had one adult leader at that time, we all had to go there and wait for the ones needing exams. Our second leader was coming by car that evening. We watched the exams. No privacy for the boys. They stripped down to their underwear, and this was a very funny problem. Remember, we were commando off the bus due to wet underwear!!!

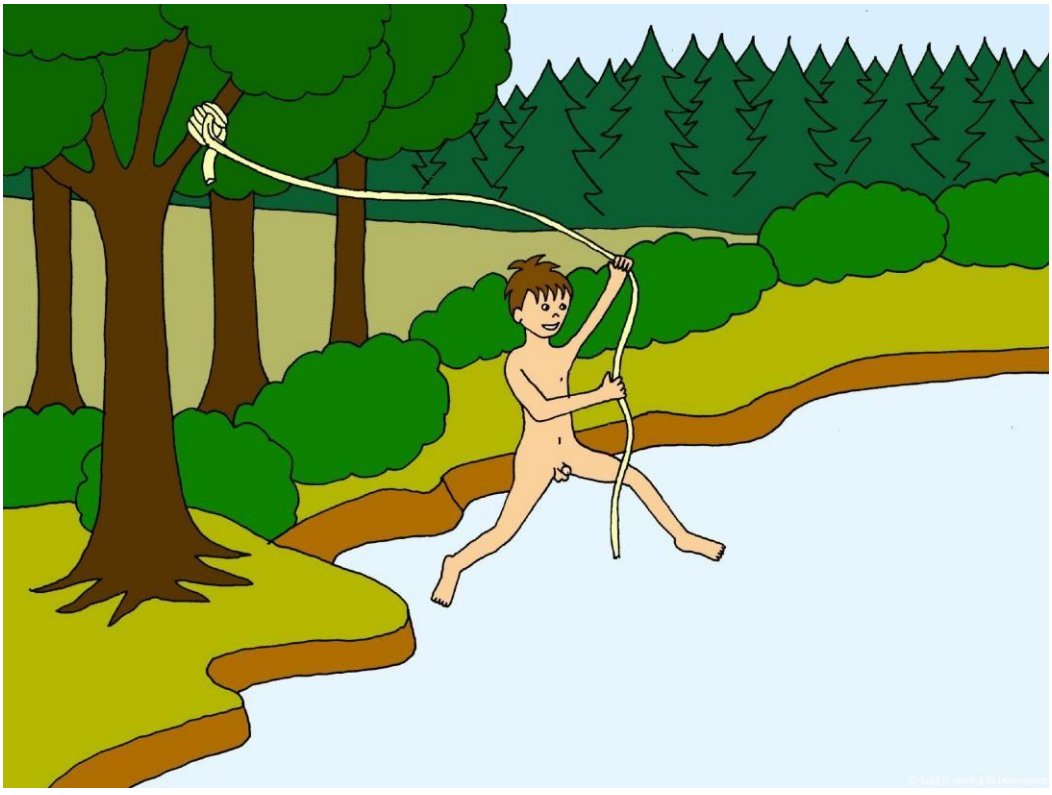
We had 4 boys in our troop that needed exams so they were standing there naked while several other boys from other troops were in underwear. And the finger up your privates and told to cough is not fun. We thought it was kind of funny since it was not happening to us. As soon as they could they got their pants back on. After that, evening chow (dinner) and opening ceremony.

The next few days were quite busy with merit badge classes and swimming (not skinny dipping at the swimming area in camp). Even if they had allowed it, many of the boys were from larger cities and they did not go camping and skinny-dipping like we did. On Wednesday we finally got a day off to do whatever we wanted. We even done some workouts in nude. After that small group of us took a hike down the river. This river is more like a creek, it is very small, and you can walk across it in many places.

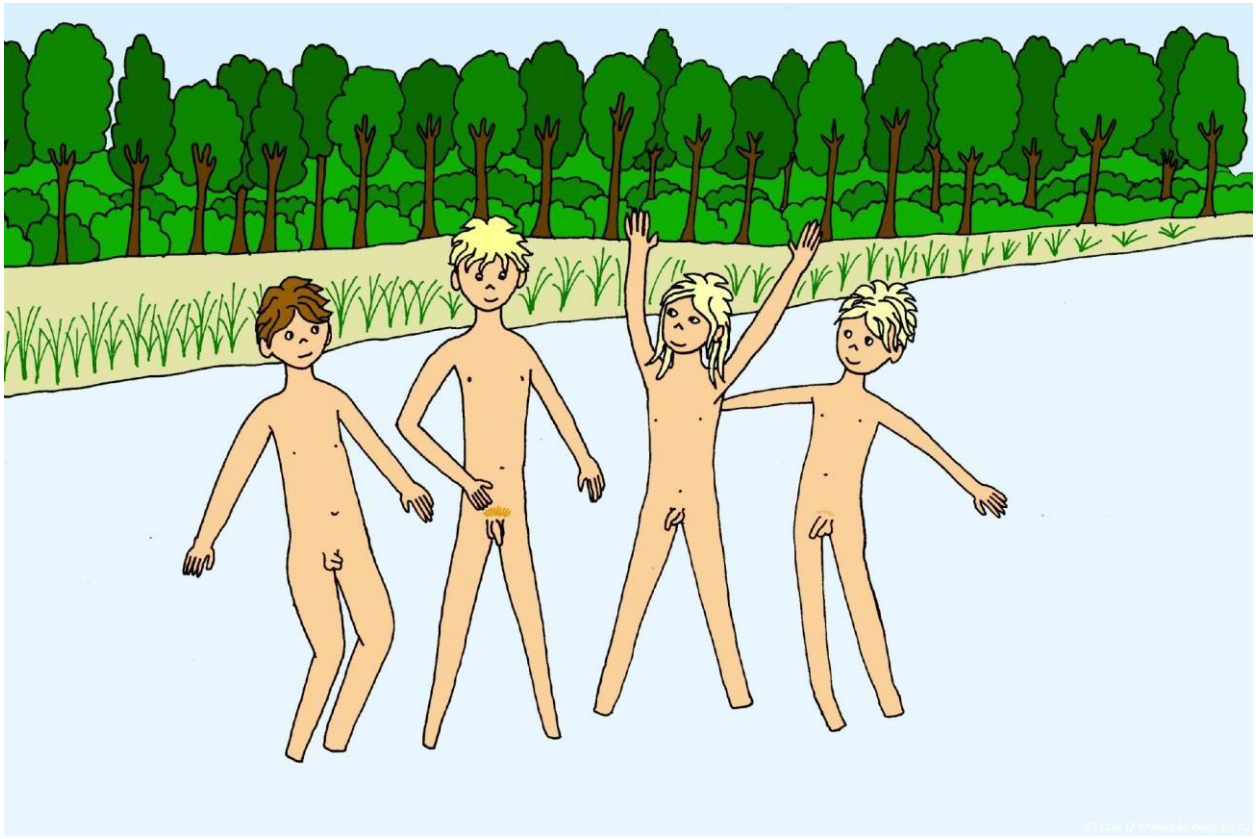




The adults let us go alone as one of our senior boy leaders was going. The SPL (Senior Patrol Leader) was 16 and had a driver's license and a car, so he was responsible enough to be our leader on short hikes around the camp area. We wanted to skinny-dip, so we had to leave the camp property to do so. It was about a half mile walk to get out of the camp property.

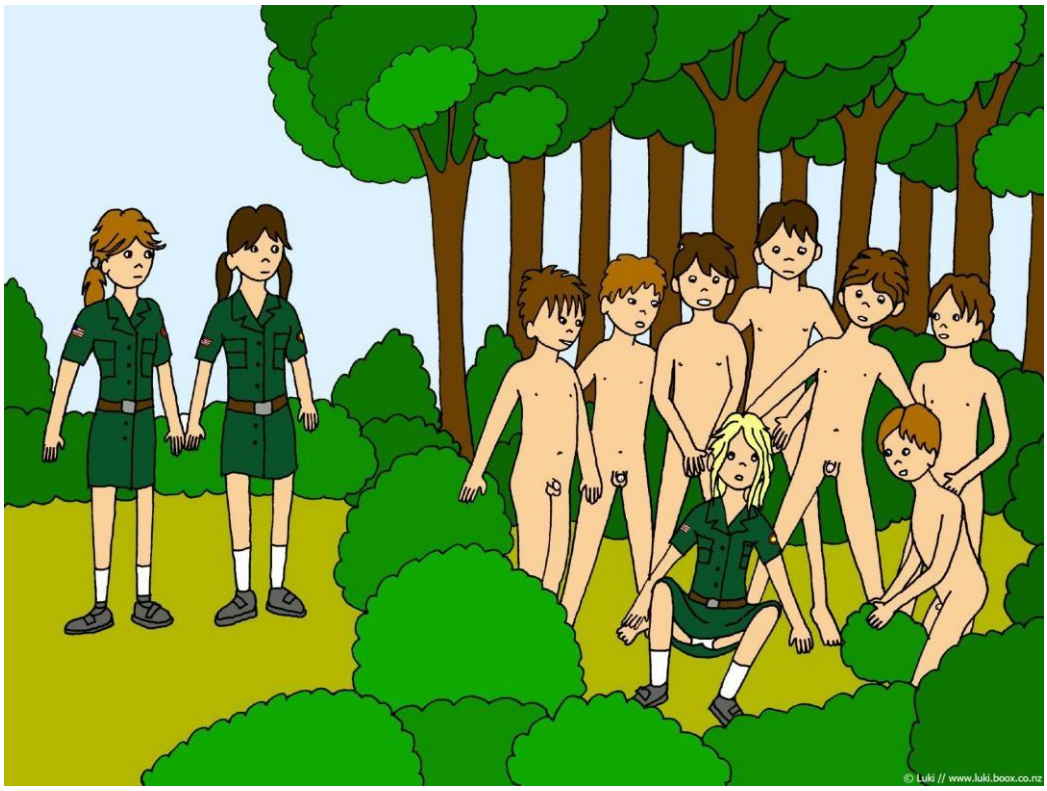


We got to a great spot, and got rid of clothes and jumped in. There was even a rope swing there out of a tall tree. A rock on the bank made it handy to climb up on top of it and hang on to the rope and swing out and drop in the water. It was plenty deep enough out in the middle where the rope swung. Lots of fun. Boys being boys, we would try different positions on the rope, spread our legs and things like that. I did not close my legs one time and hit the water and found out that you should close your legs before hitting. OUCH!! And without clothes, more ouch.



There were about 8 of us from 13 to 16 years old. Only one 16 year old and a 15. The rest were 13 and 14. The rest of the troop stayed back at camp and did some special program. We swam there about an hour and one of the scouts noticed someone up where our clothes were. He said something about it, and when we looked, we did not see anything. The SPL decided to go up and check. A couple of us went with him. We got to where our clothes were and they were GONE!! At first we though some other scouts had hidden them. But we could find nobody. We yelled back at the others still in the water and told them to come up here. Our clothes are missing. We started looking around and Charles found a GIRL hiding in the bushes.

Wow. That is something we did not expect. I was immediately embarrassed as I had never been seen naked by a girl! I covered myself up with my hands and so did all the rest. We asked her where our clothes were. And why she was hiding. She said she did not know. About that time 3 more girls showed up. They had been hiding up the trail a little. They saw and heard us talking to the first girl. We told them we wanted our clothes. They laughed about it and we got angry. They started teasing us about covering up our little weenies. That really made us angry and embarrassed.



Charles (he was 13 or 14) and the SPL said ok, look. They moved their hands. So the rest of us did. A very funny feeling standing naked in front of girls who had on clothes. They finally said they would get our clothes. They told us they were hiding to watch us swim and on the rope swing. They loved watching us on the rope. The way we were swinging and posing, they saw a lot more than if we had just been walking around. O'well, too late to worry about that!

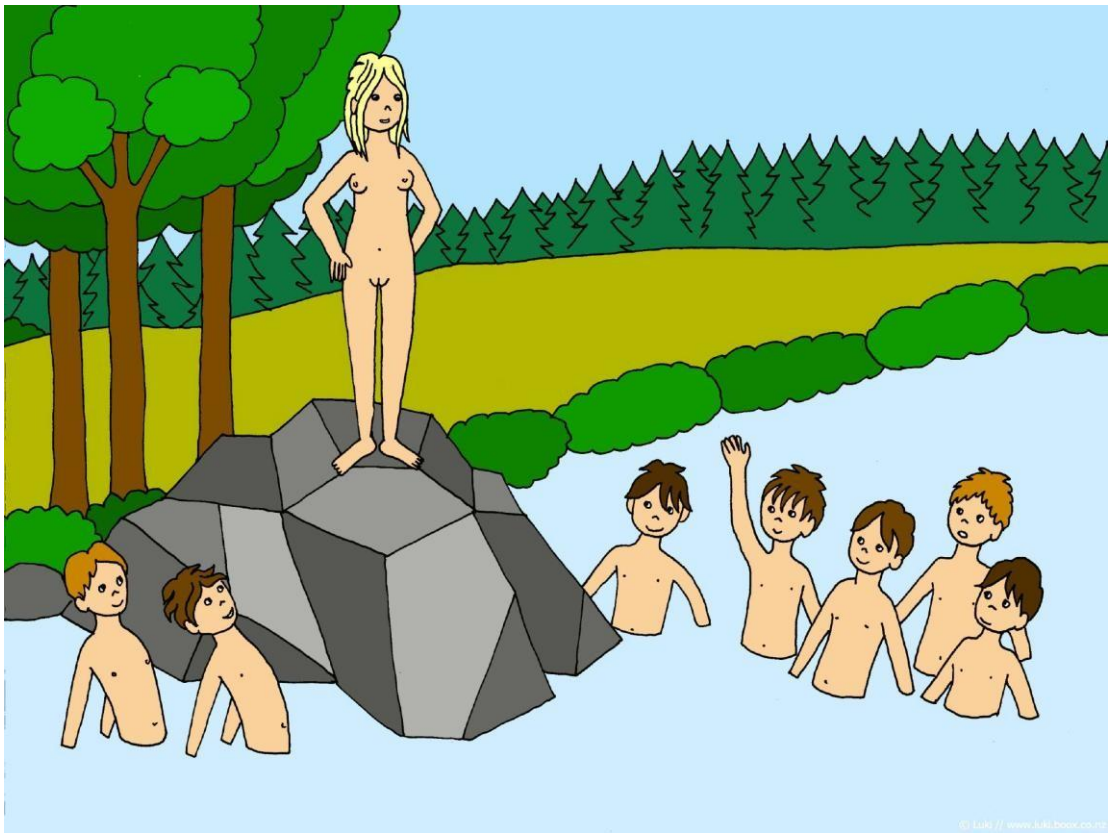
We talked to them a little and asked where they were from. We found out there was a Girl Scout camp on down the river about another mile. They knew about this place and knew Boy Scouts came here a lot and swam naked and they wanted to come watch. They told us it was silly to swim that way. We told them they should try it before saying it was silly. We told them how comfortable it was and how you can move faster in the water.

A couple of our scouts started trying to get them to join us. I could not believe that. I had never even seen a naked girl by that time in my life. I really hoped that they would join us. Two of them said OK. Wow! OK!! Let's go. We walked down to the river and we jumped back in. I decided to work on my embarrassment of being naked in front of girls and got the rope and climbed the rock and swung off.

They cheered and clapped. That made my day. Two of them took off all their clothes except bra and panties and the first one climbed up the rock. She got the rope and I thought she was going to swing. She stood there a minute, then reached up and pulled off her bra and pushed down her panties and swung out. All of us boys cheered. It was great. Another first for me seeing a naked girl. She jumped off the rope several times, and a couple of times she and I were

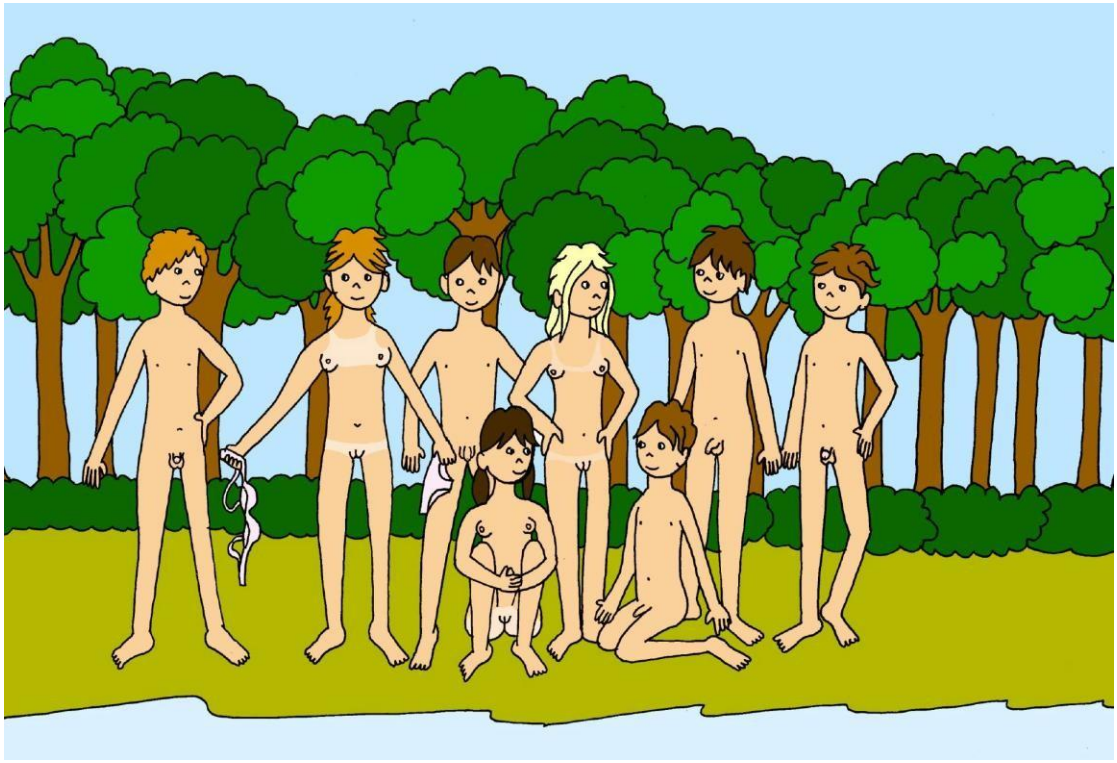
up on the rock at the same time. That was fun. One of those times I suddenly realized I needed to swing and jump or be embarrassed!! I could tell that I was going to have a problem “pop up”. I did jump and everything calmed down.

We swam for about another hour and then all got out and laid on the sand shore and talked. That was interesting and fun. Several times a few of us boys would have to get up and go “cool off” in the water to keep things relaxed. This was a first for most of us. Our SPL stayed in the water and just floated around and talked to us. I know now why he stayed in the water.

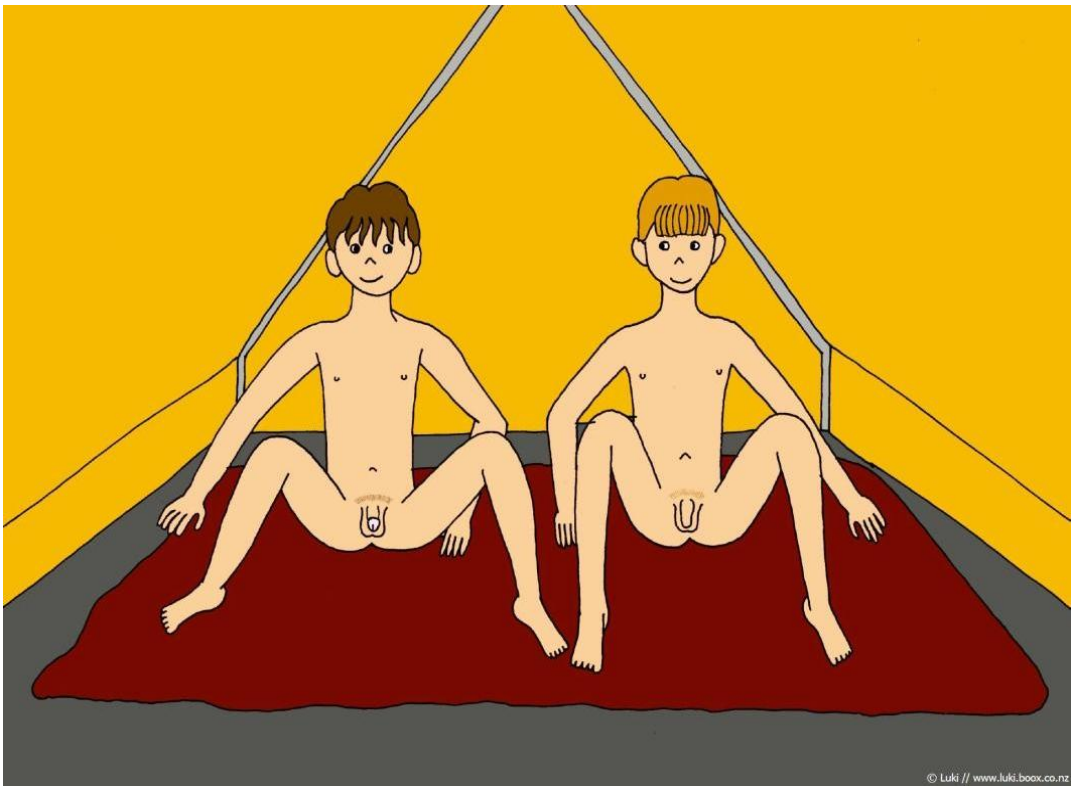


We found out that 3 of the girls had never been skinny-dipping or had seen a boy undressed. So they had some firsts too. We talked about Scouts and how our different programs worked. It was very fun and educational from several points of view. These girls were 12 – 14. Apparently, they did not have to have senior leaders go with them on hikes. I found that strange.

We had to go back to camp for the evening meal and formation so we had to leave. We sure did not want to leave. Either did the girls. They dressed, and we still did not have our clothes. They showed us where they put them. We dressed and headed back to camp. We told them we wanted to do that again and decided on Friday we would come back there and hopefully meet them. They agreed and hoped they could. We sure had things to talk about on our way back to camp. We decided not to tell the rest of the scouts so just us could sneak out again on Friday and go meet them. Sorry, we were selfish.



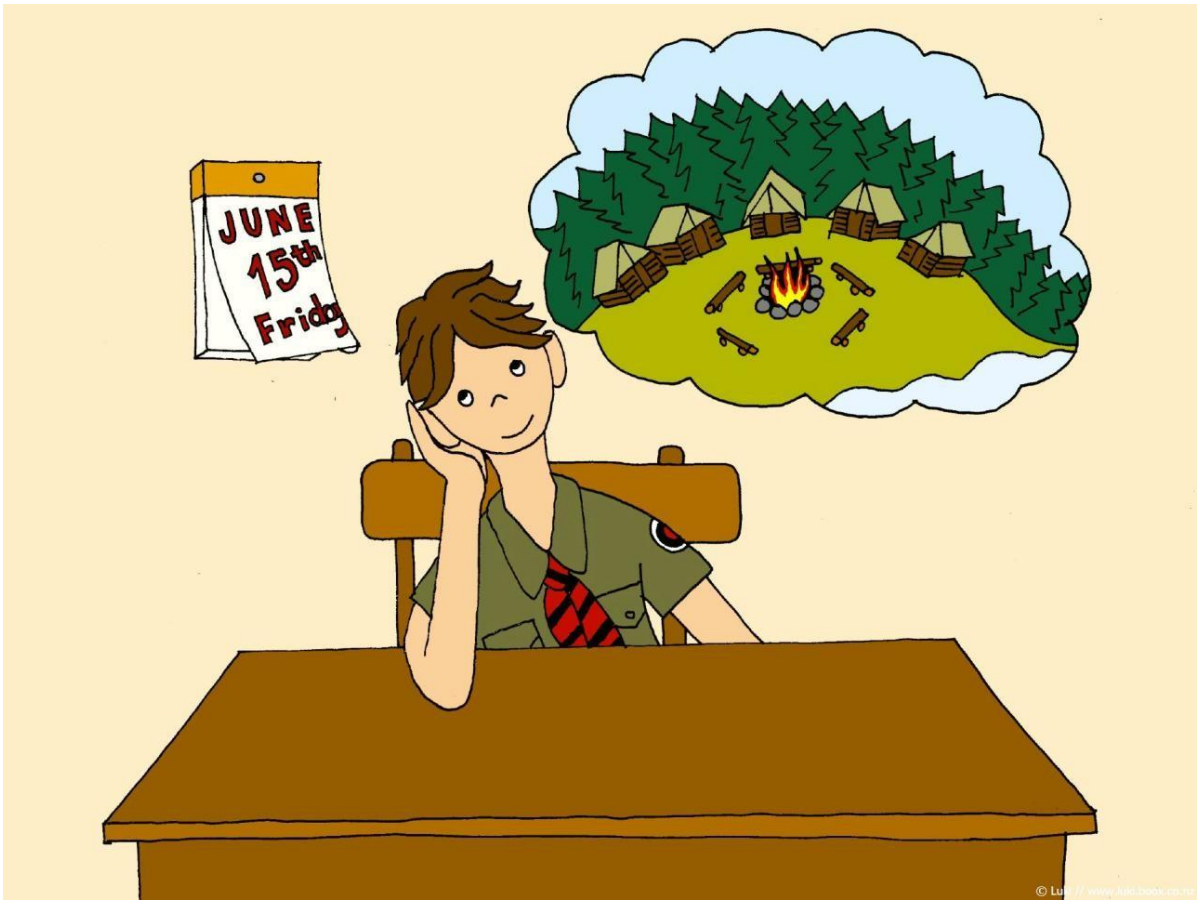
That night in our tents we had plenty to talk about and think about! Charles was my tent partner as he had been since I joined, (and he is the one who got me started on “natural”) and we talked and “goofed” around half the night. But it was worth it!!



I really hoped we would see them Friday. Since I was over most of my shyness around them, I had big ideas! Charles and I talked ourselves silly about the possibilities. But of course, what 13-14 year old boys would not dream?

by Joe

My First Patrol Campout (Boy Scouts)



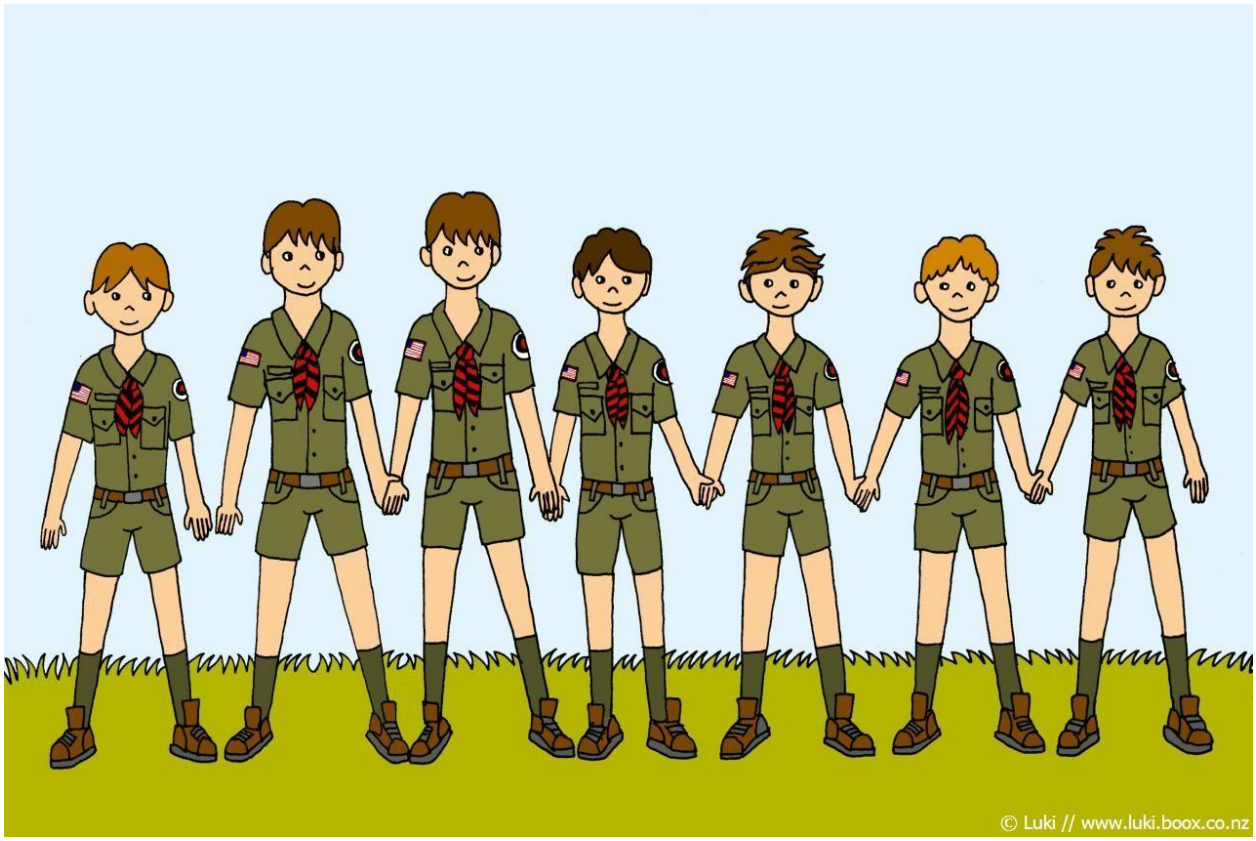
If you have read any of my other stories, you know I joined Scouts at 12 years old in the very early 1960's. I skipped the first year of summer camp because my parents said I was too young. I went on my first summer camp in the second summer of scouts. Great time. Patrol meetings and campouts are supposed to be a big part of a Boy Scout troop.

However, in most troops here in U.S. individual patrol activities are very infrequent. (not much) Transportation and adult leadership is hard to find with all the dads and most moms working. And back then, moms were not involved with the outdoor programs of Boy Scouts. We now have female scoutmasters, but I will not get into that.

Involving nudity, I had many firsts in Boy Scouts. Several of them are already in my stories. I do not need to repeat. I will say that I think Boy Scouts totally (completely) changed my view on being naked, both alone and with other people, and I am very glad that it did. People who are afraid to be naked, embarrassed, or lack the self confidence to do it are losing a lot in their childhood, I think. And there is a very strong bonding between naked boys and boys and dads and other adults.

If you have never done it, you will not understand. If you have, you know what I mean. If you have not ever skinny-dipped or done other naked activities, you should try it before condemning it. If I had not joined scouts, I would be one of those totally insecure persons embarrassed and afraid of having no clothes on.

On with the story!! In my scout career as a boy, I only went on 2 patrol campouts. The first one is the one I am going to talk about. At my age of 13, it was great fun. We learned a lot. The patrol leader's dad took us out to his dad's farm. (the patrol leader's grandparents). We set up camp in the pasture. The grandpa had moved his cows to another field several weeks before, so it was nice, and the walking was ok since no fresh cow manure. (poop) My patrol leader was named Bob and his twin brother was Bill. (age 15) They did not look anything alike, so it was easy to tell them apart.



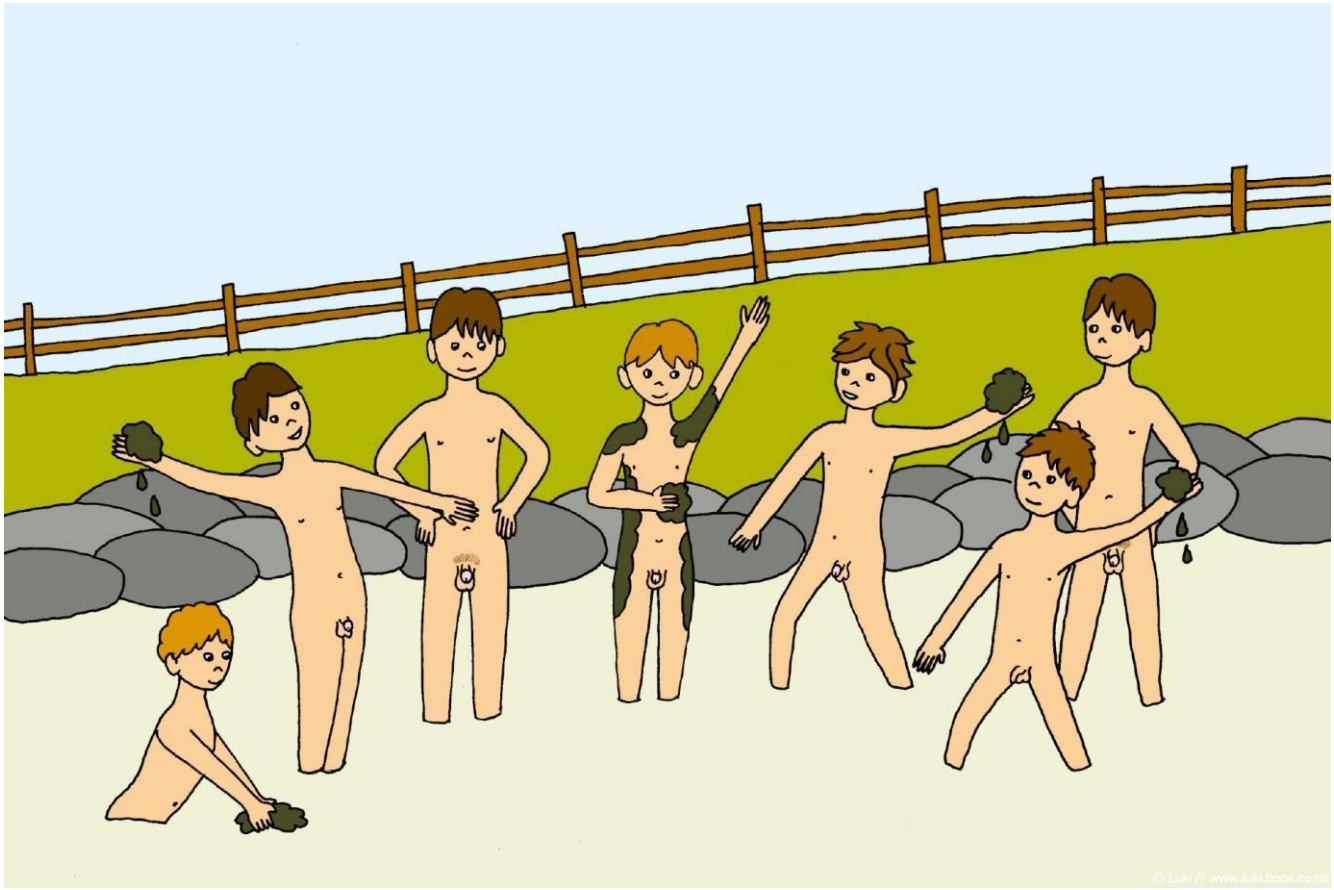
Charles, my scouting buddy was there. (13) He was slowly replacing my best friend, as my best friend was starting to play football in school and we were not seeing as much of each other. Then there were me and 3 others. (me 13, the other three 13 or 14) A nice little patrol group. Bob wanted to have a primitive campout with no cookware, kill our own food, things like that. (Bob's dad took an ice chest with hamburger meat, onions and aluminum foil just in case.) And we took stuff to make Indian things out of. We especially liked torches (real burning torches, not the U.K. meaning which is flashlight!) What boy does not like sticks and fires!!

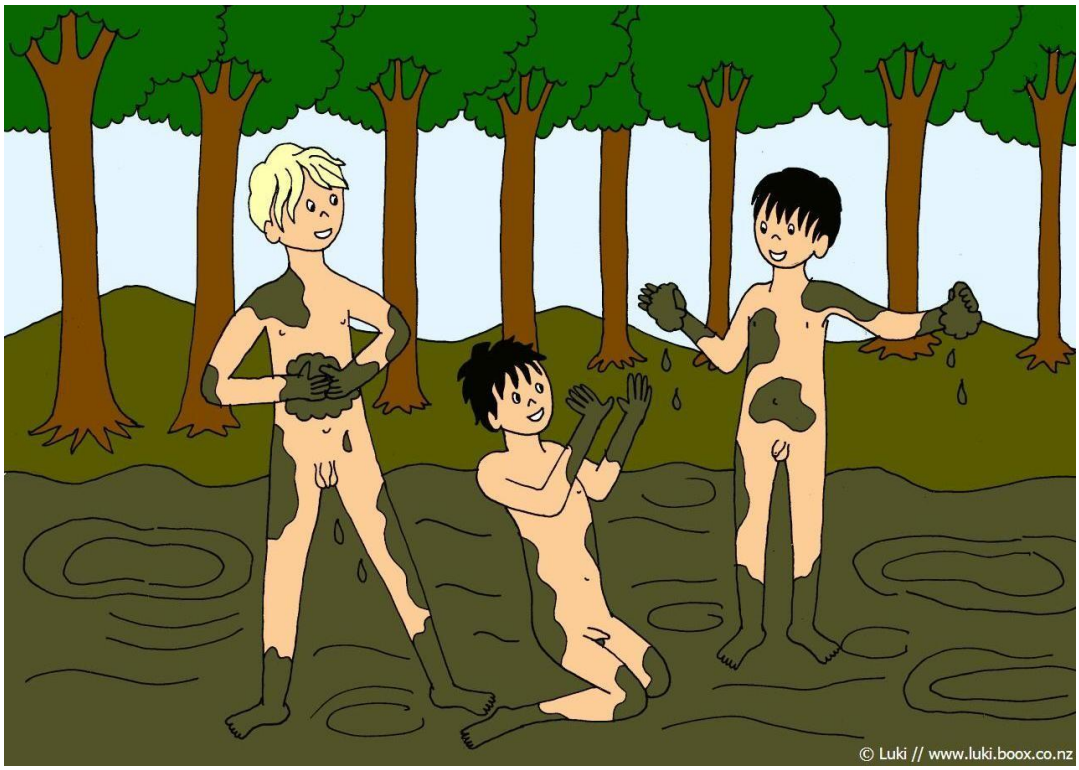
After camp was set up we set about to find a rabbit or two to kill. Ha... Ha... Fat chance of doing that with a bunch of noisy boys around. So, back to the ice chest. Dennis (Bob's dad) showed us how to cut up onions and put in hamburger meat and wrap it in foil and cook it in

the coals of the fire. That was neat. (nice or “cool”) We did that and it tasted very good. Of course, when you are camping and hungry, a bar-b-qued skunk would taste good!!

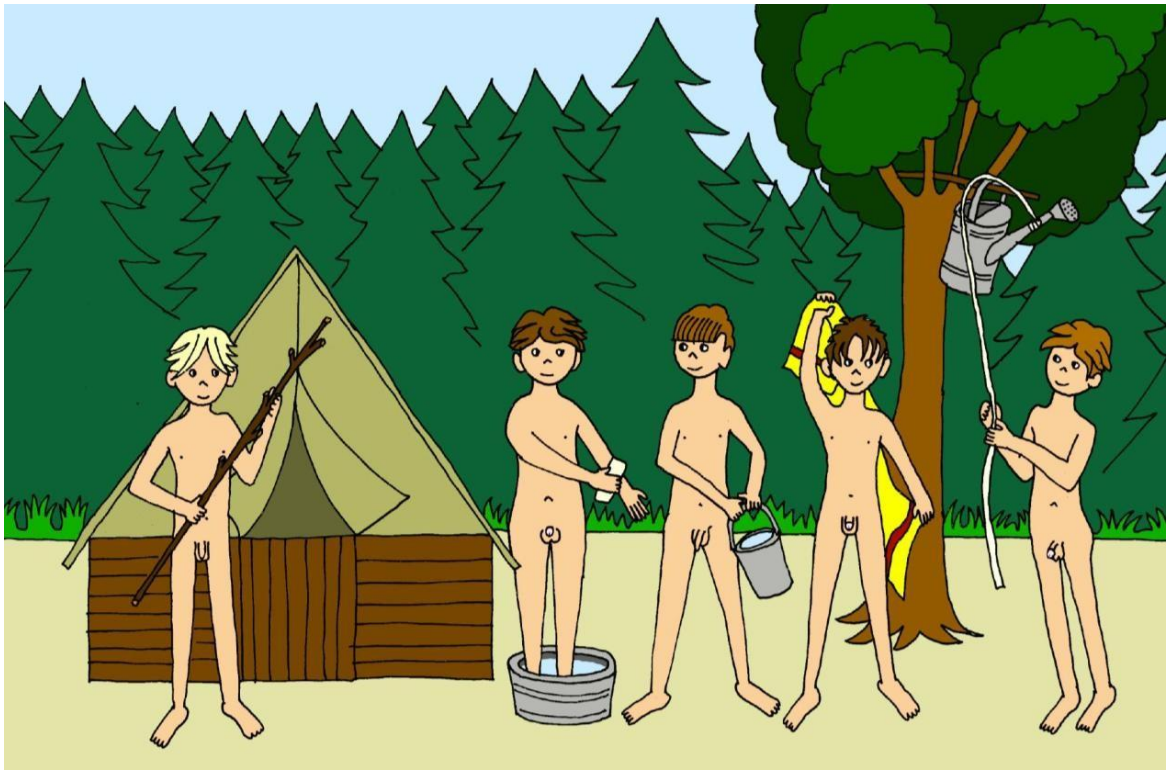
We also learned how to make charcoal the correct way. Dennis had brought a big old pressure cooker. He filled it with chunks of wood about charcoal briquette size and put the lid on it and sealed it and put it on the coals of the fire. We learned that making charcoal, it has to be in an airtight chamber so it will not burn up as its chars. We learned a bunch about that. (I learned a lot in scouts)

In late afternoon we went swimming in the pond in the field. (skinny-dipping of course) I was not too sure about that since cows had been in it, but when Bob and Bill jumped in, the rest of us did. I did not notice any smell or anything bad about the water except it got very muddy since we were stirring up the mud on the bottom. MUD!! Boys and mud. Can boys pass up a mud fight when naked in a pond?? Certainly not. We had the best mud fight I have ever had. Even Dennis got into it. I really admired the men who helped with our troop. My parents were not even slightly interested.



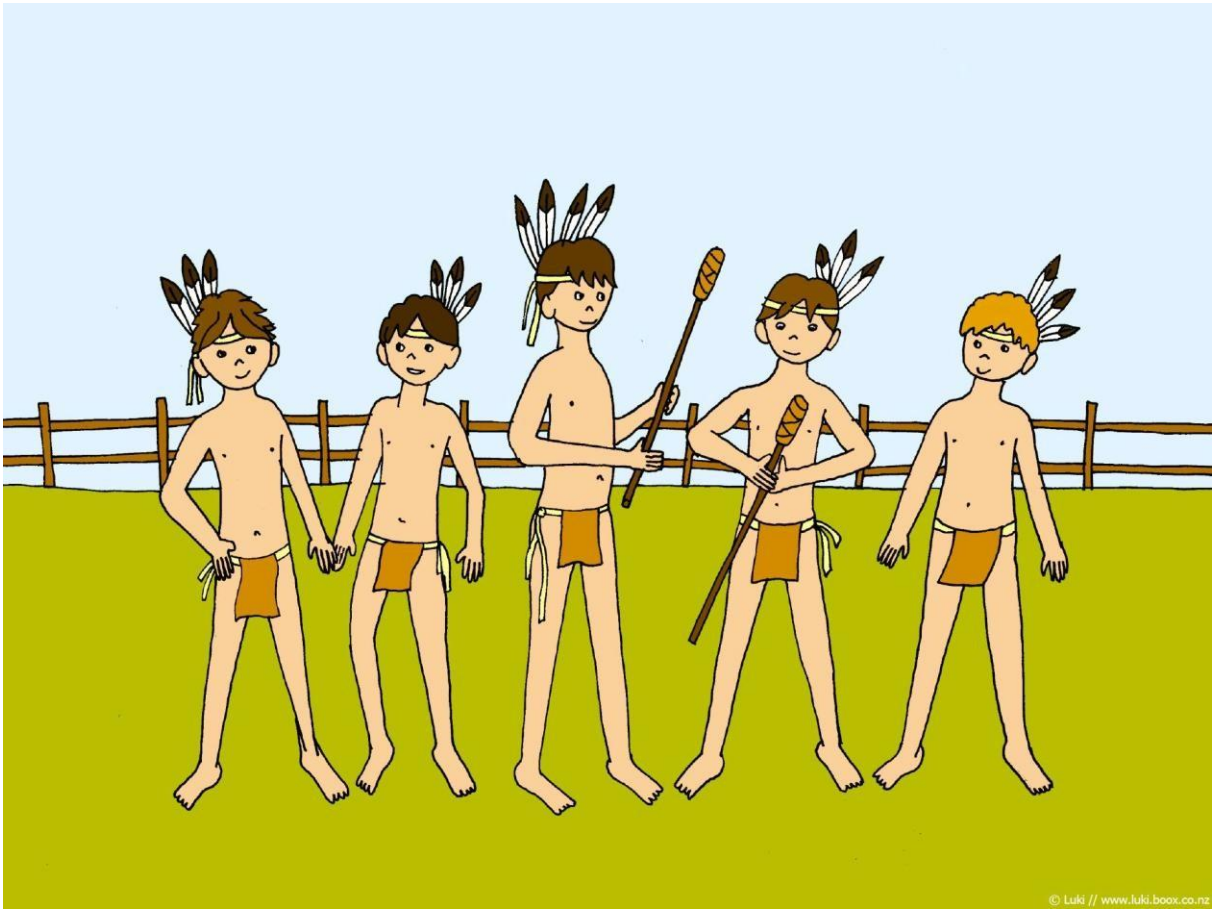


Of course, I am glad, as they would not have approved of any naked activities. After swimming we got out and covered ourselves with mud. We looked pretty funny. It got itchy after a while so we got back in and washed it off. We got ideas of painting up our bodies for our Indian dance around the fire. Dennis suggested using charcoal instead of mud. Good suggestion. (but it doesn't wash off very easy.) us put them out and then resoak them



We went back to the camp, we stayed naked for a while and built some torches. Dennis dressed and got some sticks he had brought. The cow pasture had no trees. He had burlap feed sacks and we cut them up into strips and wrapped them around the end of the sticks and wrapped some small fence wire around the burlap to hold it on. (burlap is a very coarse scratchy material used in many 50 pound bags of farm animal feeds, mainly back then.

Now paper and plastic is more often used.) We stuck the burlap end into a bucket of diesel fuel (kerosene petrol) and let them soak up the fuel for a while. While that was happening, we made our Indian suits, which was just two small squares of material (we used burlap, which was a mistake as it is VERY itchy and where it was being used on us is not a good place for itchy things.!!) But, that is what we had.

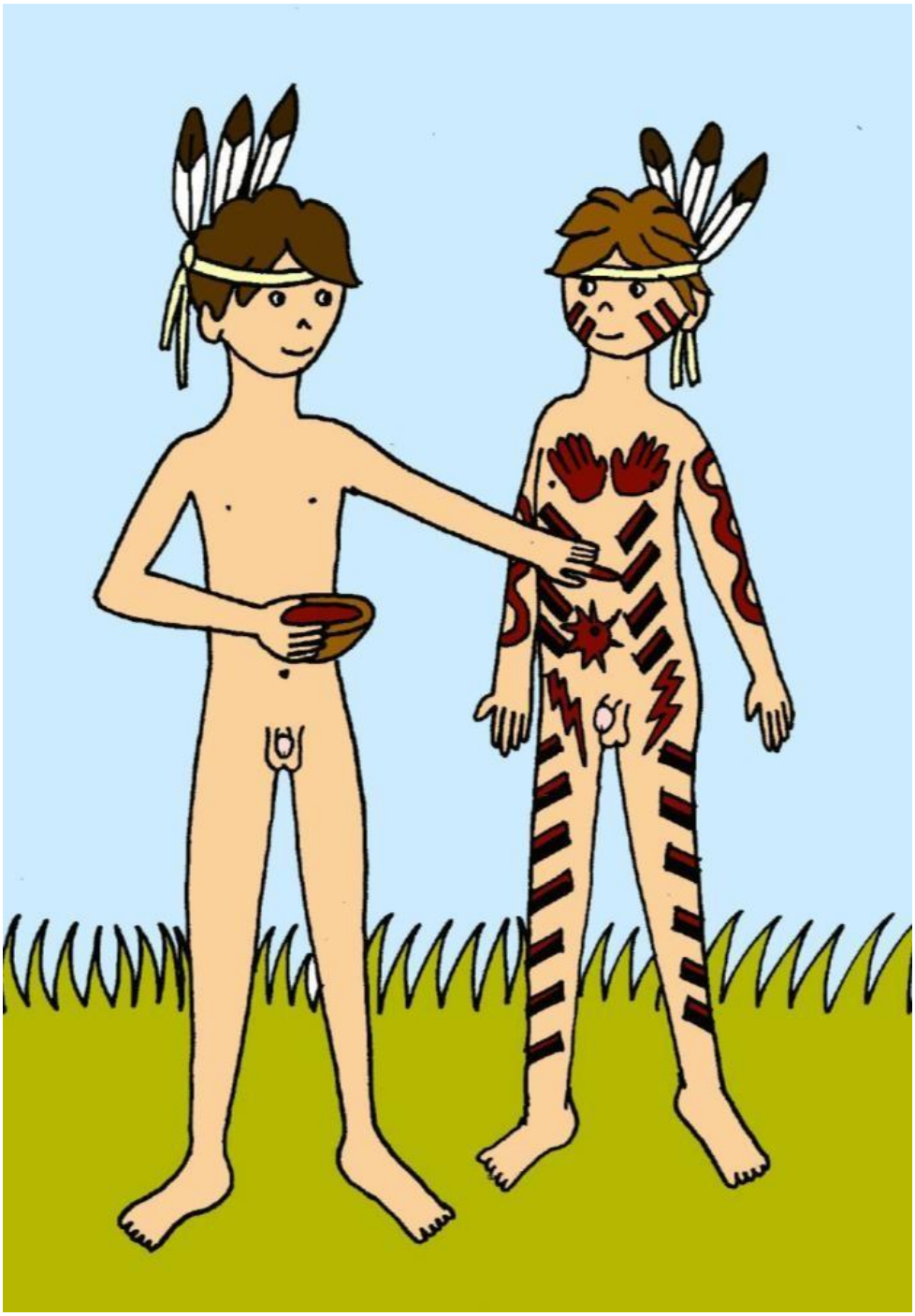


A string around our middle and tying the two top corners to the string and we were dressed. One flap in front and one in back. Of course when you jump around or sit down, you may as well be naked. We didn't care. We just wanted to play Indians. Bill had gone across the fence and found some crow or other feathers (not sure) and we tied a string around our head and each of us stuck a few feathers in. We were having fun.

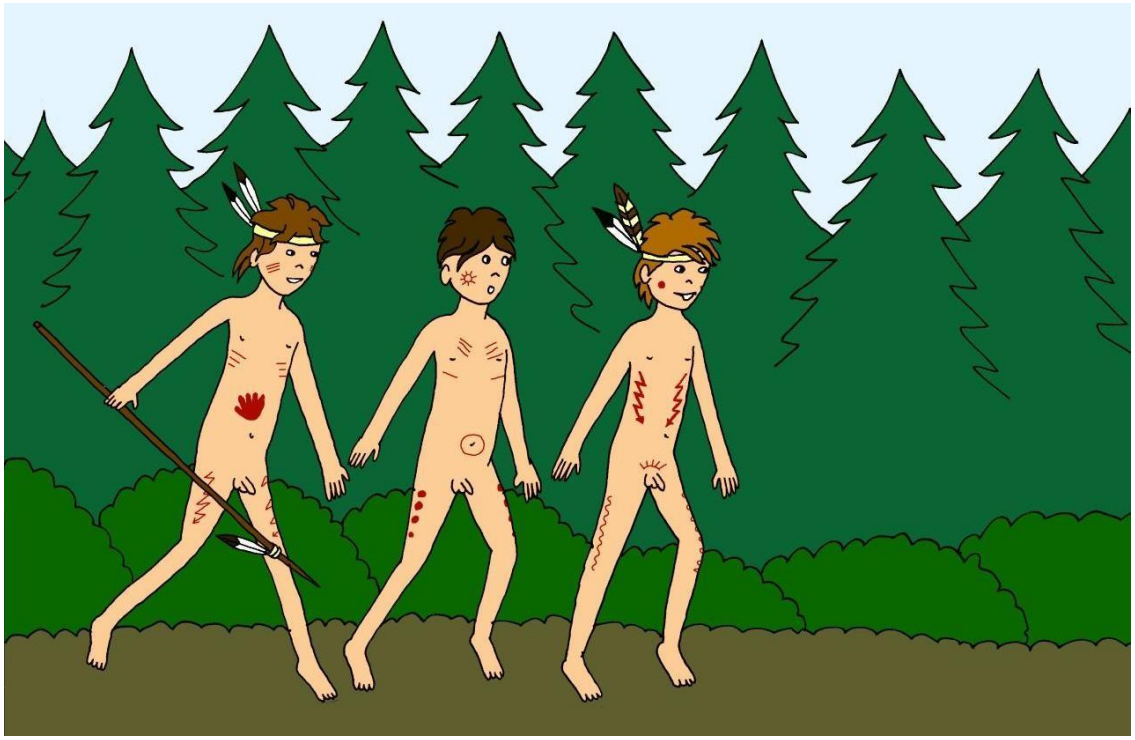
The pressure cooker had cooled off by then and Dennis opened it up and showed us the charcoal. Very interesting. It was not completely "cooked" but over half of each chunk was charcoal. He needed to leave it heating for several more hours he said for a complete process. We used the charcoal for making stripes on our chests and backs and faces. We painted each

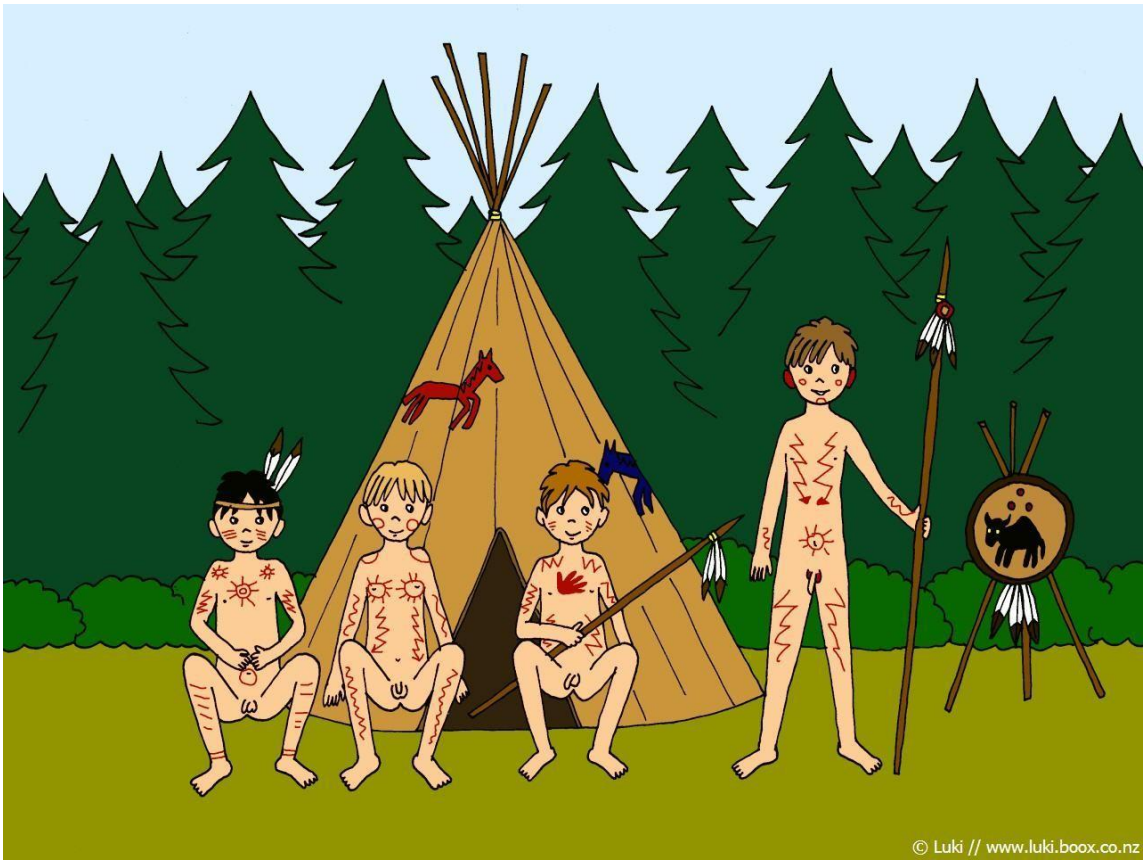
other. We looked really neat. Bob found some polk berries. Polk is a weed that grows everywhere here in the central U.S. The berries when squeezed put out a very dark red juice, almost purple.

Anyway, he started putting some of that on himself and we like it so everybody got some berries and painted red stripes also. Let me tell you, it was over a week after we got home before we got all the charcoal and polk juice off of us. The polk juice stains and does not come off easily!!! Charles, being more “adventuresome” than most of us, decided to really paint up with the berry juice. He wanted to paint on me so I let him.



When he took my loin cloth string loose and dropped it, I should have known he was getting carried away! He painted me up on the front and that’s a bad place to have to scrub to try and get stain off!! He took charcoal and put stripes on my butt, and made a couple of designs with berry juice. When he was finished everyone thought it looked cool. Fair is fair. I painted him up and I did more than he did. He complained but he really loved it.





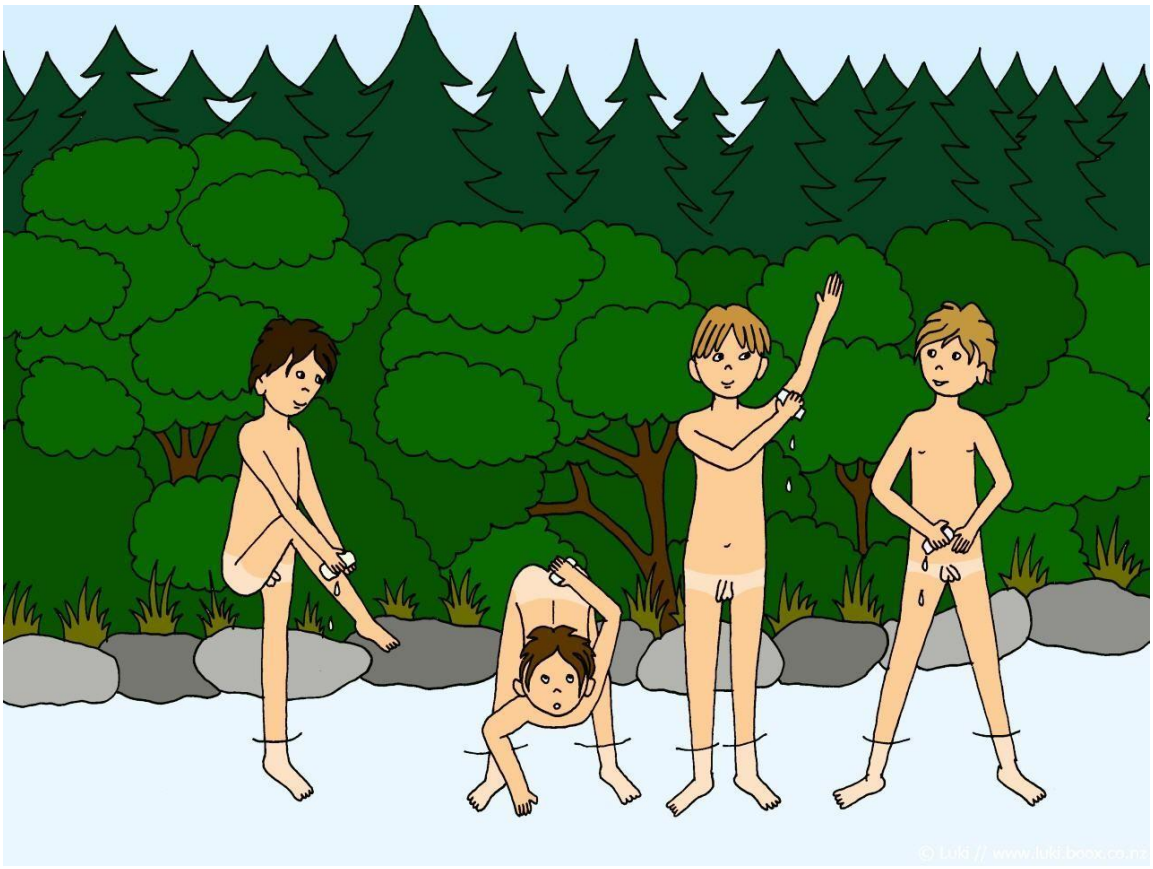
So the all of us are painted up all over our COMPLETE bodies. We decided not to put the loin cloths back on. After all, how could ALL of our decorations show? By then it was almost completely dark. We got our torches and lit them and danced around the fire, and ran around in

the field. Dennis had taken the torches out of the fuel 30 minutes before we used them, so the excess fuel drained away and did not run down the stick toward our hands. He thought of everything. I guess that is what an adult is for. When our torches started burning low, he had.

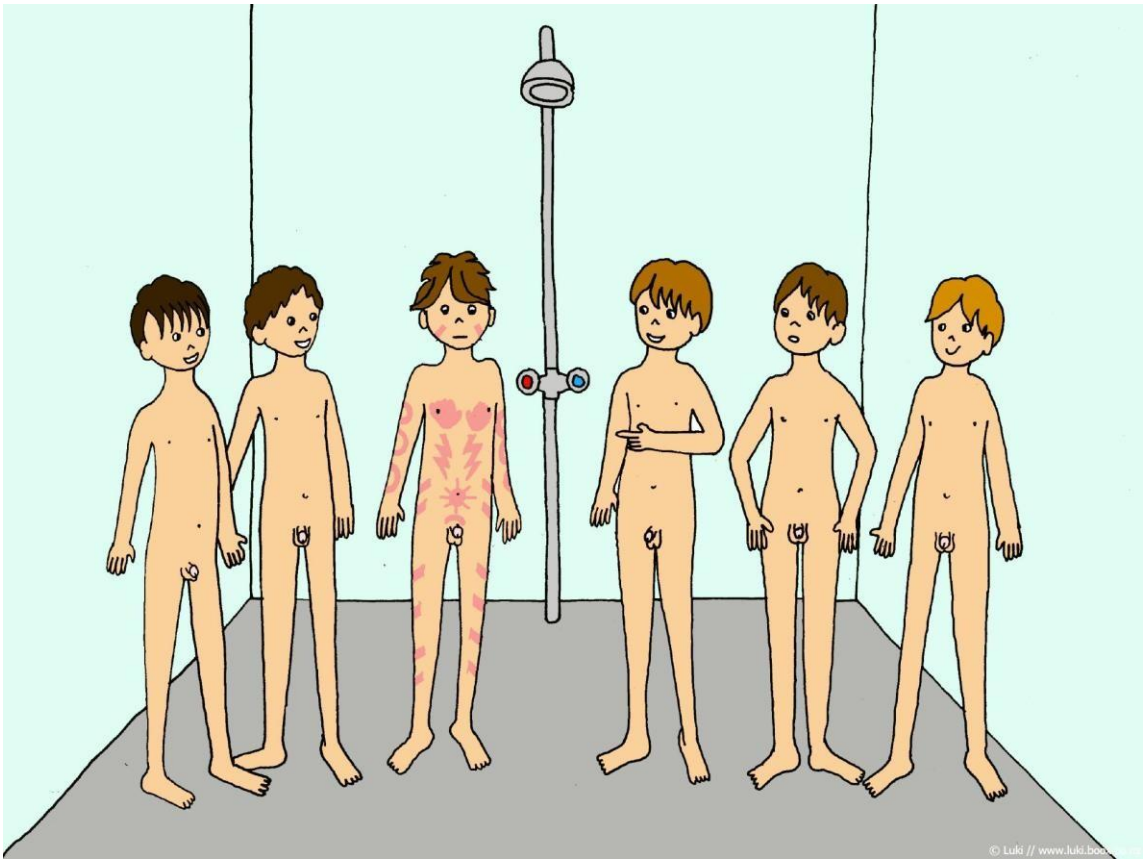
He told us a couple of stories around the campfire while we waited. When they were ready again, we lit them and played again. Charles and I were still the only two bare (naked) Indians. A few minutes after we started with the torches again, Bob and Bills sister showed up with one of her girlfriends. Cynthia (Bob's sister) was 16 and was driving. We called her Sin for short. They wanted to get in on the action and went back up to grandma's house to get some stuff for an Indian outfit. They came back with outfits made from an old green bed sheet. They looked pretty good.

I could see them looking at Charles and me, but it did not bother us. We stayed the way we were. Had I been the only bare Indian I would have put my outfit on, but there is confidence in numbers. (meaning when you are not the only one doing something, you feel better about it.) They did give us one close inspection with a flashlight (they had flashlight). Felt kind of funny with them looking me over. They thought the designs of the red juice was cute. Charles was quite an artist.

We had lot of fun that night, and Dennis had brought chocolate bars so we had a nice tasty treat. We went to bed probably about 2am. The two girls left before that. I think the only reason they came out was to see naked boys. They heard from their brothers that we skinny dipped and other stuff. We woke up about 8 because the sun is bright in the tents and it is HOT in there under the sun.



We went to the pond to scrub off. That did not do much good. We needed a good abrasive soap and did not have any. So we went home that way. With all our clothes on, all you could see was our faces, arms, and legs. At Bob's house, Dennis went in and got some Lava soap (soap

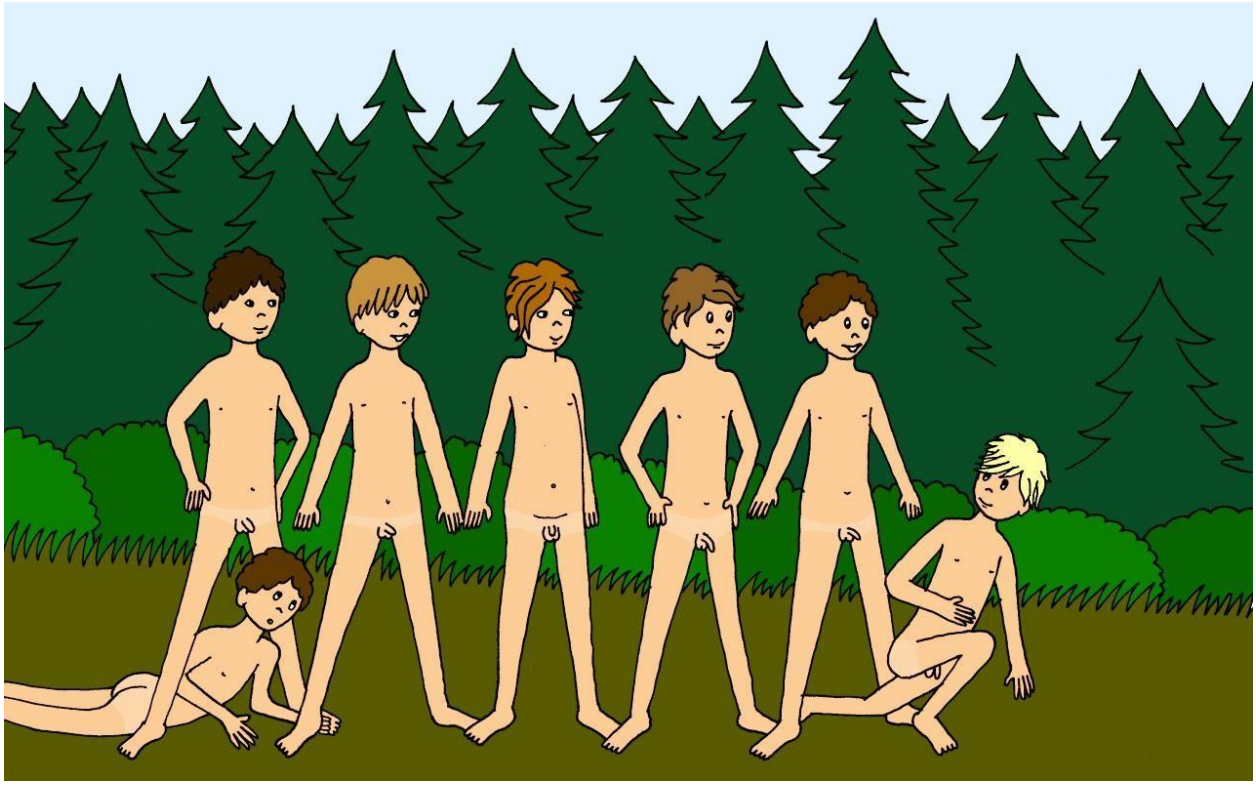


with abrasive lava dust in it for cleaning greasy mechanic's hands), and we all washed off in his back yard with a garden hose. The charcoal marks came off pretty well, but the polk stains did not.

I and Charles were not very happy about that. We had to dress out for PE (Physical Education) each day. This was in late September, so school was going on. And yes, we got seen in the shower room with reddish purple on our butts and other "funny" places. It took several weeks for all the stain to be removed, and the rest of the PE class made sure we knew it was still there!! I can look back now and laugh, but then it was not funny to Charles and me.

By the way, in case anyone is wondering this story is 100% true, no embellishments. It is written from my 60 year old perspective and memory. All in all, I can say that my Boy Scout experiences helped shape my life a lot. I learned a lot about myself and gained much self-confidence. When I became an adult and had kids of my own, I remembered all this stuff, and made sure my kids had a fun time growing up, and when they were scout age, I started a troop and was a Scoutmaster for 17+ years. And my troop did many of the same things that I did as a kid, especially in the beginning in the very early 1980's.

As the national scout office slowly changed policies, we had to slow down some of the things, as our society here has become very stupid on nudity.



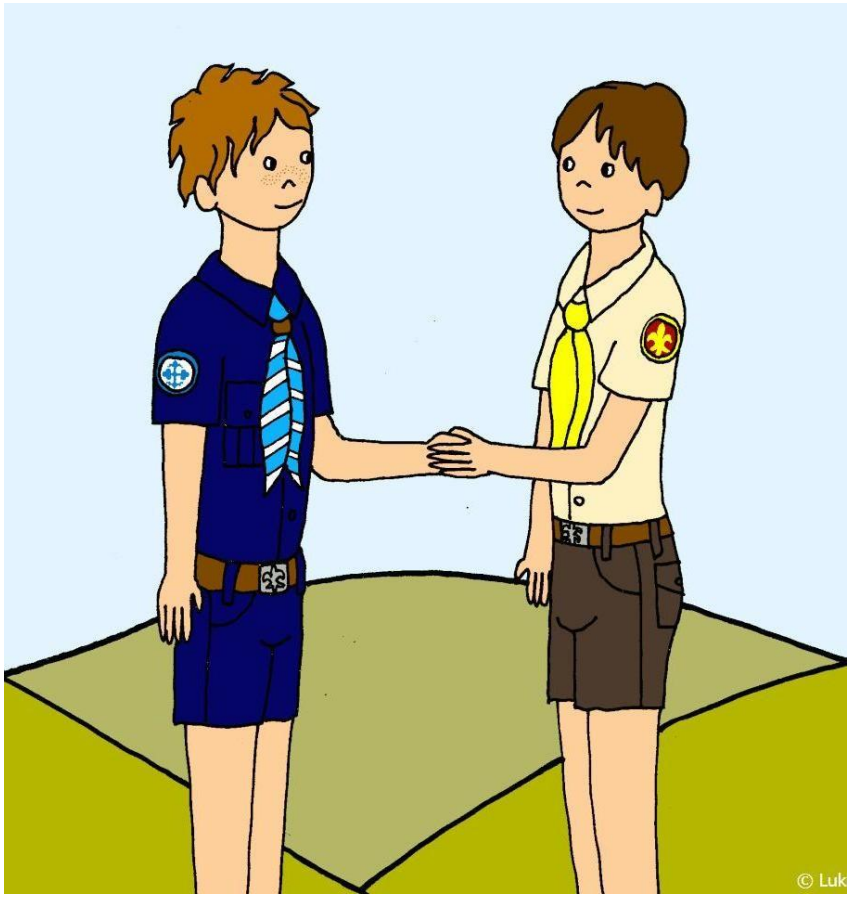
by Joe

Skinny-dipping with Finnish Troop (Boy Scouts USA)

As you can probably guess, I spent a lot of my life in Boy Scouts, most of the time as an adult Leader. This story is during my tenure as Scoutmaster of a central U.S. Boy Scout Troop. The first three stories were of my experiences as a boy in the Scout program. My experiences as a boy helped me as an adult SM doing what I knew I liked and knowing that the boys would like it, too.

In approximately 1986, a Finnish troop was touring the U.S. There were spending 6 weeks here starting in the eastern part and over the 6 weeks going all the way west to the west coast. I do not think they went to Alaska or Hawaii. My troop was asked to host them for three days and two nights in our area here. We were a very active troop doing all kinds of rope work and caving. Some of the caving was advanced and technical. Now days technical caving is completely forbidden by the BSA (Boy Scouts of America) national office. And just regular caving is open for 14 years up.

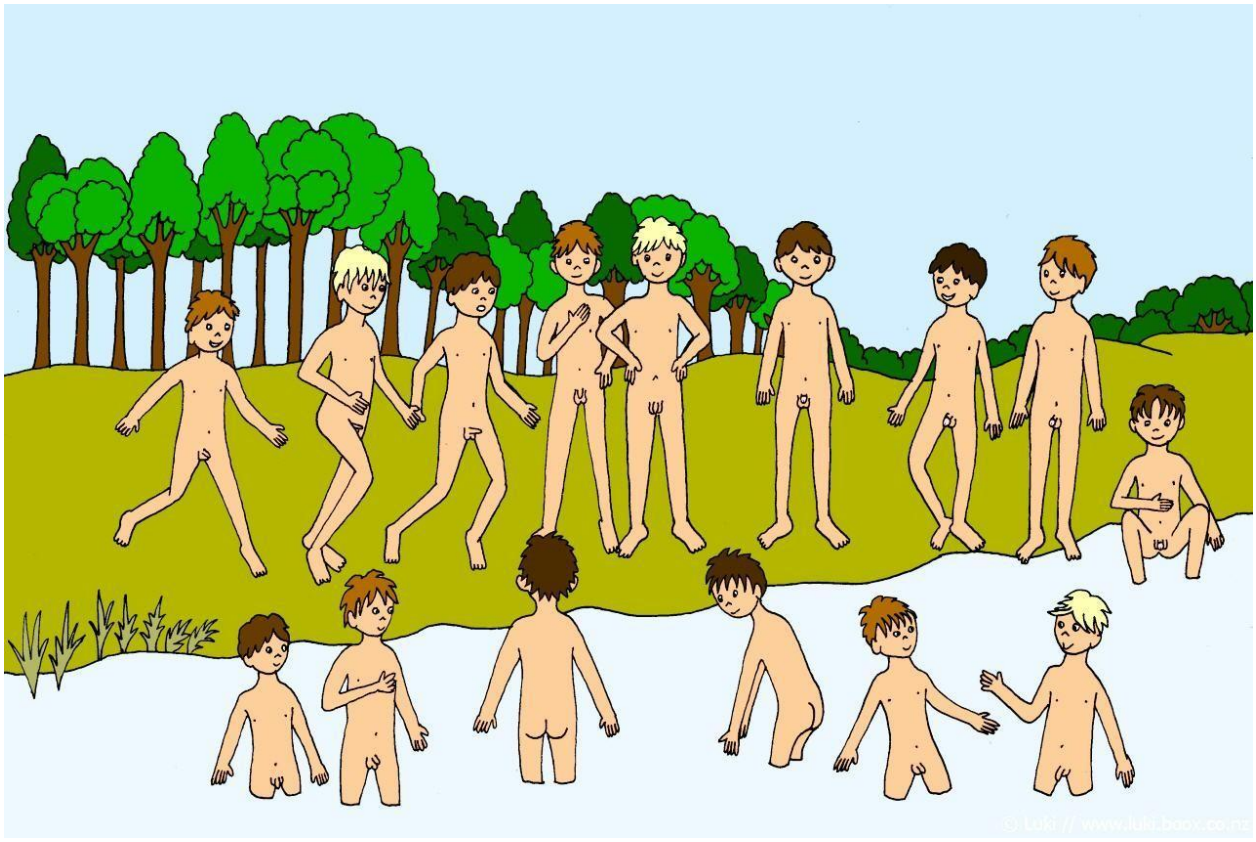
Anyway, we said yes, we would host them. We planned what we would do. We would take them caving to our favorite cave, camping in our favorite spot, complete with river and water, and some rock climbing. All of these activities were within hiking distance of the camp. We met them on a Tuesday morning, had a big old-fashioned breakfast at the local church, then left for the camping trip. The Finn troop had about 15 Boy Scouts, probably 5or 6 little brothers, about 8 or 10 sisters of various ages, and 5 mothers and dads. (married couples) A pretty good sized group. We had not thought about the little boys or the women in the group, but it was not a problem. My troop had about 15 boys going and myself and two other dads took off work to go and help.

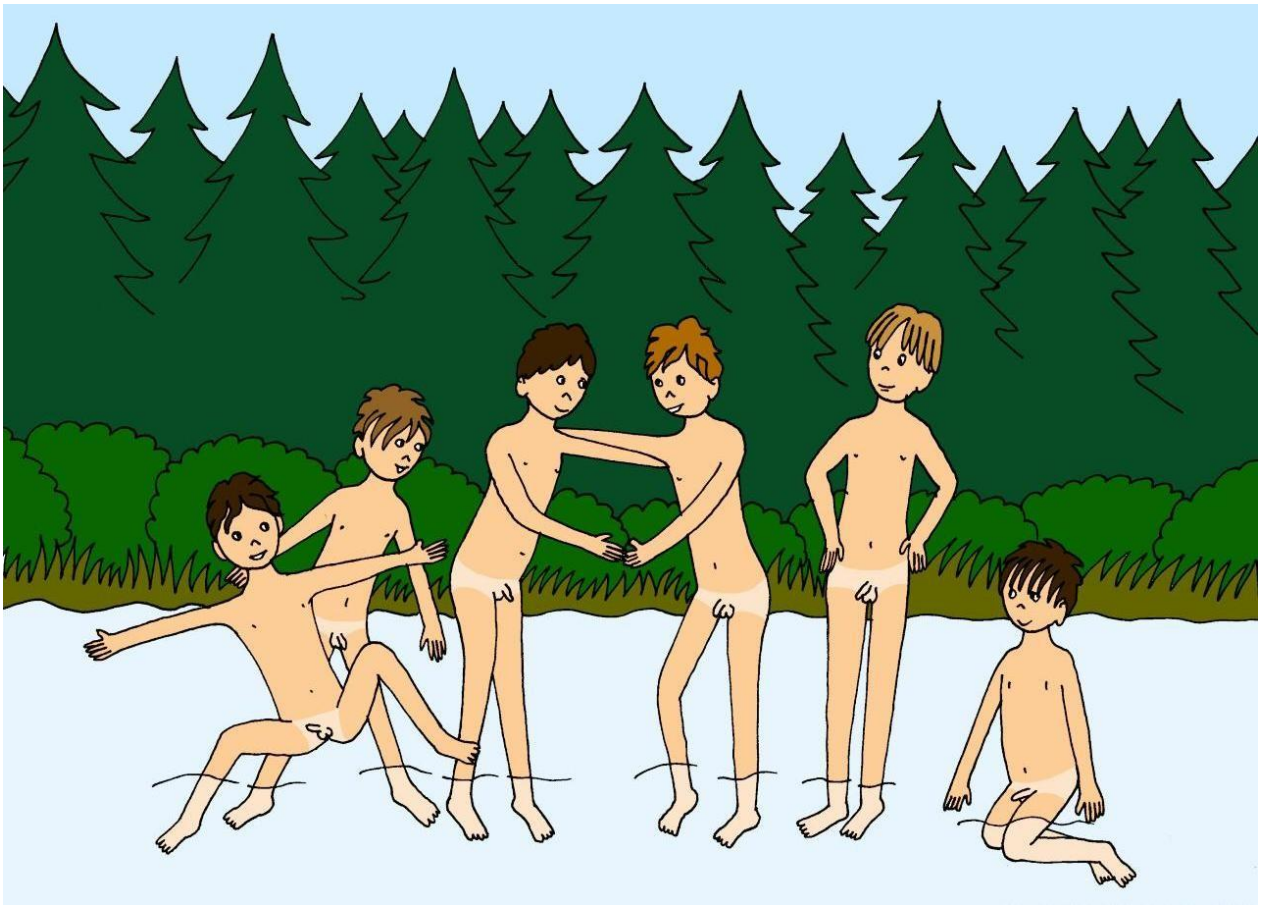


We got to the campsite and set up camp. By that time it was late in the afternoon, because we stopped along the way to swim (no, not skinny-dipping at this time), eat, and rock climb. We prepared the evening meal and had a big campfire and got to know them.
Most of them spoke flawless English. It was amusing to listen to the little ones. Their talking was a mixture of Finn and English. Kind of cute. We stayed up until very late. The youth finally got to bed by 1am. We dumb adults stayed up until about 3am. That made for a very short night.

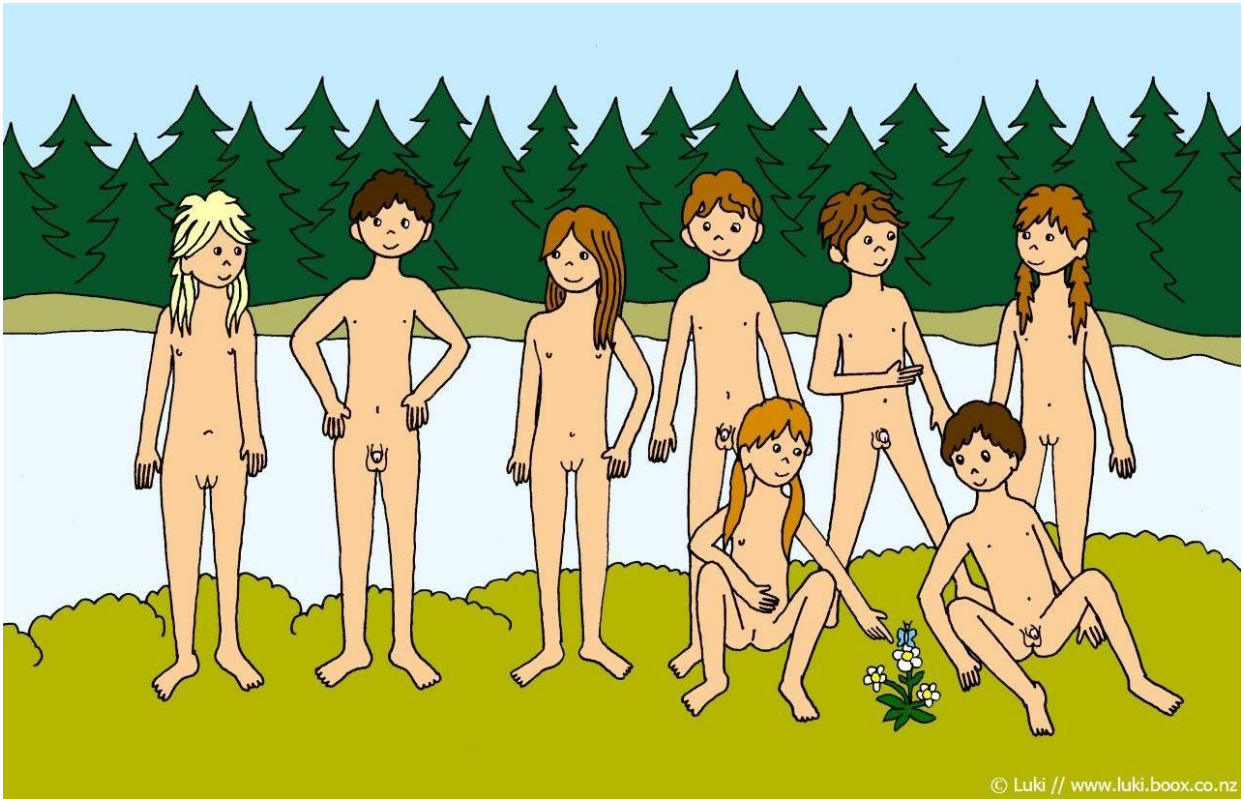
The next morning we got up, did breakfast, and everyone wanted to go swimming. We went down to the swimming hole on the river to show them. There were some pretty scenery and large bluffs there. I figured we would go back to camp and get swim suits and come back. In the blink of an eye the Finn boys were naked and in the water. I am standing there with my scouts wondering what to do with all the women there. Just a few moments later all the girls and mothers left.

The men asked us if we were offended by naked swimming. I laughed and told them that is the way we did it all the time. Most troops here did not by this time, but we did. I asked them if they cared if we did. Of course, certainly not. So we all stripped and got in the water. So we have 8 men and about 30 boy scouts and some little ones. Lots of fun. We had a rope swing out of a very tall tree leaning out over the river. We used it a lot. The Finns were not used to rope swings and loved it.





About 30 minutes later, the women and girls show back up!! We were not expecting that!! One of my scouts almost let go of the rope swing too soon when he saw them coming and he

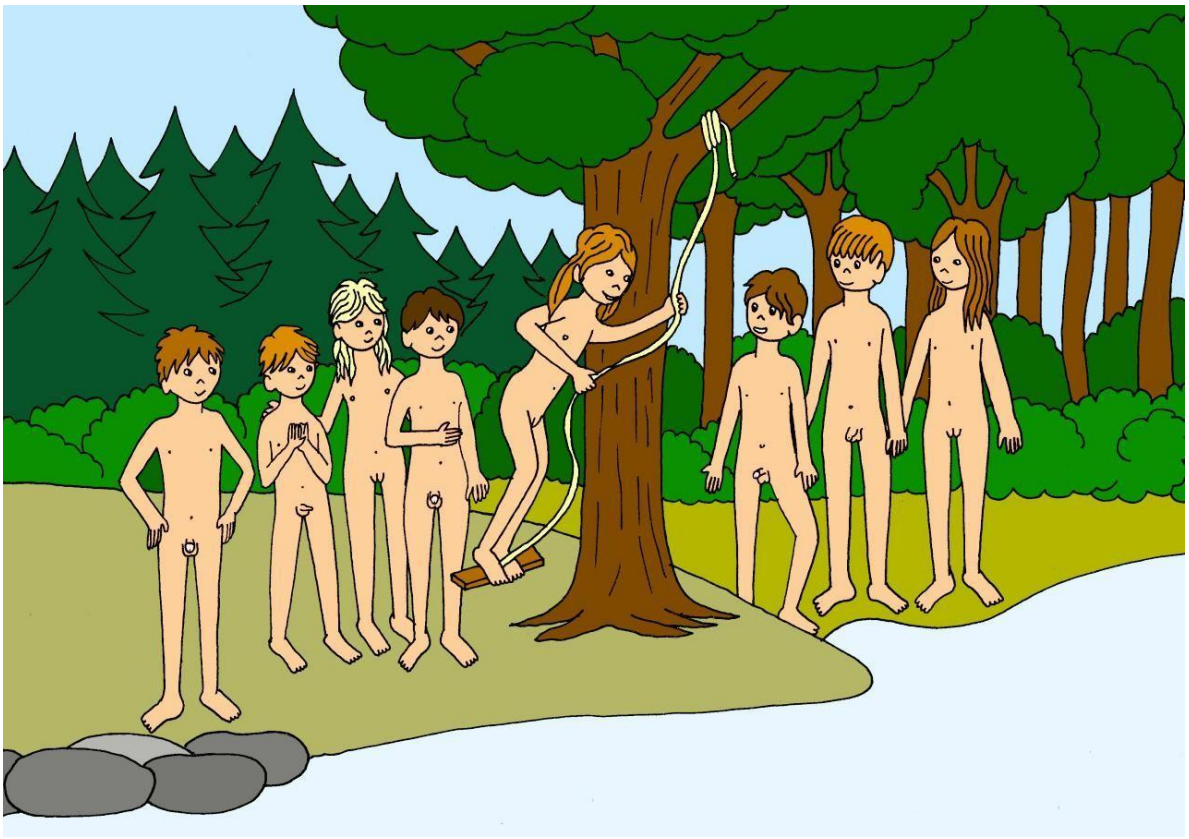


was in mid swing. So here we are, naked in the water and all these girls and mothers show up, they are all in swim suits, except for a few younger sisters.

Probably 4 naked girls (the oldest about 10 or 11) in the group. My scouts were both excited and embarrassed. I was not embarrassed, but I was unsure of what to do in this situation. The Finn boys and dads thought nothing of it and kept getting out and swinging on the rope.

We tried to look relaxed and just play around in the water. The girls got in and we got used to them being there. But we still had not gotten out of the water. We were getting tired of not swinging. Finally, my youngest son asked if he could go swing. Of course he could. I watched him and he just walked out of the water and went over to the rope and went swinging out over the water. That kind of relaxed most of my scouts and they started getting out and swinging. Another 15 minutes and everyone was doing fine.

We had a couple of breaks and would stop and eat snacks on the shore that the women had brought. Standing around naked eating with girls and women there was very much different than anything my troop had ever done. Having women present was very unusual. They told me in Finland women did not go on Boy Scout outings very much. Of course, they swam naked all the time on the public beaches together, so it really would not have mattered anyway to the Finns.

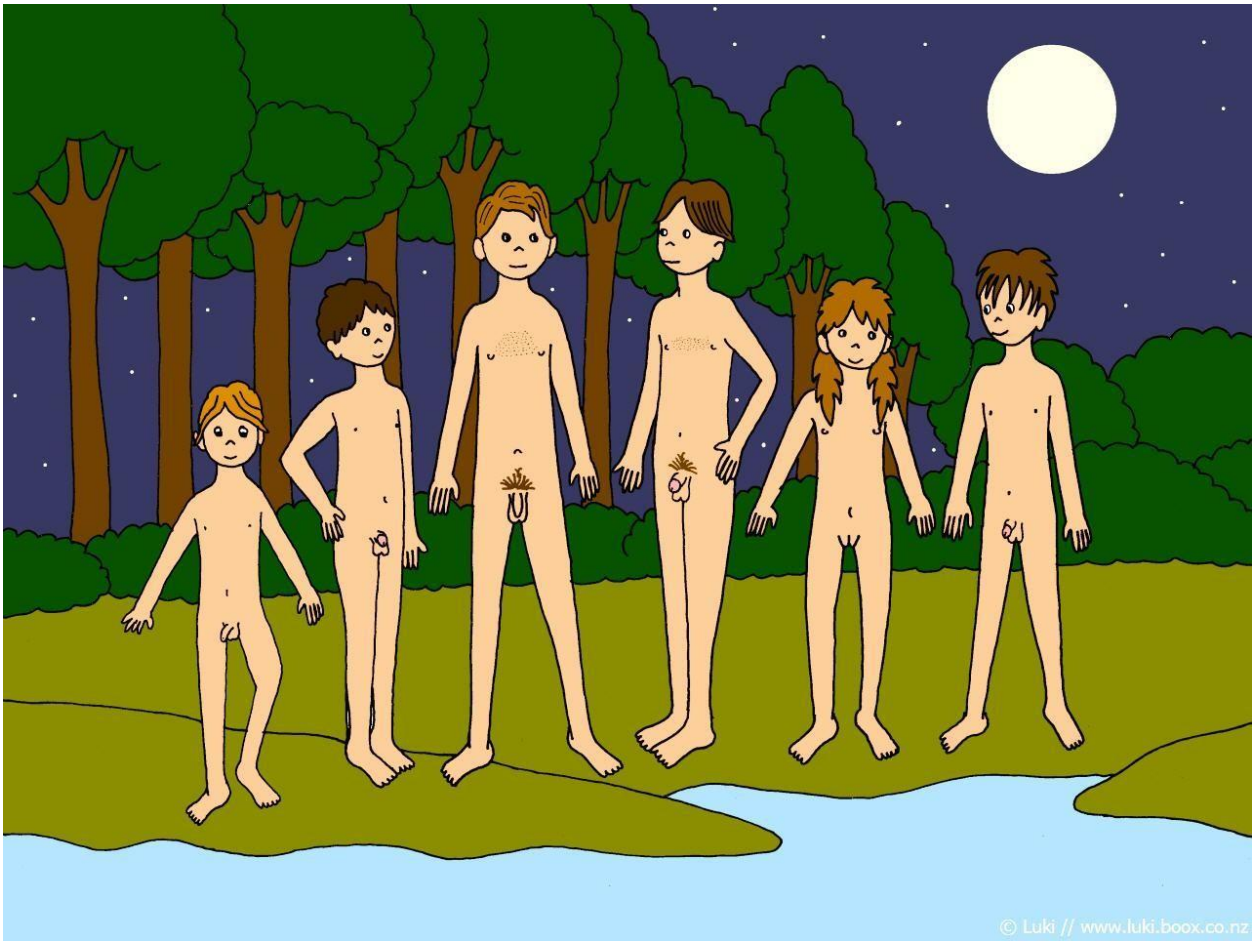


I noticed several times that the Finns boys and girls were looking at us a lot, I wondered about that, and I asked one of the Finn dads very quietly while we were in the water why the Finn kids were looking at us. He told me he thought it was because we are all circumcised, and in Finland, circumcision is very uncommon. Later, he told me he was sure that was the reason because he asked his wife. My scouts did notice the Finns were different, and the looked a little, but they looked a lot when the girls showed up. One of my scouts got a little excited and had to stay in the water a while.

The rope swing was quite busy the whole time, and my scouts found it very “interesting” to be out of the water standing in line at the rope with girls in the line, too. The one slightly older one that was naked was in line quite a bit. All in all, it was very educational for my scouts. The BSA organization would have not thought so, but that was the Finn’s customs, and we sure did NOT mind!!!

After swimming, the adults and the little kids went back to camp to get things ready for caving. The boys and girls stayed on the shore and played around in the sand. We got food ready and they came back to eat. They dressed before they ate, but they did not want to!! It does not take long for kids to get used to naked situations and like them. We went caving that afternoon. Lots of fun. When we came back, we ate supper (evening meal) and decided to do a “midnight swim”.

That is what I call a night swim. The men and boys skinny-dipped. The women and older girls still wore suits. I found out that they were concerned about our customs here and that women did not skinny-dip as much as men and boys. So they kept their modesty. I was surprised that the 10-11 year old girl wanted to be naked. She was very comfortable that way. My boys checked her out when they could without being obvious, but the Finn boys were very used to it.



We swam one more time before they left. I will remember that campout forever. It was so much fun. If we could have come up with the money, we would have gone to Finland and let them host us for a week. They invited us but we could not raise the money. Too bad. I really wanted to see and go to a nude beach!! And I am sure my scouts would have been right there with me!

My son told me that the girl situation there gave them many pleasant memories to talk about in their tents. No doubt. Boys will be boys.

by Adam

School Camp

I was 11 years old and in my last year of primary school. The school organized an optional week at an outdoor activities center. This consisted of the usual sort of activities: rock climbing, sailing, kayaking etc.

After we had arrived, put our stuff in our dorms and had dinner, the boys were told that they would be spending the first night sleeping on the beach (the girls stayed behind in the center). So all the boys (aged between 9 and 11) were taken down to the beach with sleeping bags where we all slept under the stars.

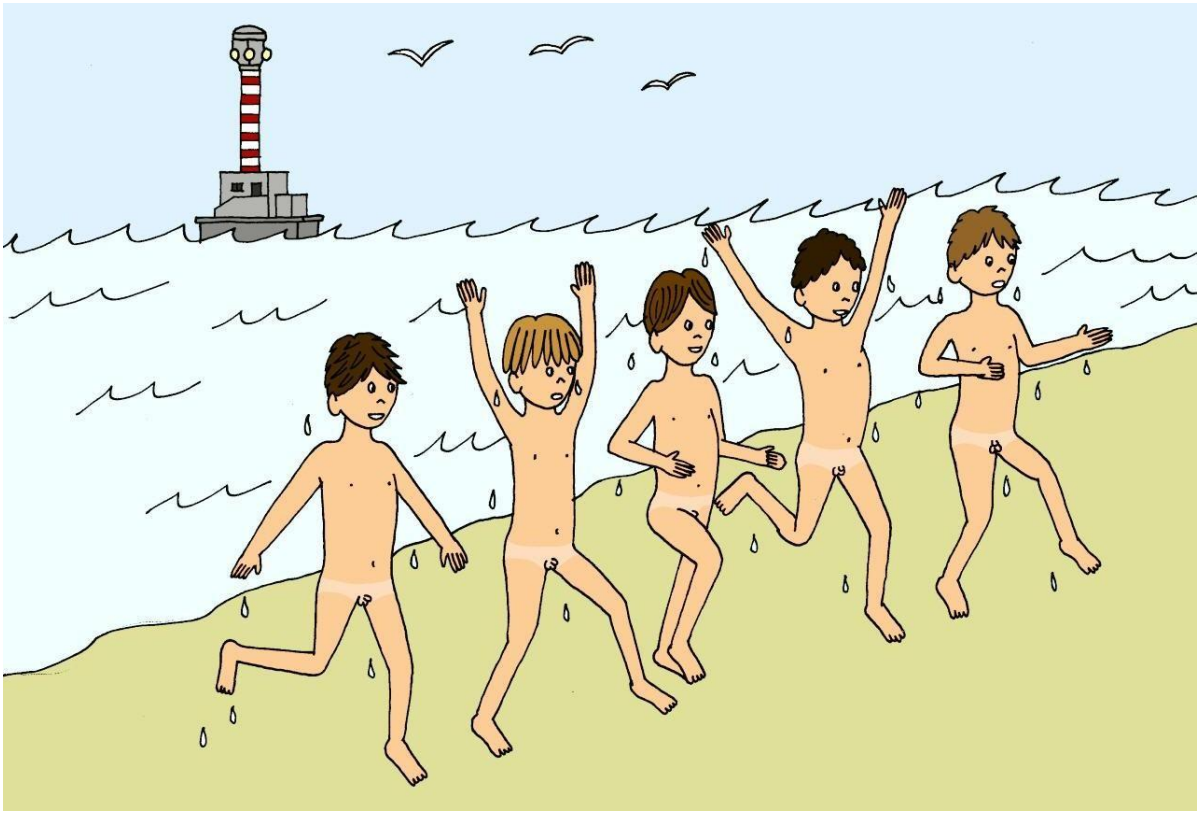
The next morning, the leaders woke us all up and told us we had to get washed in the sea before breakfast.

"But we've not got our swimming trunks with us..." one boy said.

"That doesn't matter" said one of the leaders, "You can all go in with nothing on."

"What?!". There was a lot of protests, especially from us older boys, but the leader was adamant.

"You'll all strip naked to have a wash and that's final".
So we all began stripping off. Although it was summer, the beach could still get chilly at



night so we'd all slept in our clothes from the previous day. Jeans, sweatshirts and t-shirts came off until we were down to our undies. We then pulled our underpants off and ran into the sea covering our penises with our hands.

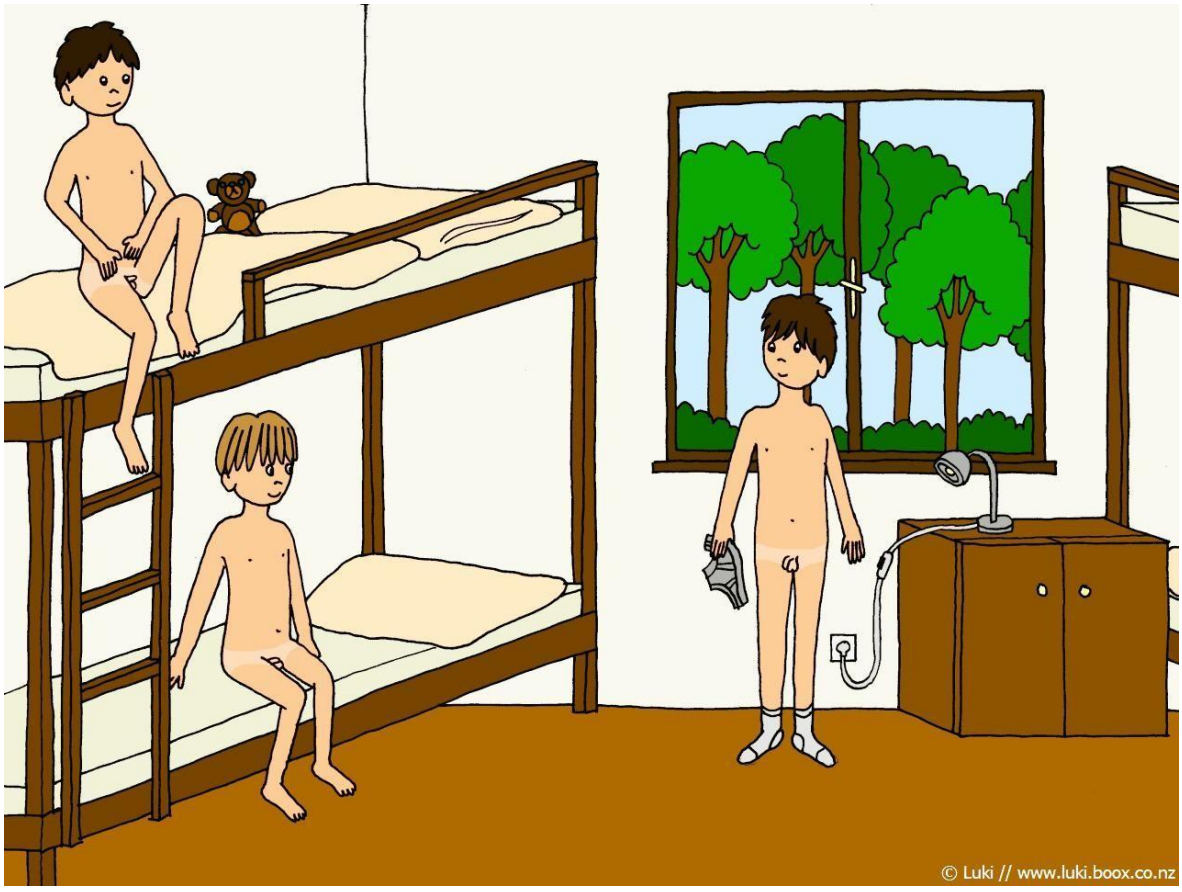
We didn't linger in the water too long as it was cold. When we came out our penises had shrunk and our scrotums were like little tiny walnuts!

Most of the older boys put their undies back on as soon as possible. Some of the younger boys stayed naked through breakfast by which time the sun was fully up and it was getting quite warm.

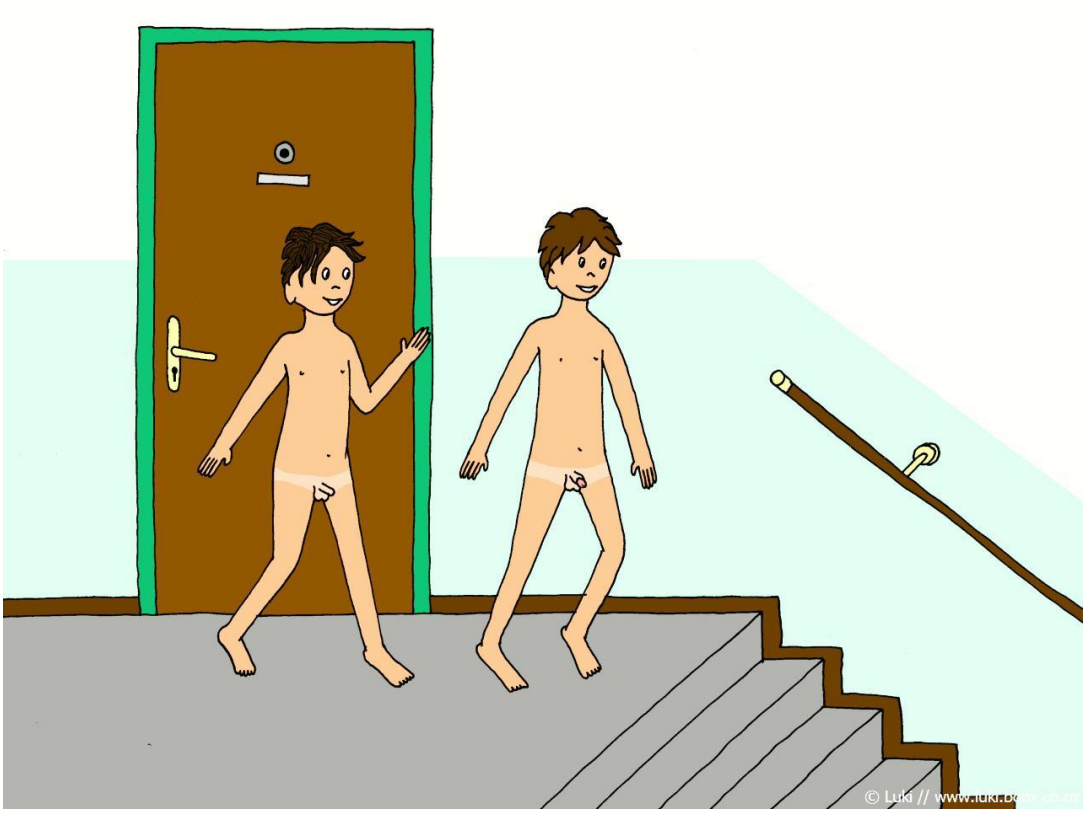
For the rest of the week we slept at the center. There were 5 other boys in my dorm, and after the morning at the beach we became quite relaxed about nudity. Although we were supposed to wear pajamas in bed, most of us took them off after lights-out. We also wouldn't cover up when getting dressed or undressed either.

As the week went on we gradually got bolder. A favorite was to dare each other to walk from dorm, down the corridor to the bathroom, initially only in underpants but gradually fully nude. We would get told off if we were caught, but it was kind of fun, especially if one of the female leaders saw us.

Early on the final morning two of the girls sneaked in to our dorm. They were wearing pajamas and didn't know we were all nude in bed. One of the girls for a joke pulled the sheets

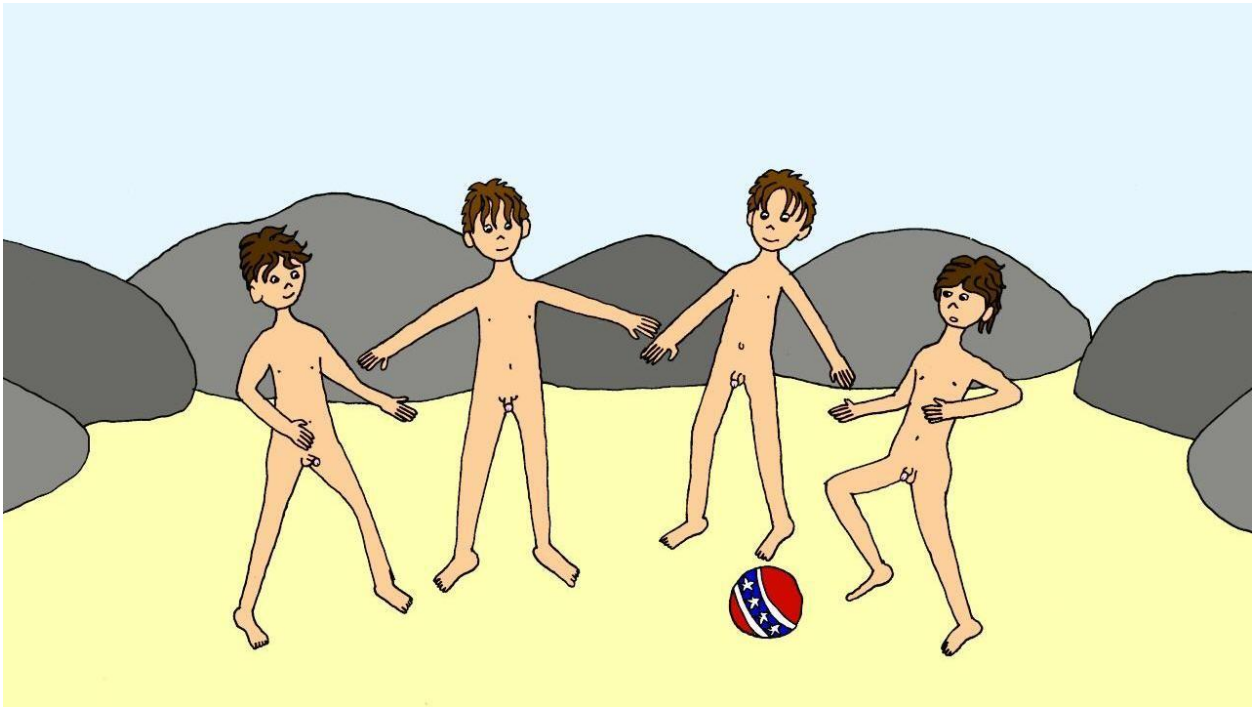


back on one of the boy's beds and were surprised when they saw he had nothing on. One hand went straight to cover his penis and the other snatched the sheet back. We told them that if they wanted to stay in the dorm, they'd have to take their pajamas off too.



At first they were reluctant but eventually agreed. I had the top bunk by the door, so I had a front-row view when they stripped off. Suddenly we heard one of the leaders coming down the

corridor. The girls hid under two of the bunks and fortunately weren't spotted when the leader checked on our dorm. And we even play football at outside in the nude.

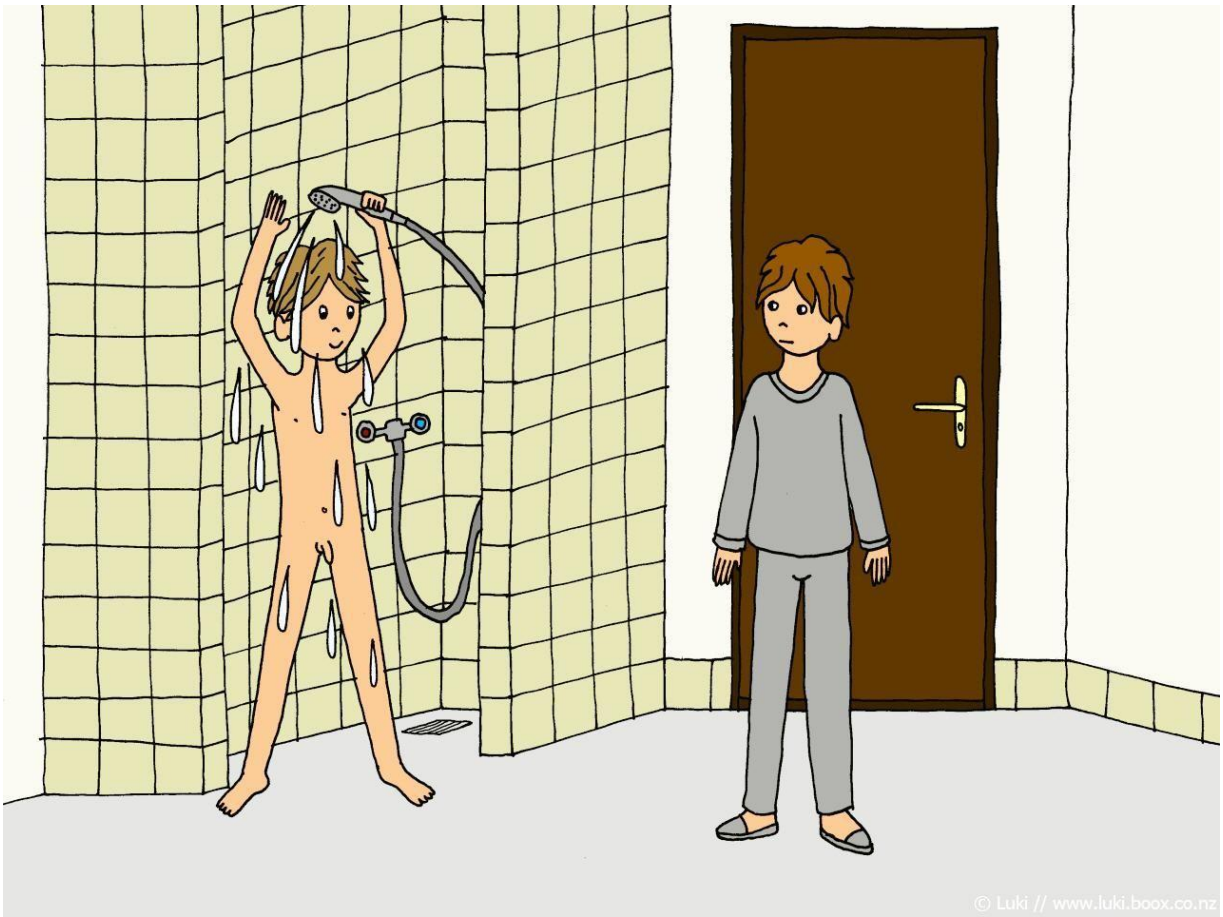


by Scott

Sleepover

I was 10 and at the time was friends with boy from a couple of streets away called Daniel, who was 8. We played and hung out together and one day he invited me to sleep over at his house.

We had a fun evening playing computer games and stuff and then it came time to get ready for bed. We went to the bathroom together, and I thought we were just going to clean our teeth and stuff. However, he took all his clothes off and proceed to have a shower. Still fully clothed, I sat on stool and carried on chatting to him and watching him as he had his shower. He didn't seem to mind at all about being naked in front of me. I was shyer however and didn't want to strip off. After he finished his shower, he went into his bedroom to change into his pajamas, while I changed into mine in the bathroom.

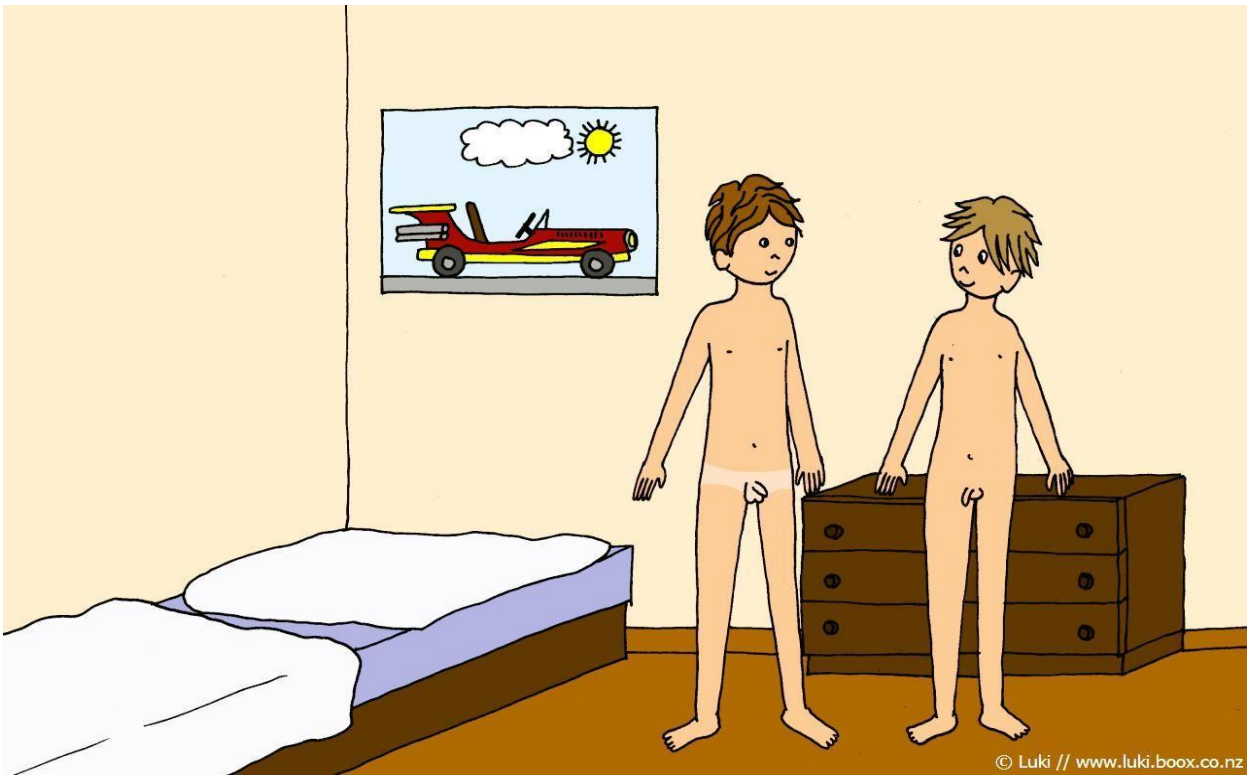


Later, after everyone else had gone to bed, we were both in bed in his room chatting in the dark. He then asked me if I wanted to get into his bed with him. I said OK as it would be more comfortable than the camp bed I was sleeping on.

Once I got into bed with him, I realized that he had taken his pajamas off again at some point and now had nothing on. When I asked him about it he said that he liked to sleep naked and asked if I had ever done it. I told him that I hadn't and he said I should try it.

Although I'd been shy earlier, now that it was dark I decided to try it. I slipped my pajamas off and threw them on the floor. We then went to sleep, both in the nude.

The following morning was a Saturday, so Daniel's parents were having a lie-in. We woke up before them, and spent the time just hanging out in his bedroom. Neither of us bothered to get dressed and I soon got comfortable with him seeing me naked. We spent most

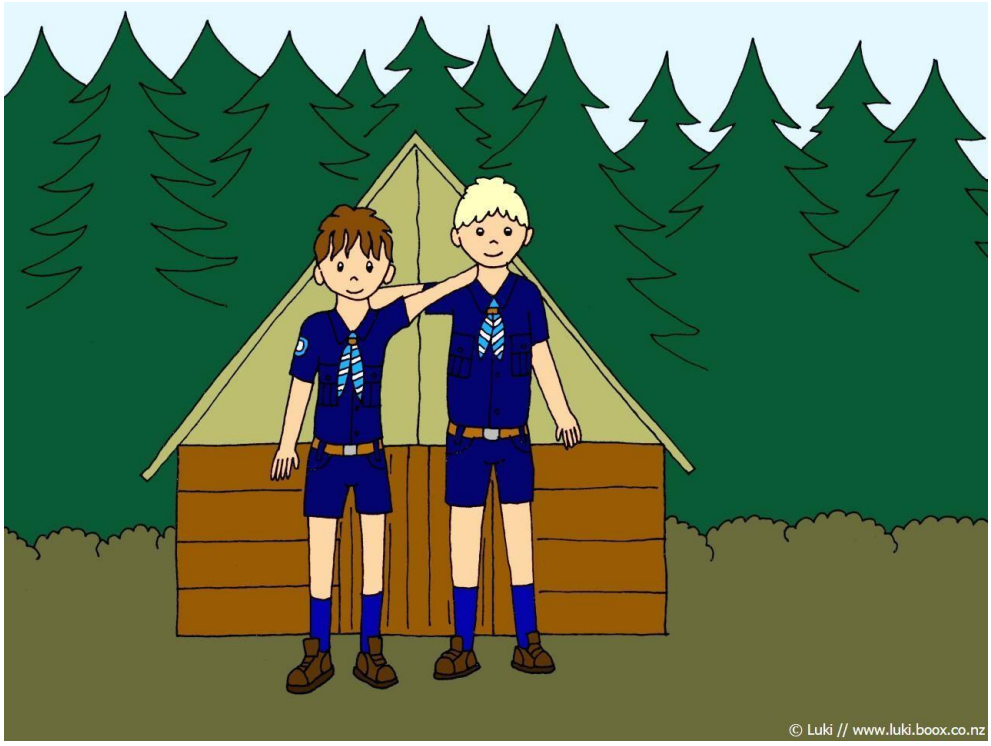


by Elmo

Summer Camp

Hi! The story about shy class mate reminds me of one situation I had. It's a true story.

I was at a summer camp when I was 11 years old. I stayed in the same tent with this 12 year old boy named Visa. I have blond hair, I'm a little chubby and quite tall. Taller than Visa was. He has brown hair and he's skinny. He was small for his age (but not in one way!!)



I didn't know Visa before we went to camp. We had fun together.

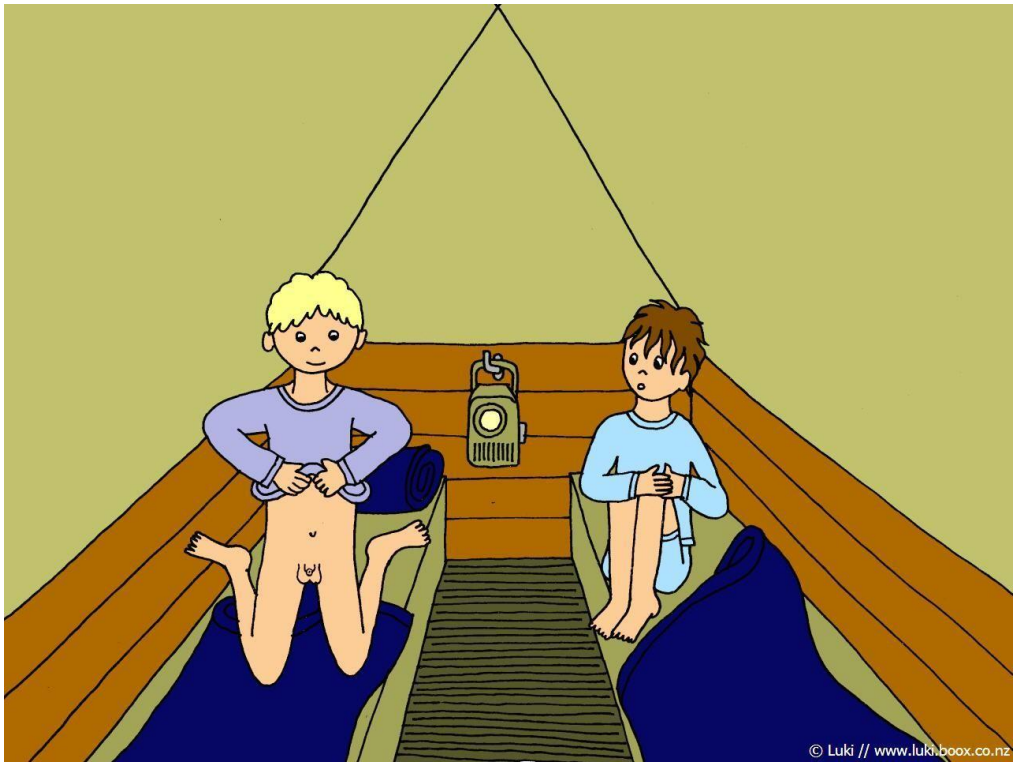
On the first day there was mountain climbing. We had to put these climbing harnesses. We both had only board shorts on. When the counsellor put the harnesses on to us, I noticed that Visa had this big lump in his shorts (you know the harnesses are tight in crotch). I was thinking, can THAT be his wiener.

At this point I must say that my own wiener was really small. I was a little chubby and my wiener was kind a hiding inside me so that only a little part was showing. I still wasn't embarrassed because of it though my friends made fun of it sometimes.

In the evening we were at our tent and changing to pajamas. I stripped nude and then put pajamas on. He looked at me and my wiener with a little weird look. Like I was doing something weird. Then I asked how come he doesn't change properly. He said he didn't wanna

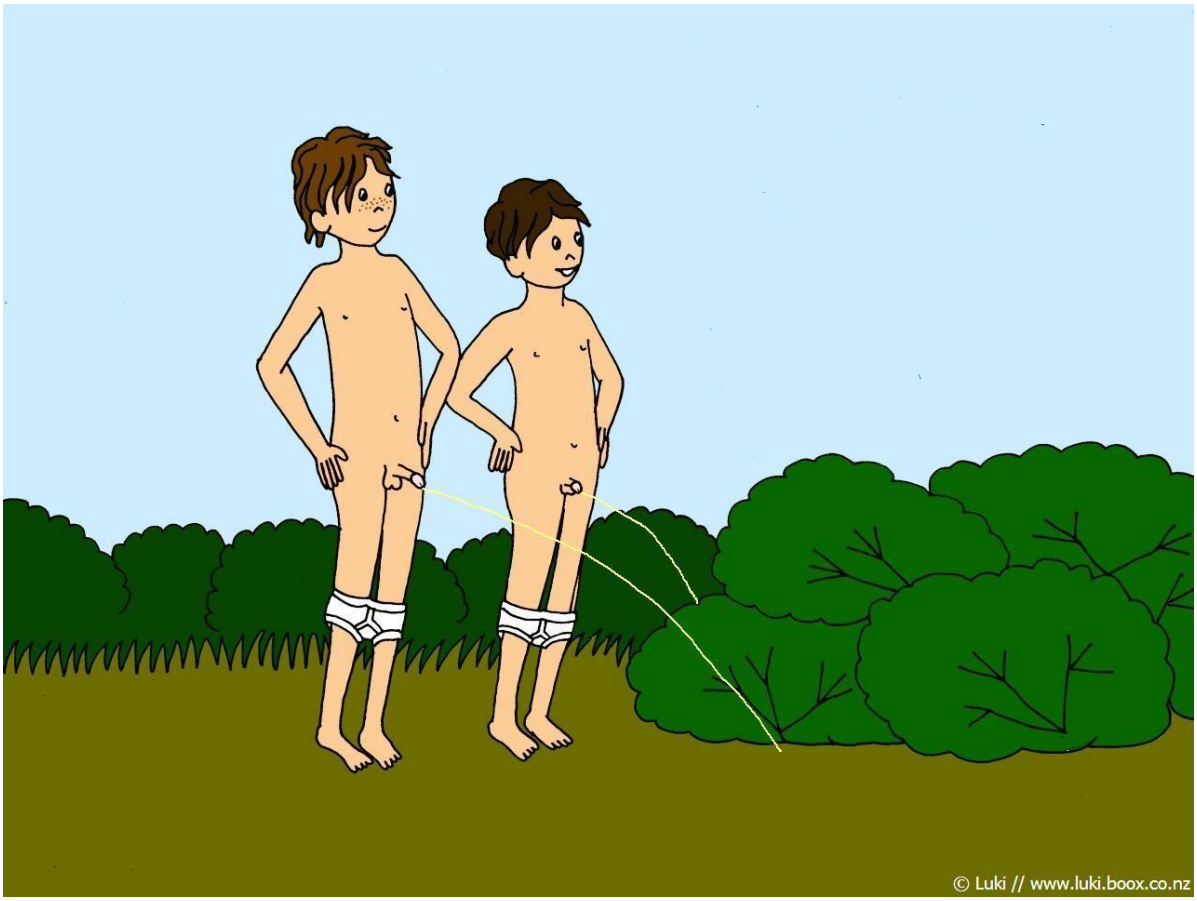
be naked in front of me. I asked why and he just said he doesn't like it. Then we forgot about it and got to sleep.

In the morning we had a chance to have a swim. So we had to change our board shorts back on. And it was the same thing, he didn't want to change in front of me. So I asked, is it because of his wiener. He was quiet for a moment and then said yes. He was a little upset. I said that I've seen many wieners so you shouldn't be embarrassed. I asked is there something wrong with it. He was quiet. I said that my wieners pretty small. Look! and I showed him it. He said that his is pretty big. A lot bigger than yours. I said it's ok and you can show it to me.



And then after a moment he pulled his pajama pants down and there it was. It was huge!! No hair but it was longer soft than most adult I had seen. He was uncut like me too. Really big! And it was weird cause he was so small otherwise. He was a little embarrassed when I started talking to him about how big it is. I said you should be proud! And then he was a little proud.

Rest of the camp was cool, we even took peeing contests (Visa could pee really far compared to me!) and he showed me funny tricks like helicopter with it It's sad I never saw him after the camp.



by Tim

Naked Together

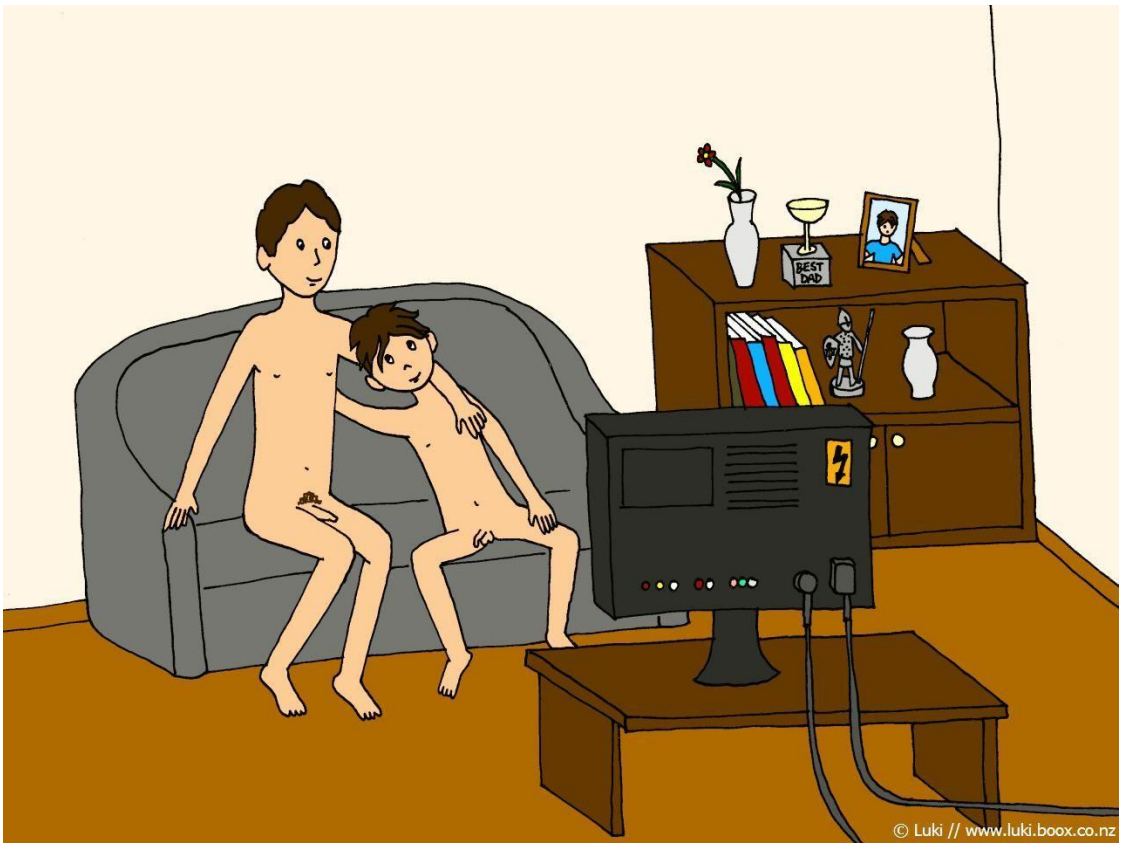
I got divorced from my wife. There were reasons, why I kept my son, Adrian. It was only one year ago. Adrian was very sad about his mum leaving us.

She has never been open minded. Nudism unthinkable, she would never do this. So, after she left us, I tried to get a new thing in our lives. I always wanted to live in a more natural way. So I tried it on a natural way. After showering on Saturday morning, I stood naked. Adrian looked at me and asked me: "Why are you naked?"

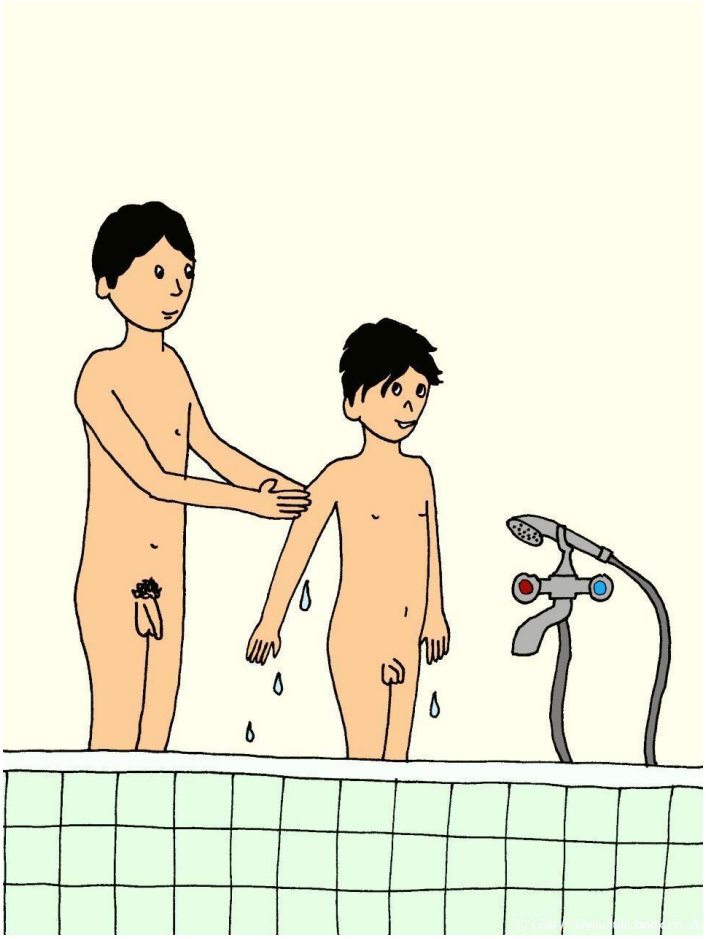
I told him that it feels good, and so he accepted it. I did the whole housework naked, helped him with his homework naked and we watched TV naked.

It was his bath time, he put his clothes off and got in the tube. I helped him washing his back and after the bath, he asked me to do the same, stay naked.

He was not used to be naked all time, but he started to like it. We watched TV together naked,



everything feeling good. He felt a bit too good, few times I saw his penis getting stiff. He felt ashamed and tried to hide it, but I told him that it was quite natural and he mustn't hide it. I told him he could be proud, with almost 11 cm, what wasn't bad for his age. Everything was fine. He also saw mine, but mine is much bigger. So, he giggled and said, that I could be proud as well.



This was our first naked day, we also slept nude and this was the first time, we really had very nice and close father-son time after she left us.

by Tim

Adrian's Friend

After I got divorced, I spent a lot of time just with my son Adrian. We started a new life in more natural way. At beginning, we were practicing naturism just in two, but as time went on, someone third appeared to join us.

The day it happened; I was working at home. As usually, I didn't wear any clothes. It doesn't worth to wear clothes when you are home alone. Adrian was in school, but even if he were home, I wouldn't mind, because we were used to be naked at home, since my ex-wife left us.

On 1 o'clock pm, the doorbell rang. I thought this must been a postman, so I covered me with a towel and opened the door. Surprisingly, it wasn't a postman. It was the friend of Adrian and our neighbors' son. He is two years younger than Adrian and his name is Niklas.

Niklas wasn't surprised seeing me just with a towel around my hips, because Adrian had already told him that we were nudists' family. He asked me to come in, because he had forgotten the, and his parents were both at work.

So, I let him come in. He looked at me and asked me curiously: "Are you and Adrian both naked all the time when you are home?"

"Actually, we are most of the time naked there," I replied.

Niklas looked at my towel and said: "If you are used to be naked, I think you don't have to wear the towel just because of me. I don't care."

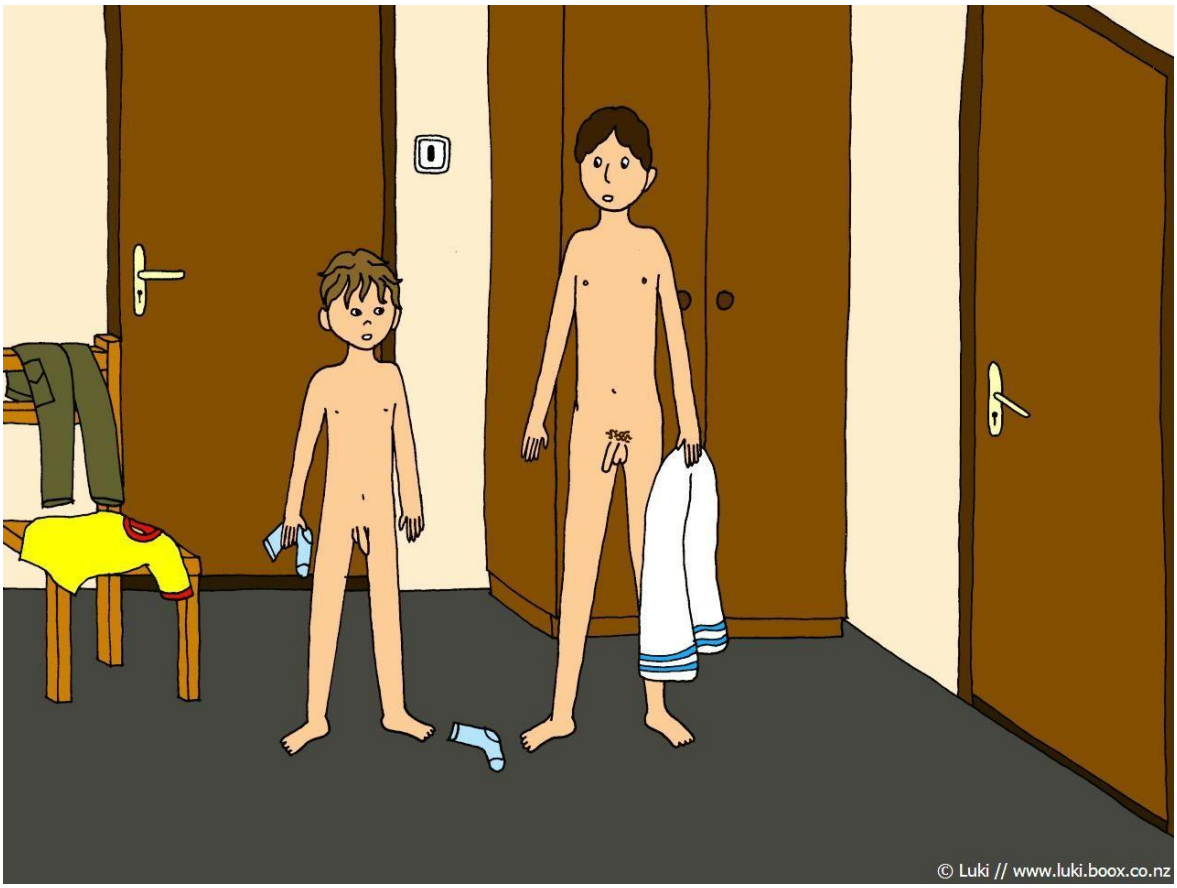
So, I took off my towel.

"Could I stay here until my parents return home?" asked Niklas.

I said: "Of course, Adrian's friends are welcomed here."

Niklas looked a bit shy, as if he were a little hesitating, but after all, he asked: "If you are naked, could I strip down too? But please, don't laugh on me.

Because I felt that he wasn't sure, I told him: "You can stay dressed, if you aren't sure."



But Niklas said that he wanted to be naked. So, I told him: "If it isn't a problem for you, why should it be a problem for me?"

So he took off of his little socks, trousers, his shirt and at last, he stripped his undies. When I saw Niklas staying stark-naked, I was surprised. I had never seen such a young boy with such a big weenie. Of course, he didn't have hairs yet, but the size of his weenie would be worthy of an average 16 year old boy.

He looked at me as if he was afraid of my reaction, so I said: "Niklas, I did not laugh on you, I swear, but I am surprised what a big boy you are!" Niklas seemed to be satisfied with my reply and he felt free to enjoy his natural naked time. Then he told me that he was hungry, so I offered him milk and cookies.

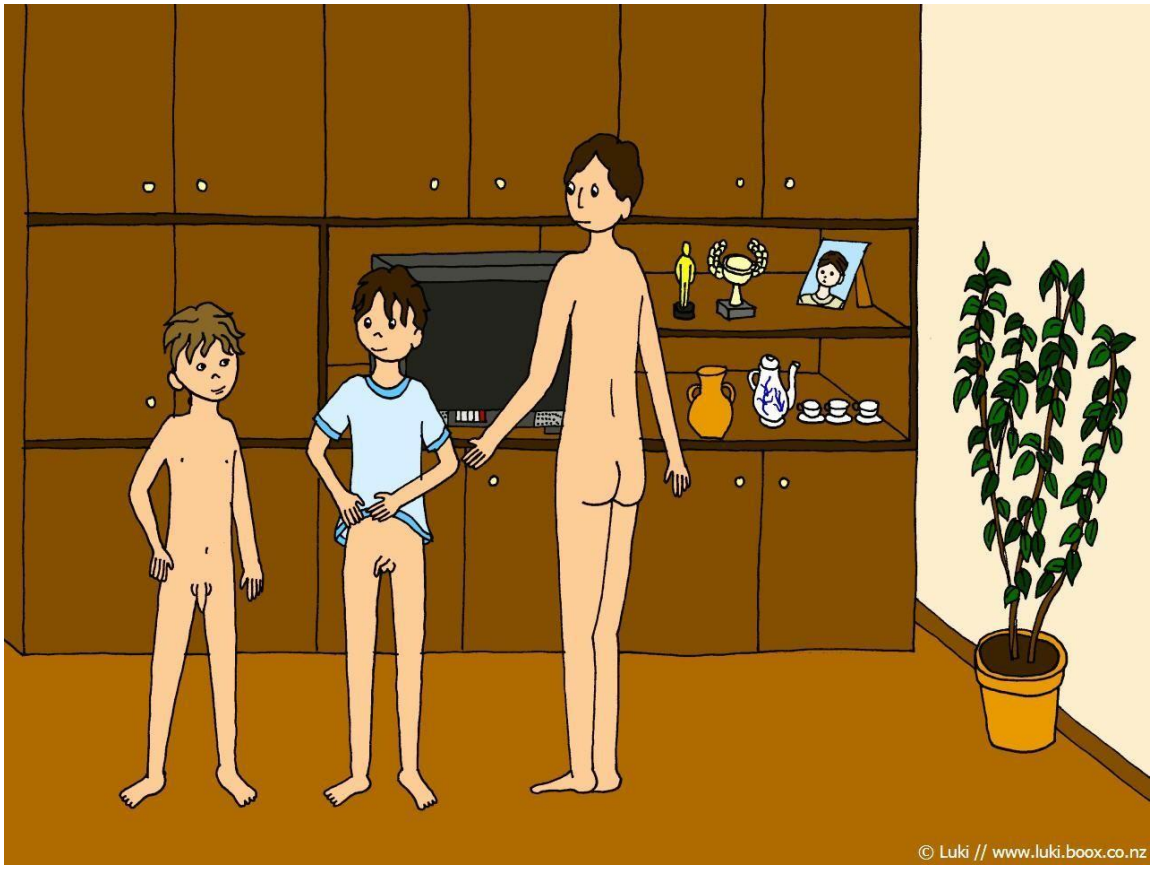
About half an hour later, Adrian returned from school. He saw Niklas naked, but he didn't looked too much surprised. I guessed that it wasn't first time when my son saw his friend naked.

Nik told him what happened, that he had forgotten his key and that he had to stay in neighbors. While listening about Nik's key accident, Adrian took off his clothes and smiled. So, we were all three naked now. We went to living room, sat down on the sofa and watched Wall-E on TV.

After the movie had finished, Adrian brought into the living room our photo album and he was proudly showing to Nik the photos we took just a few weeks ago on our summer trip to sea. Of course, it was nudist resort, so there was a lot of pictures of naked people, while the main object was Adrian. Niklas liked the pictures and after all, we had to promise him that next

year, we will ask his parents to let him join us for a trip to sea. Nik was excited about this idea, because his parents were so busy in their work, that they could hardly take him for such a long trip.

On the evening, Nik had to return home, of course, dressed, but not at all anyway. After he left, I noticed that he forgot his little socks on the floor under the chair. Boys do not care about their things ...



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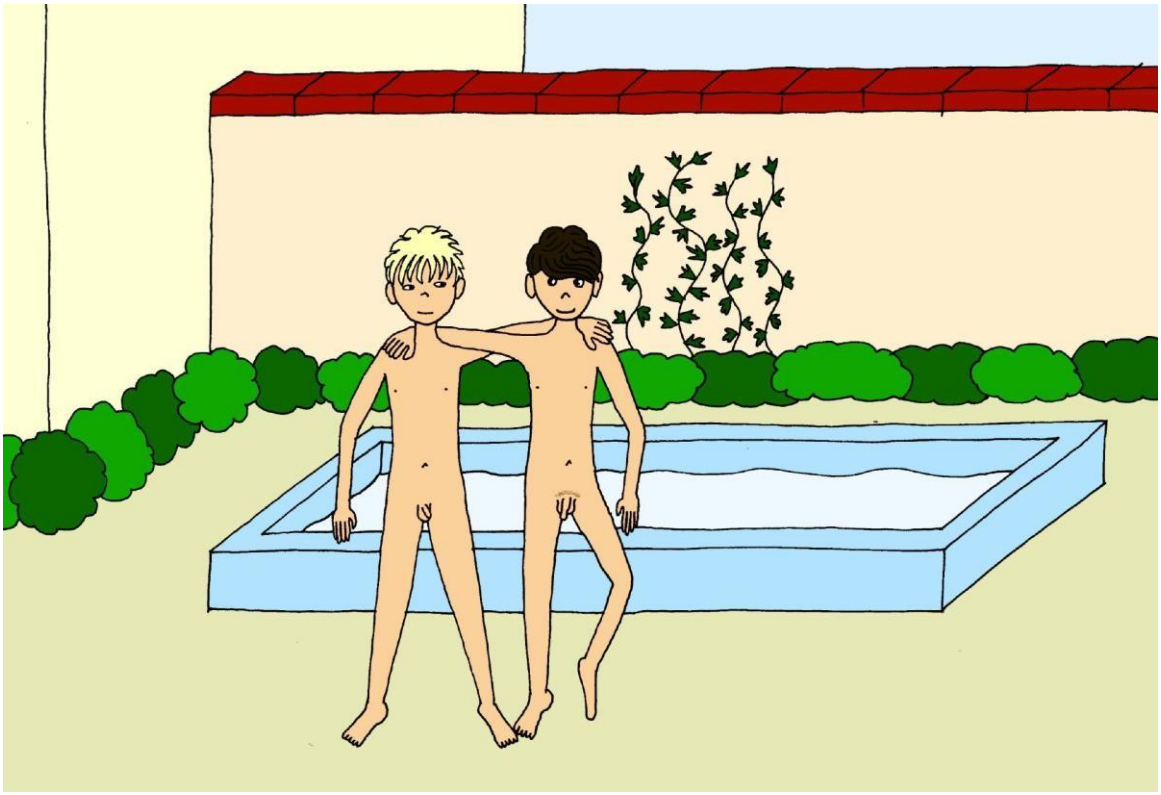

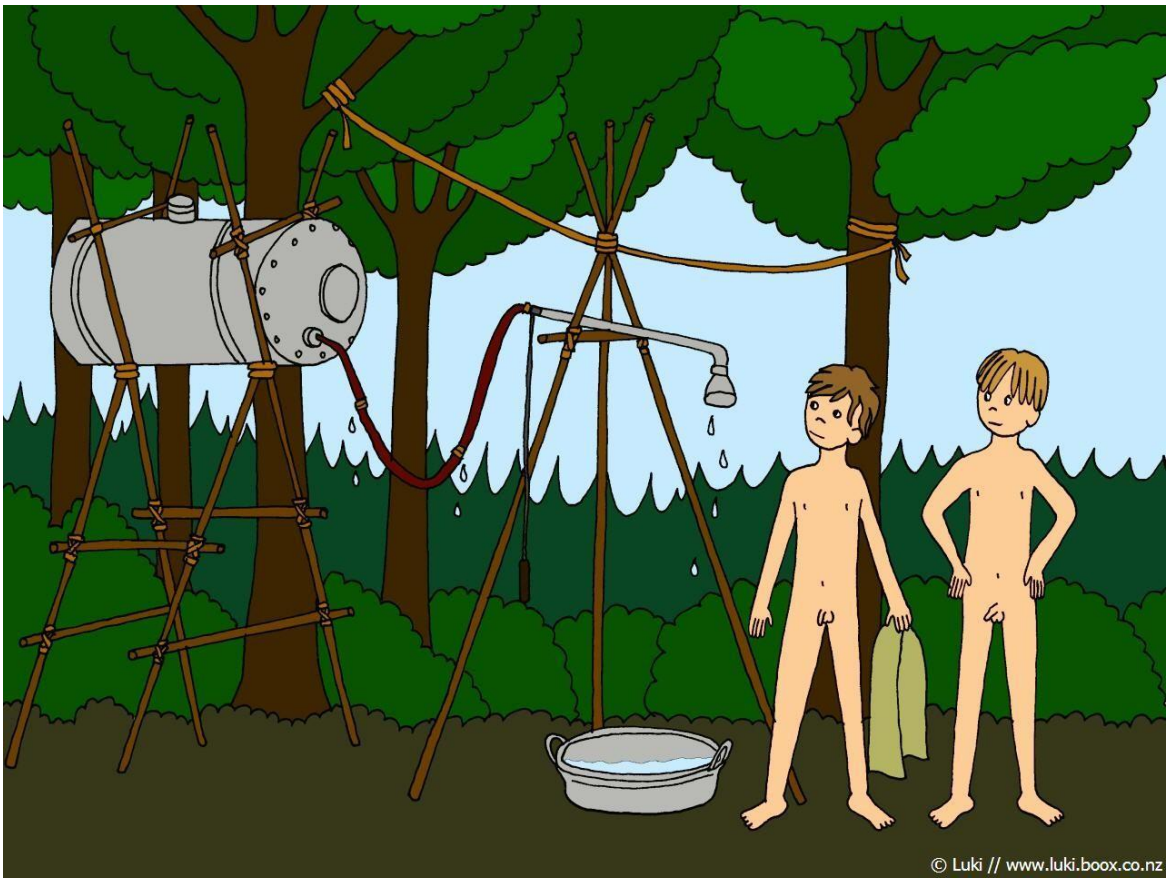

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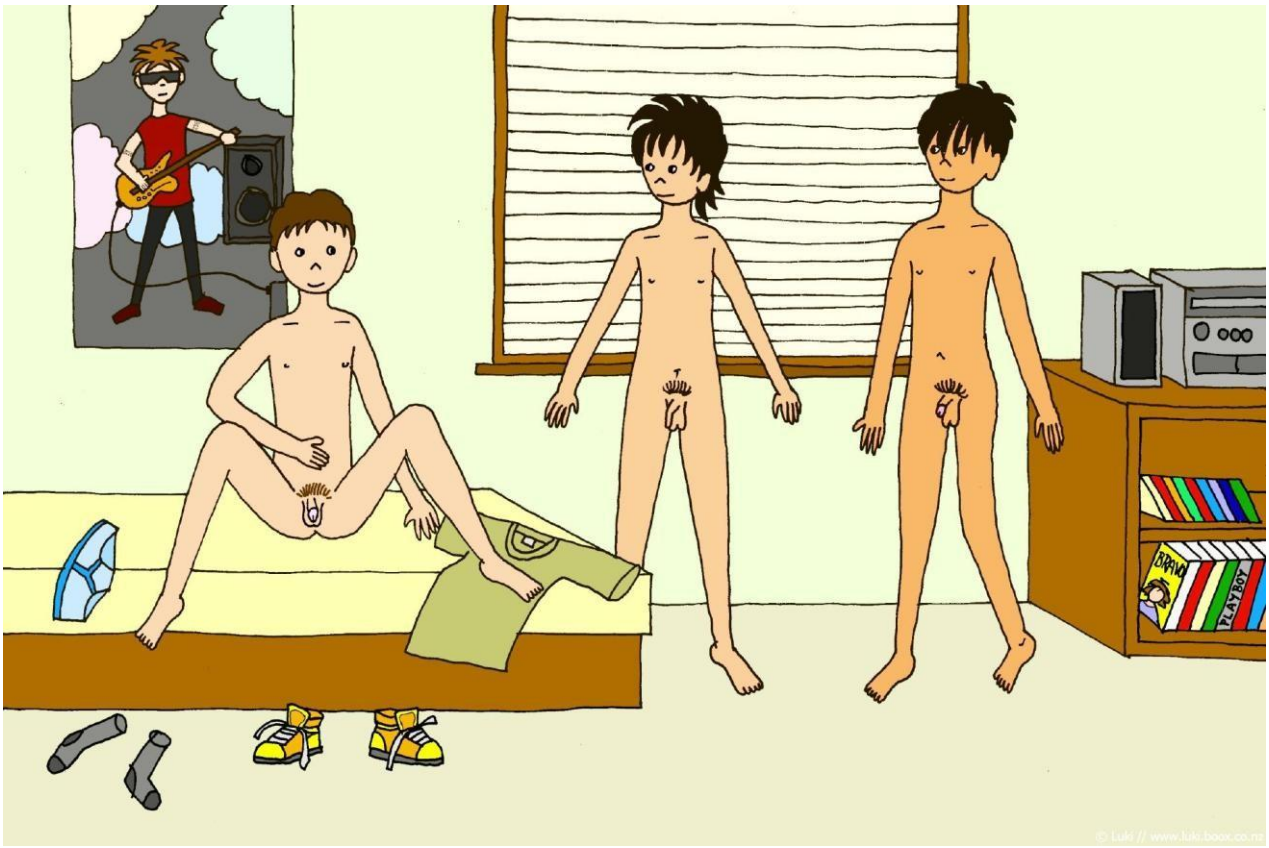
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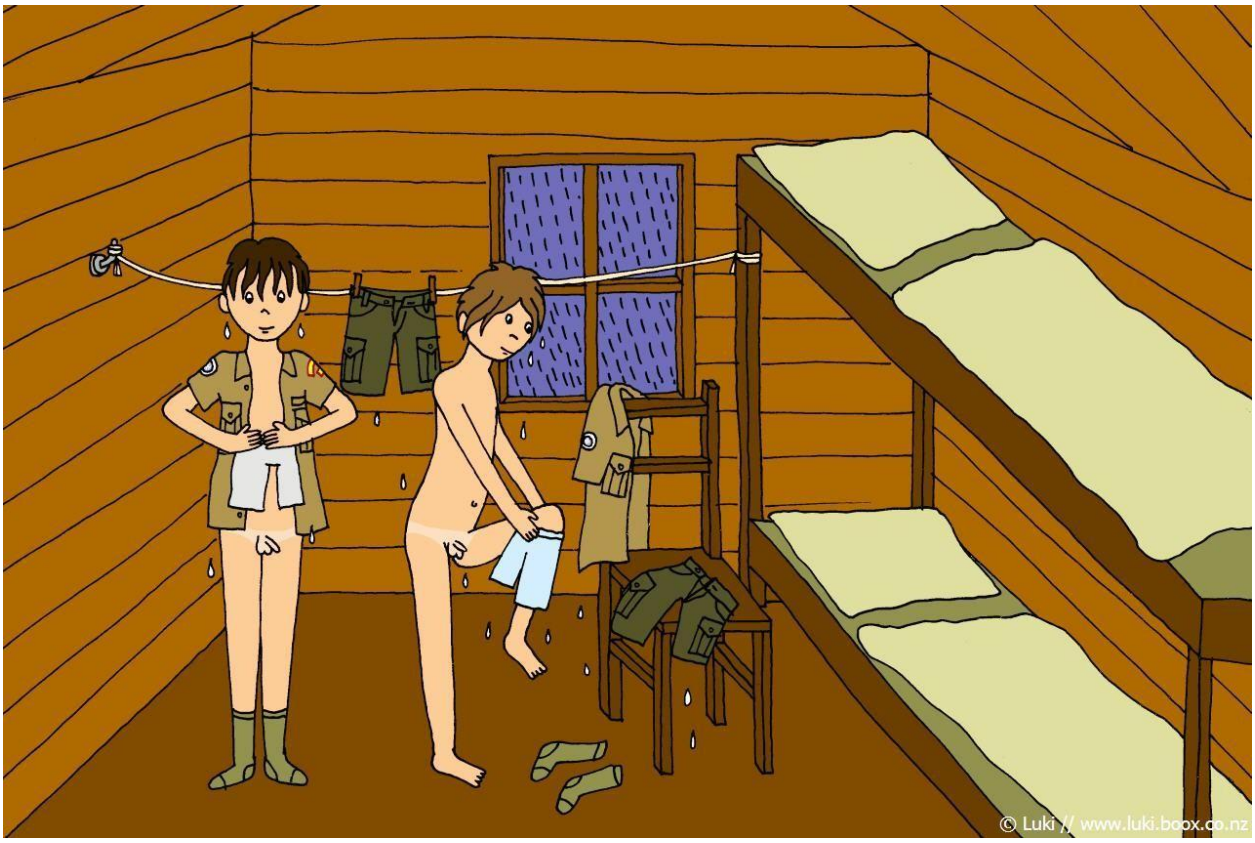
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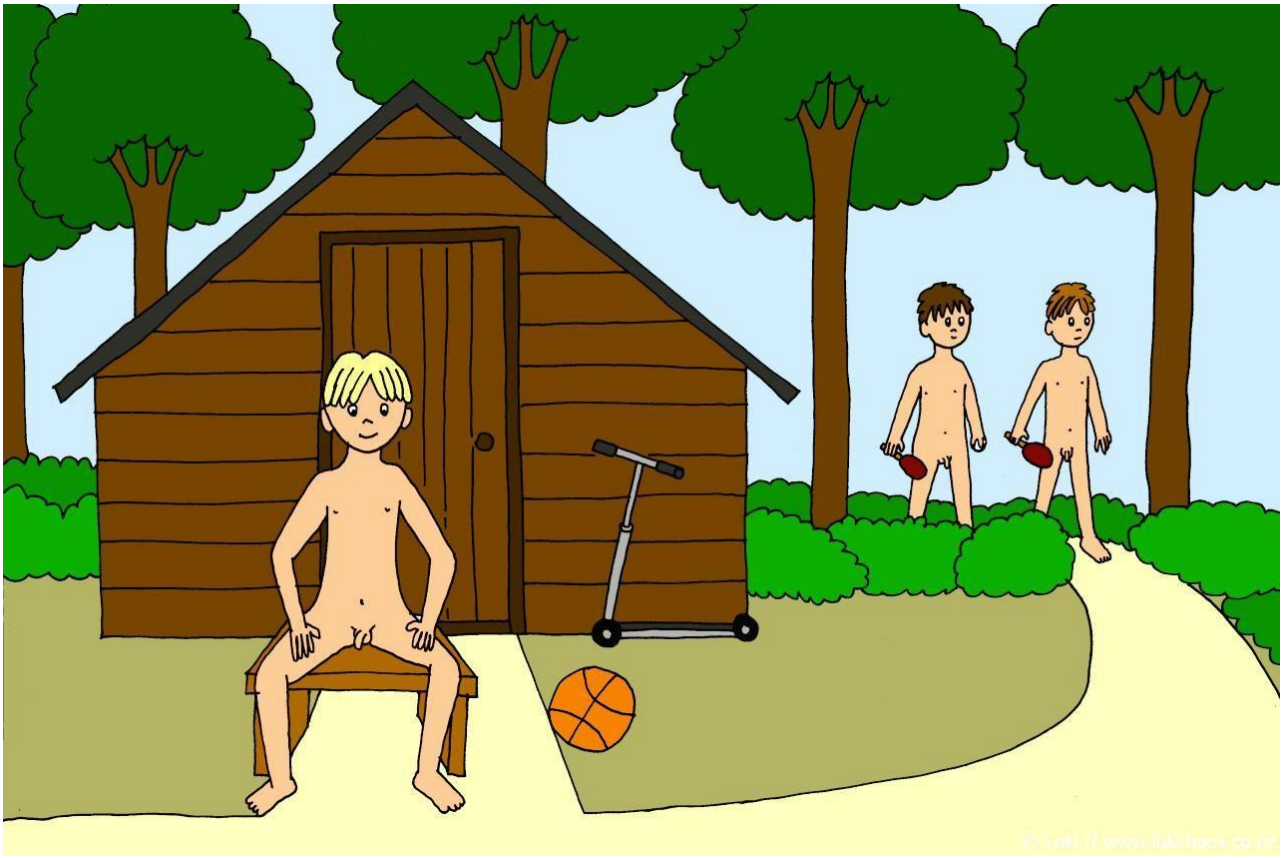

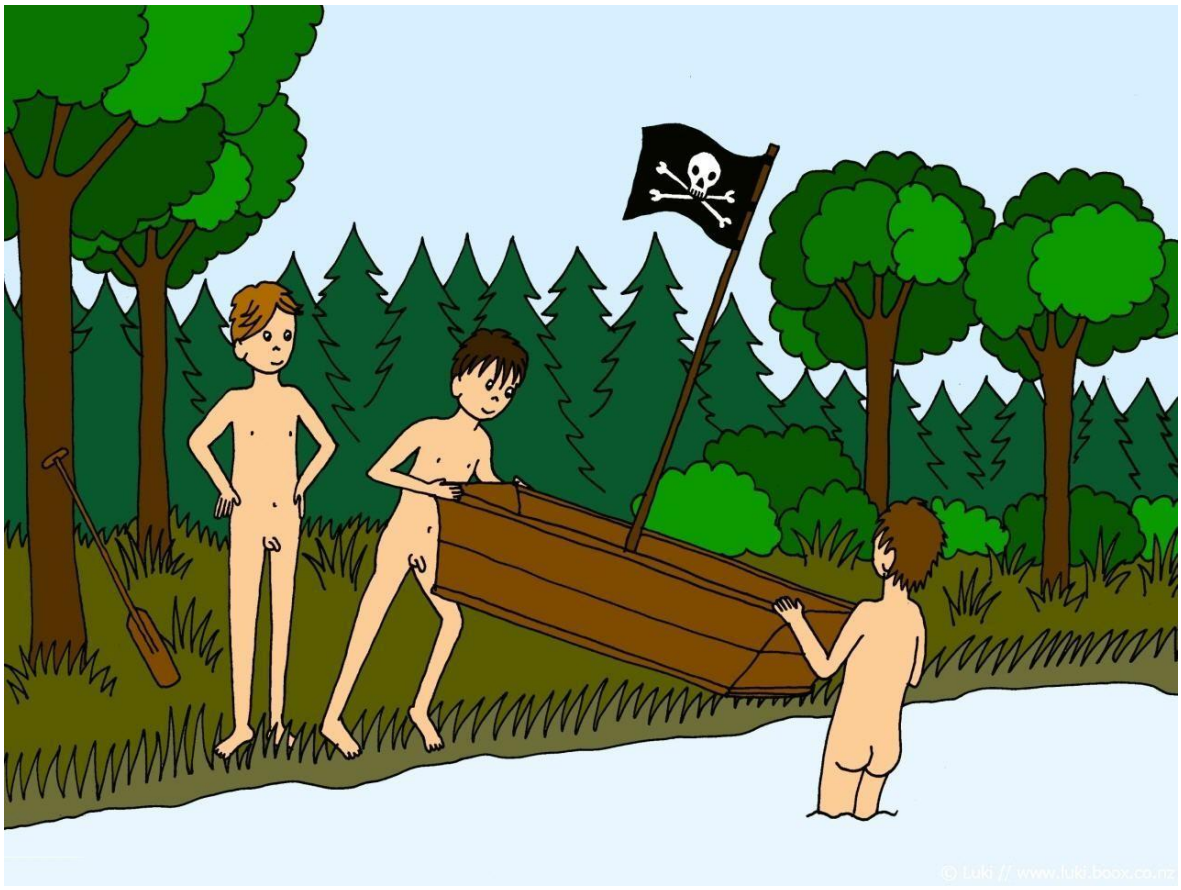

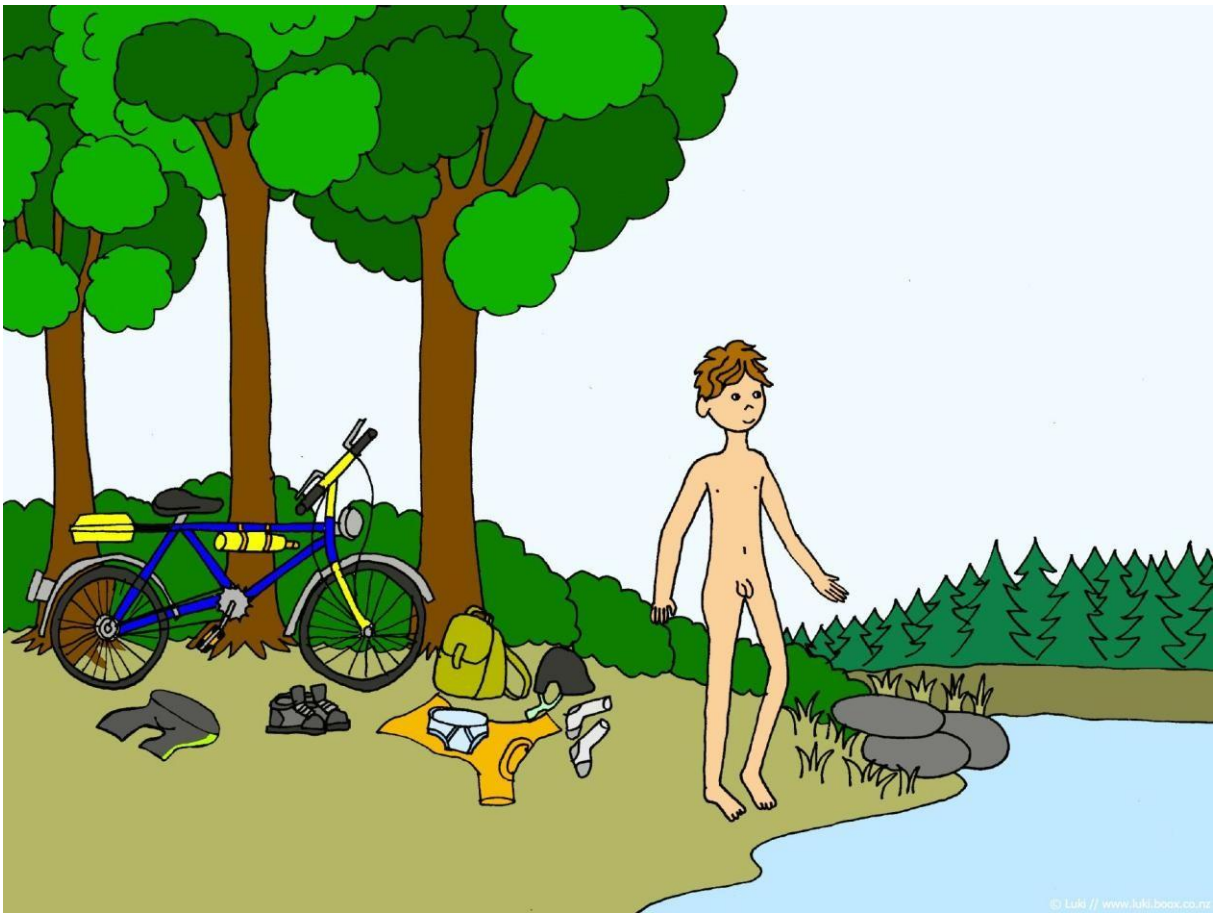

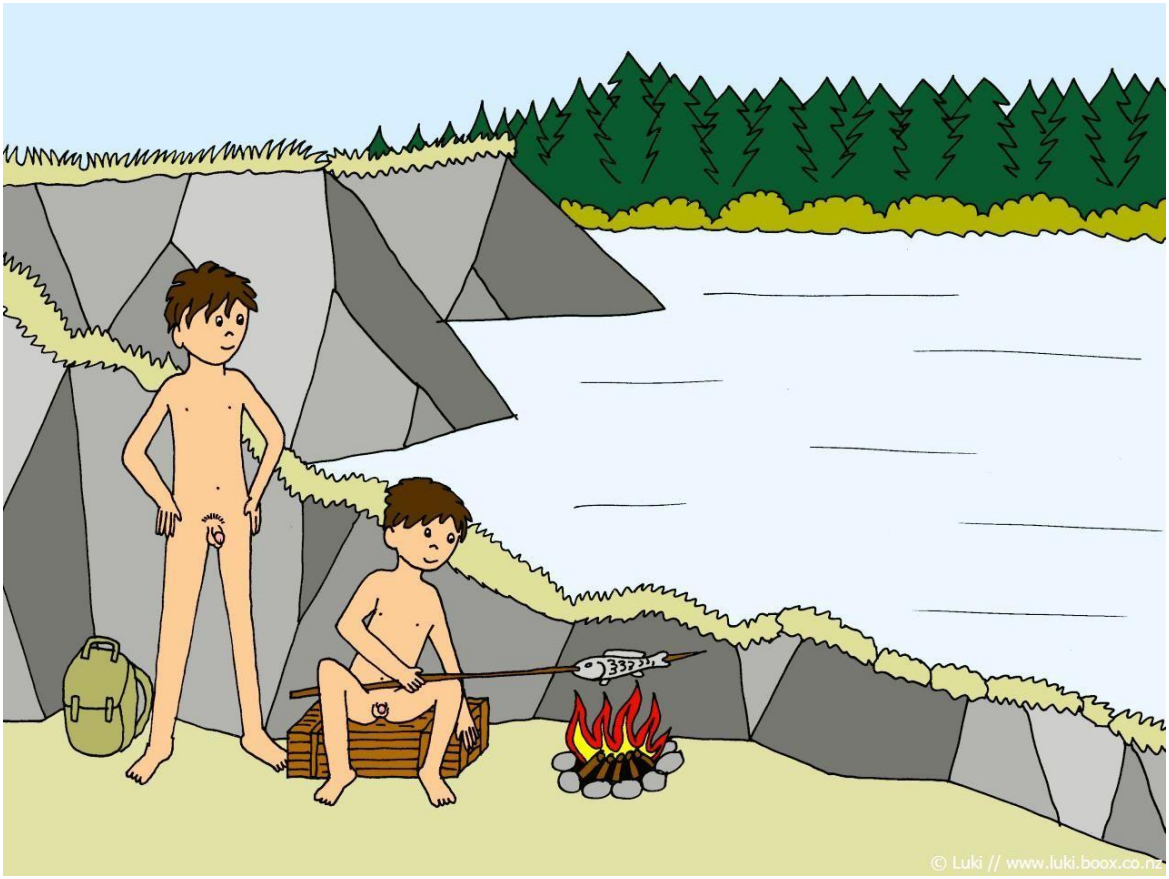
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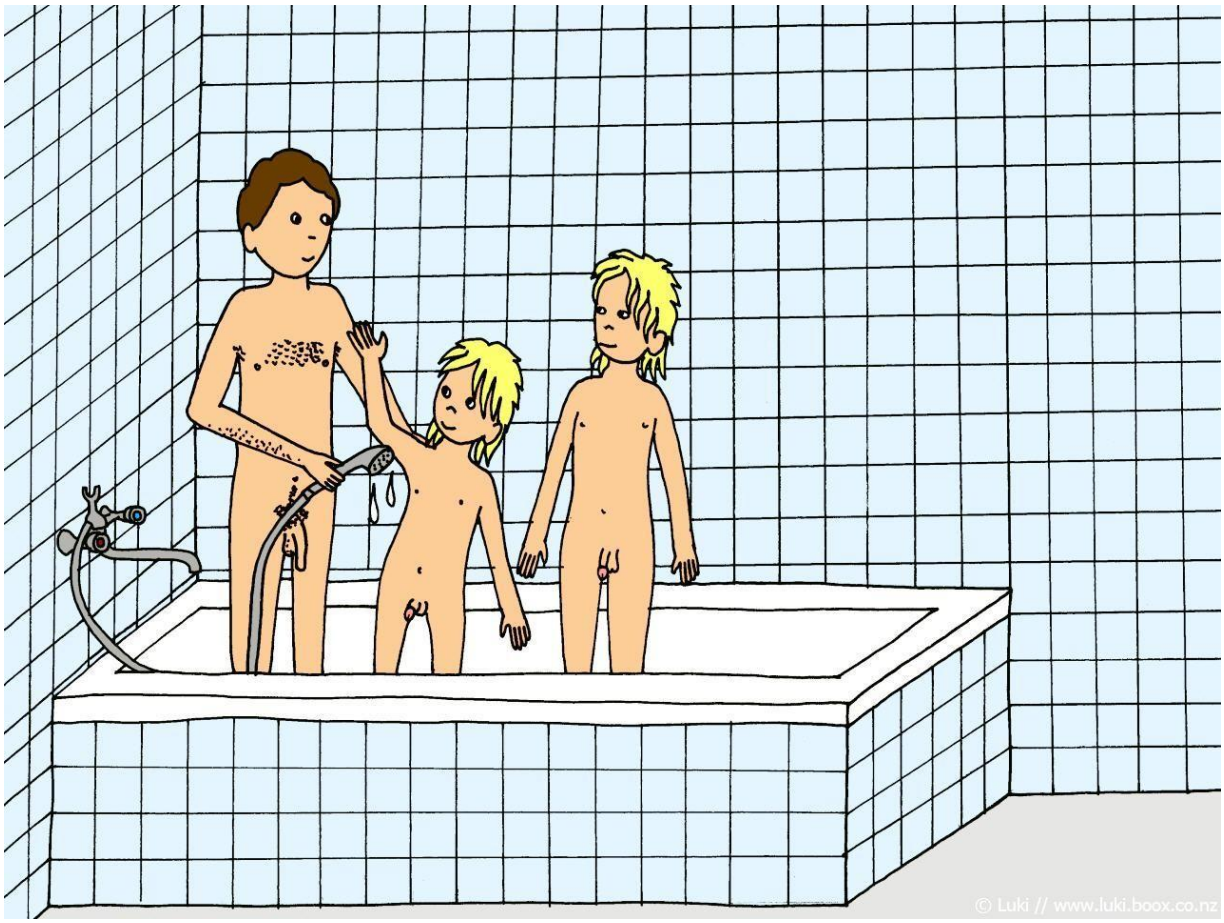
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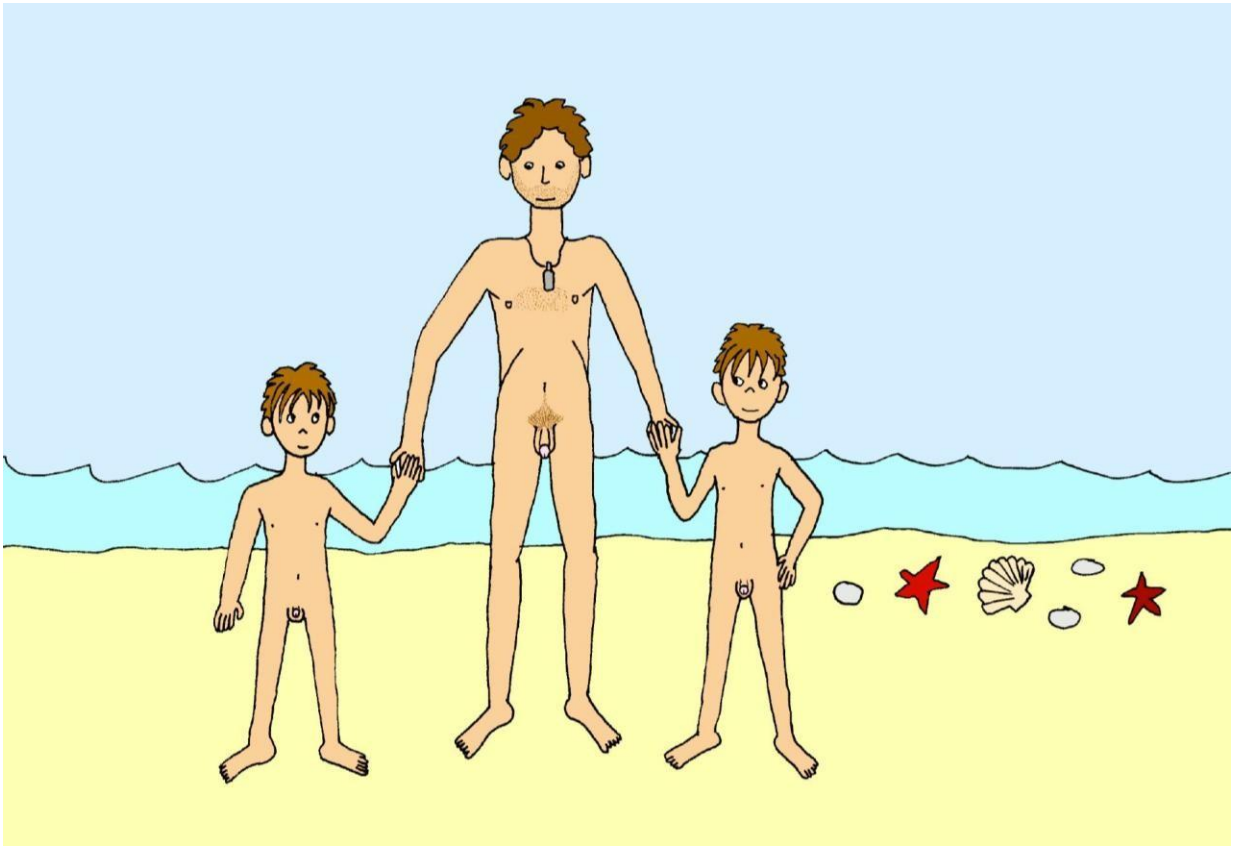

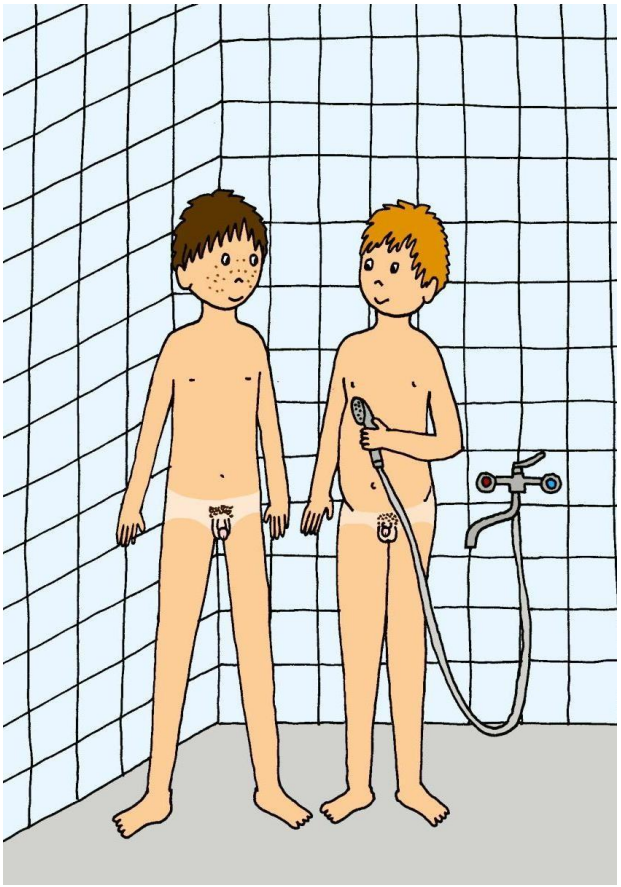

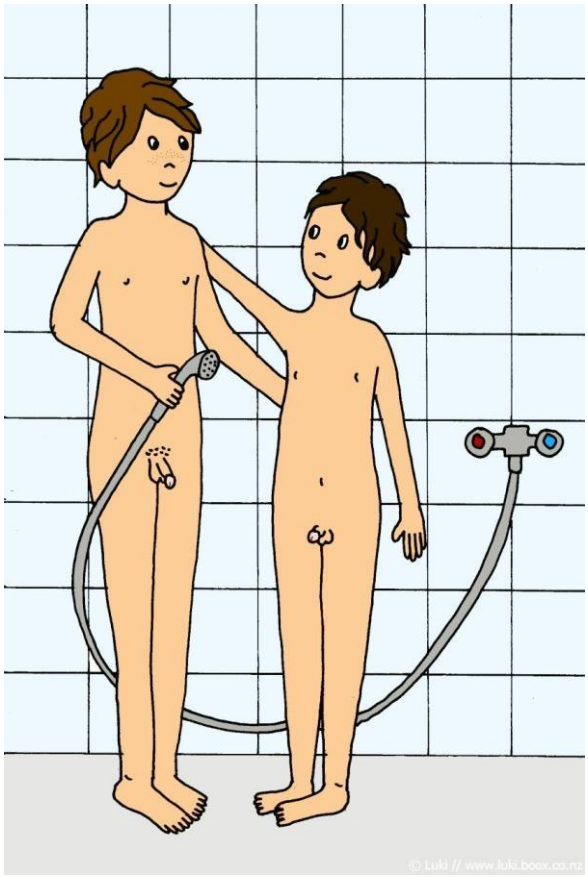

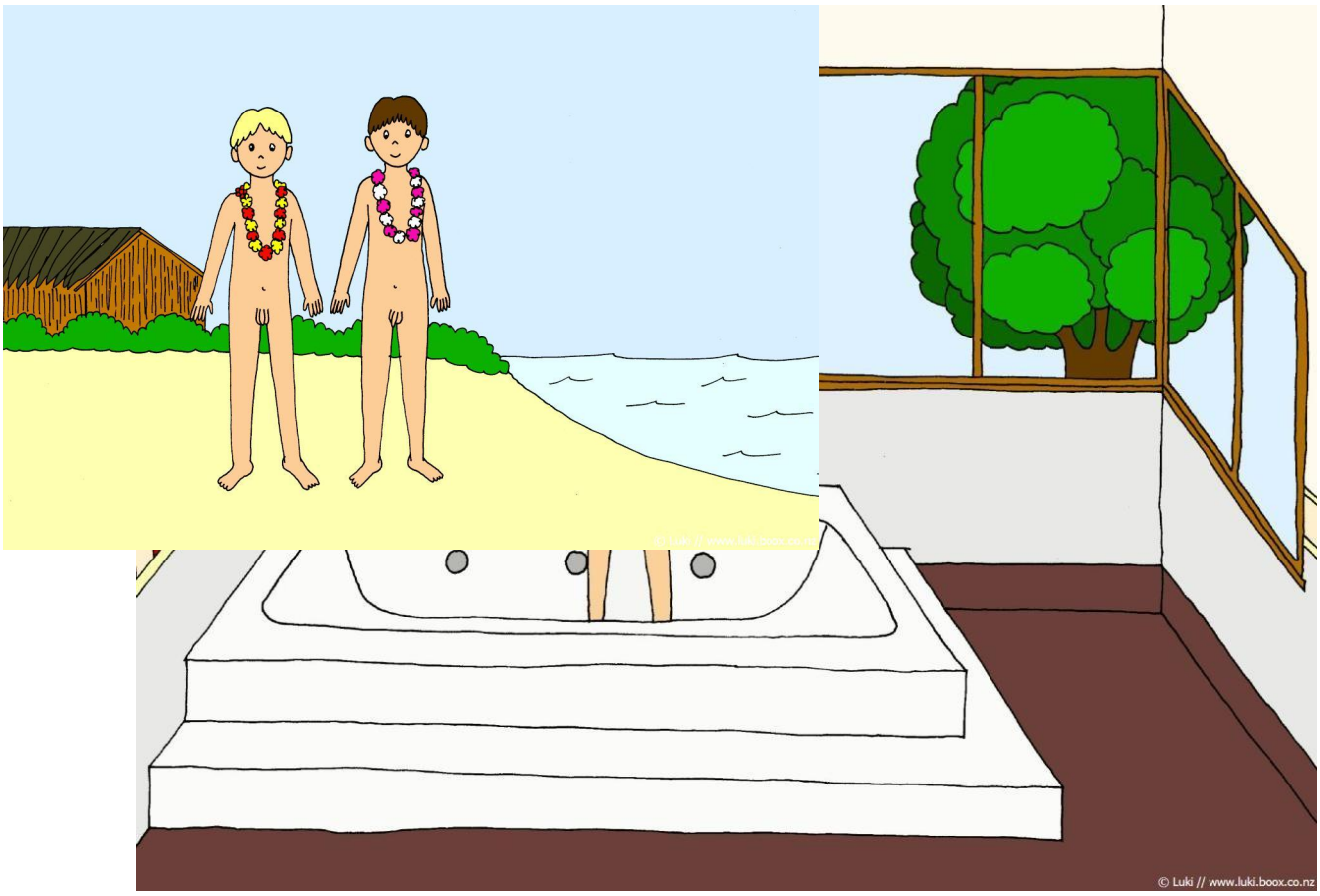
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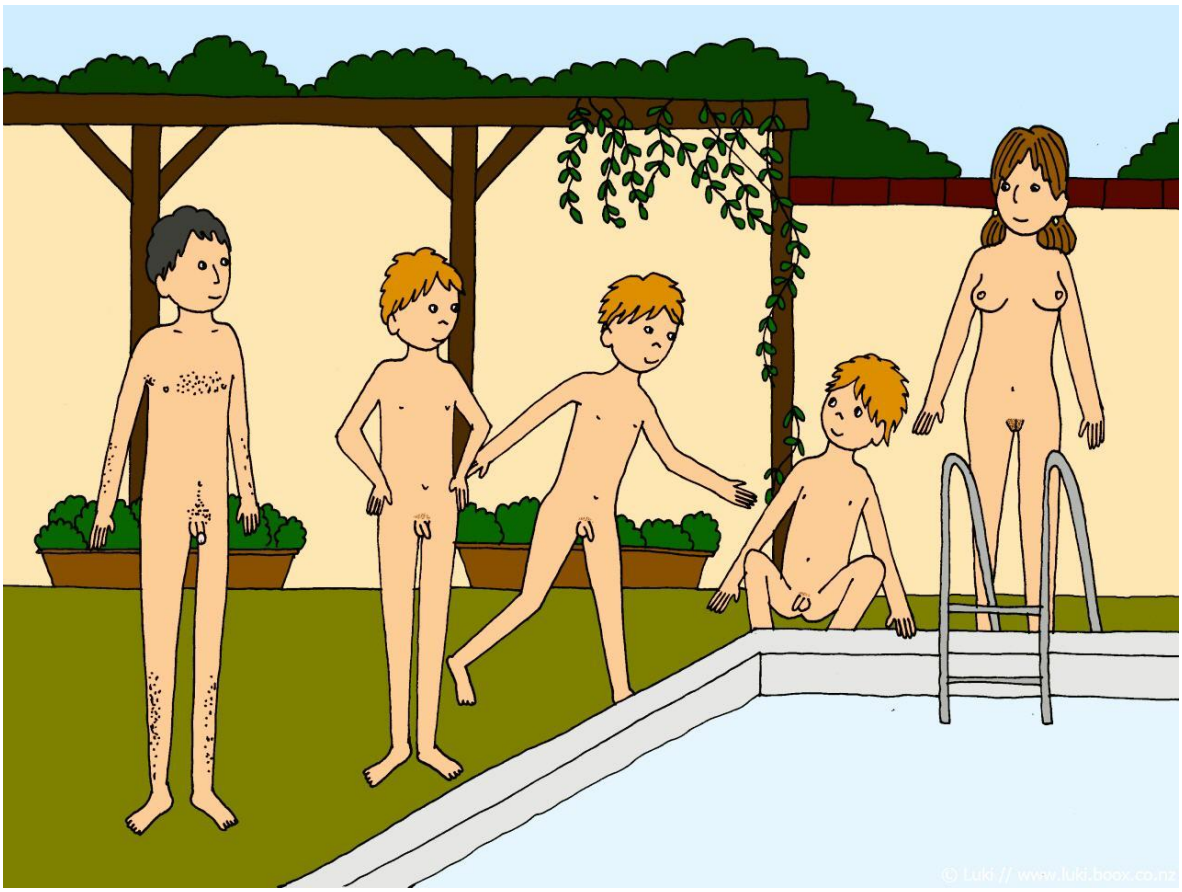
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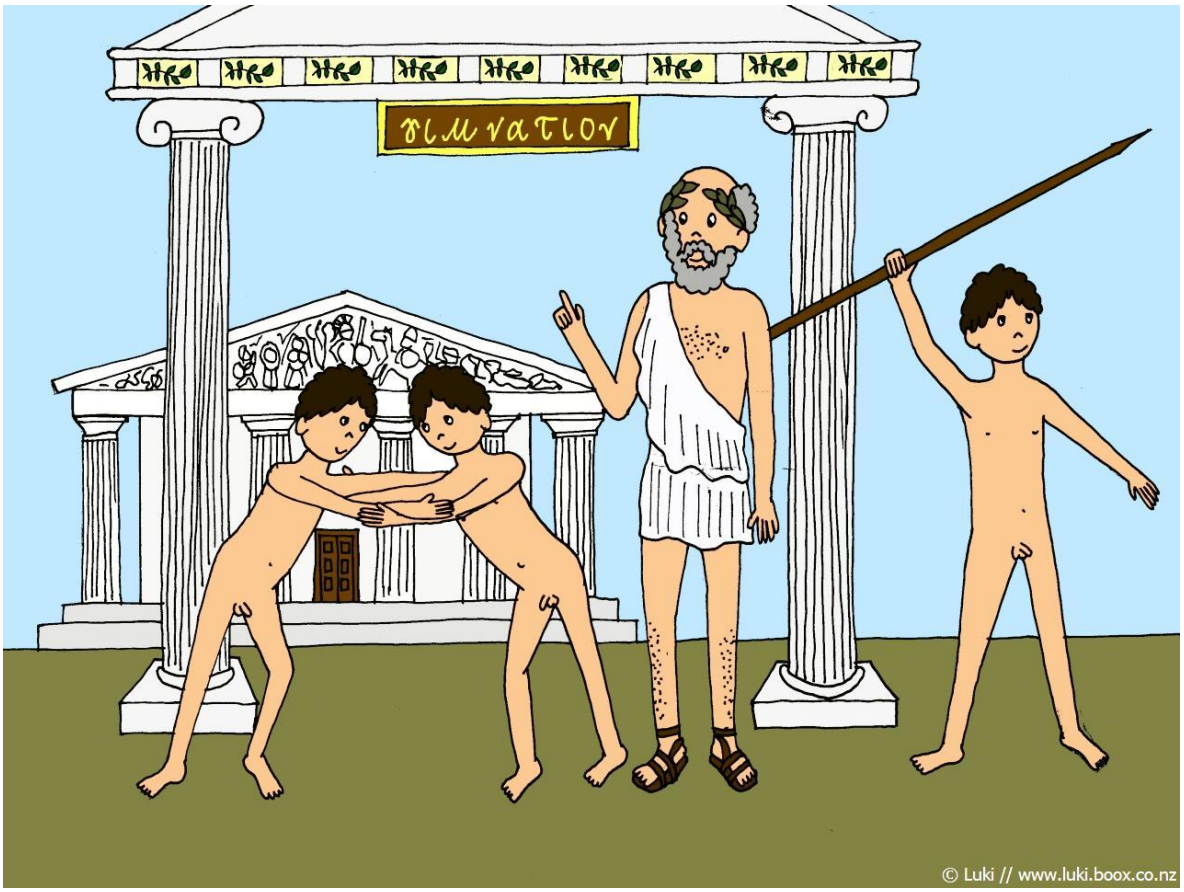
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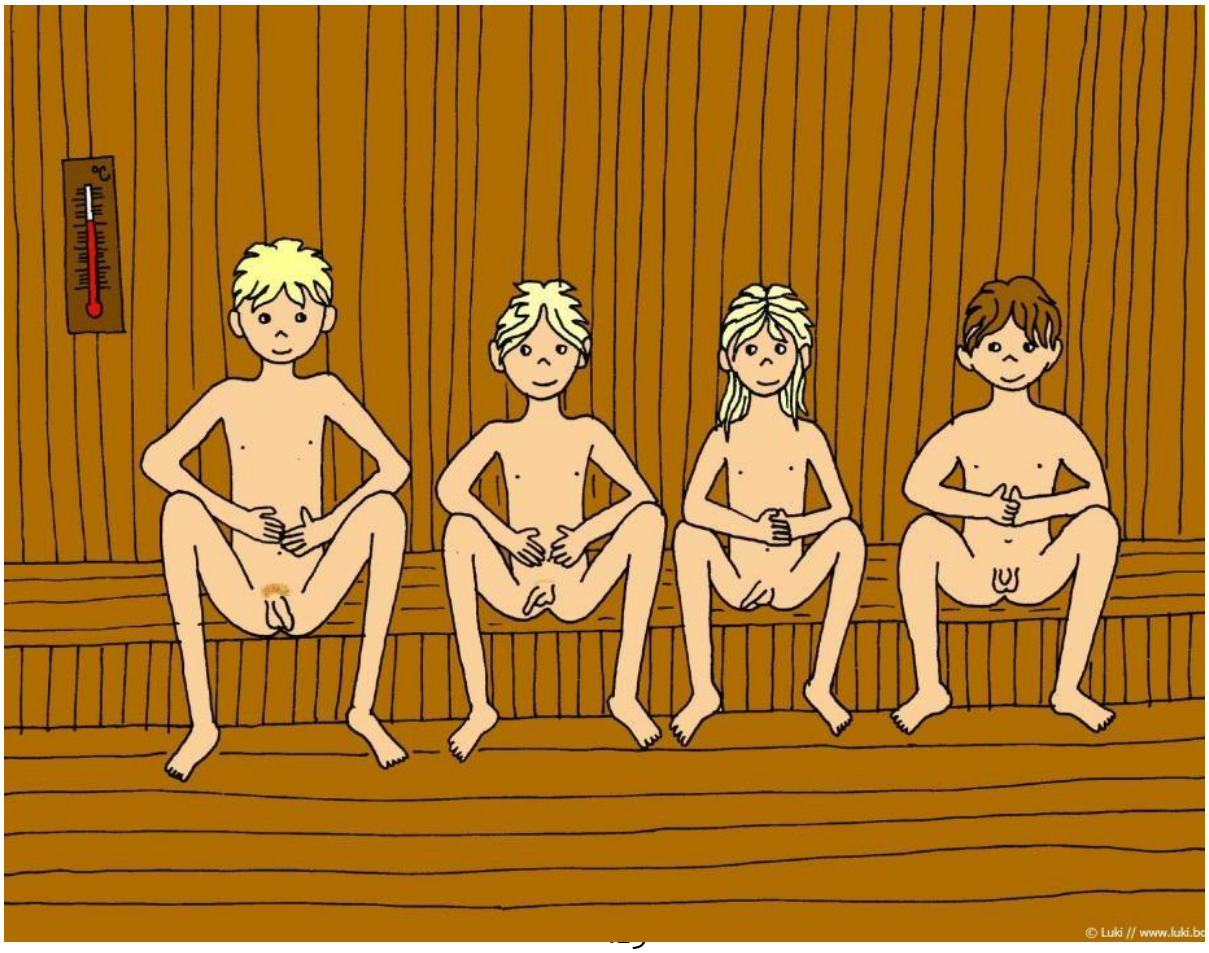
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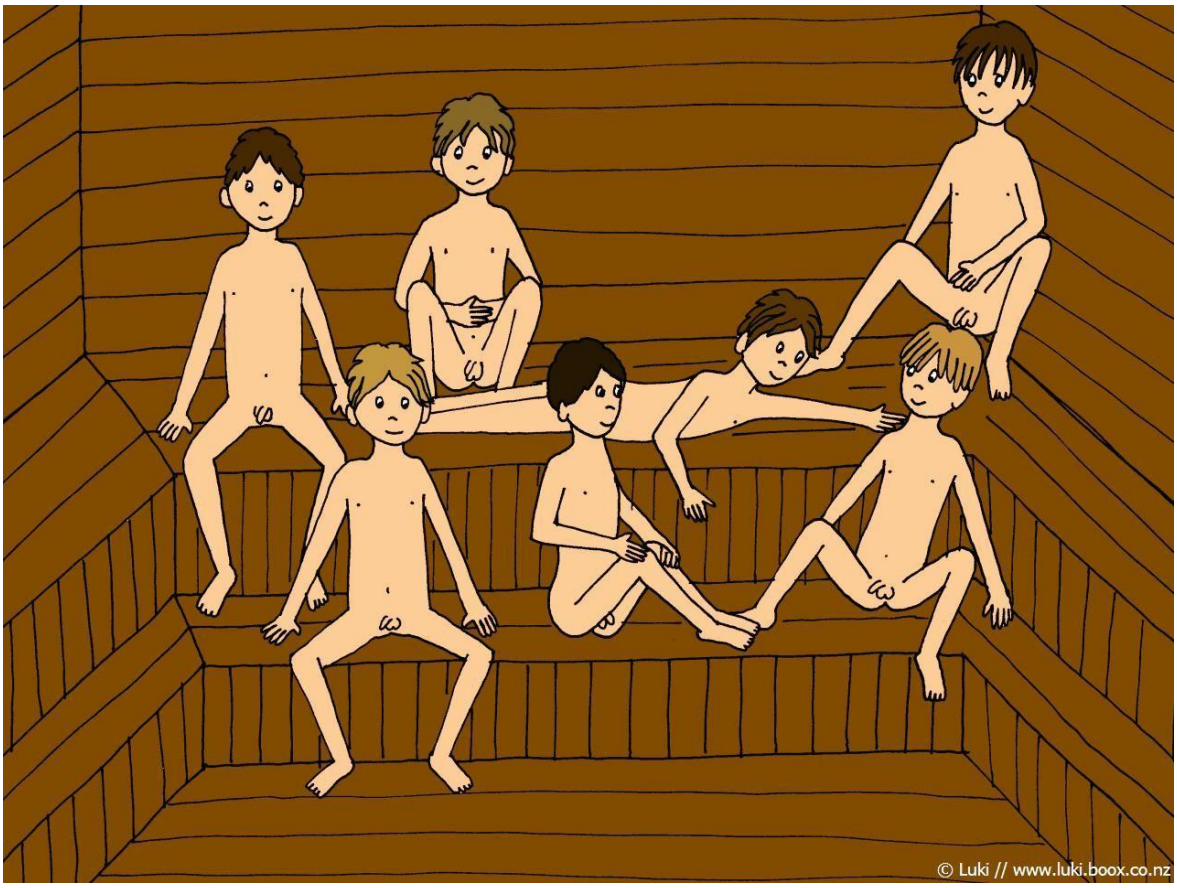
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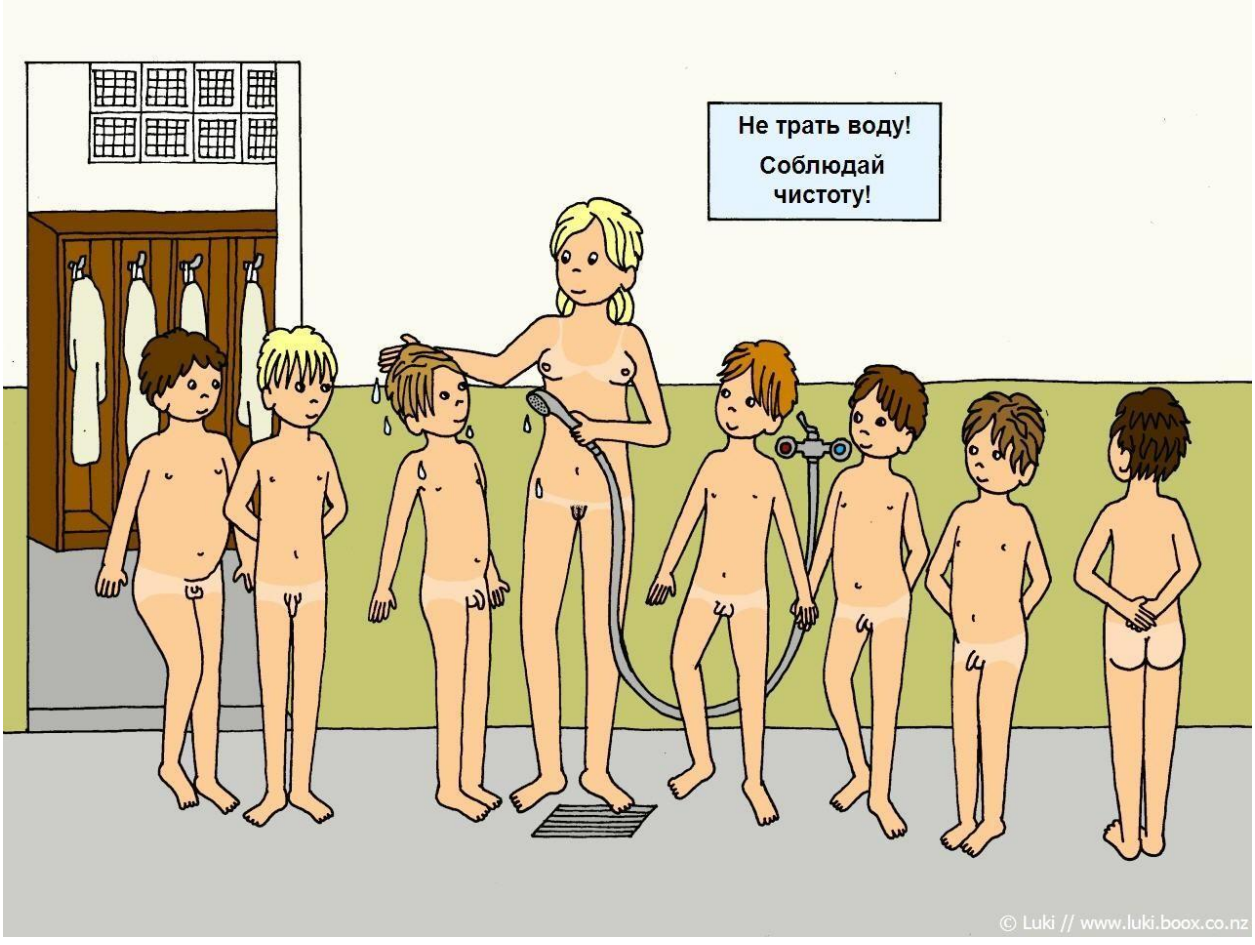
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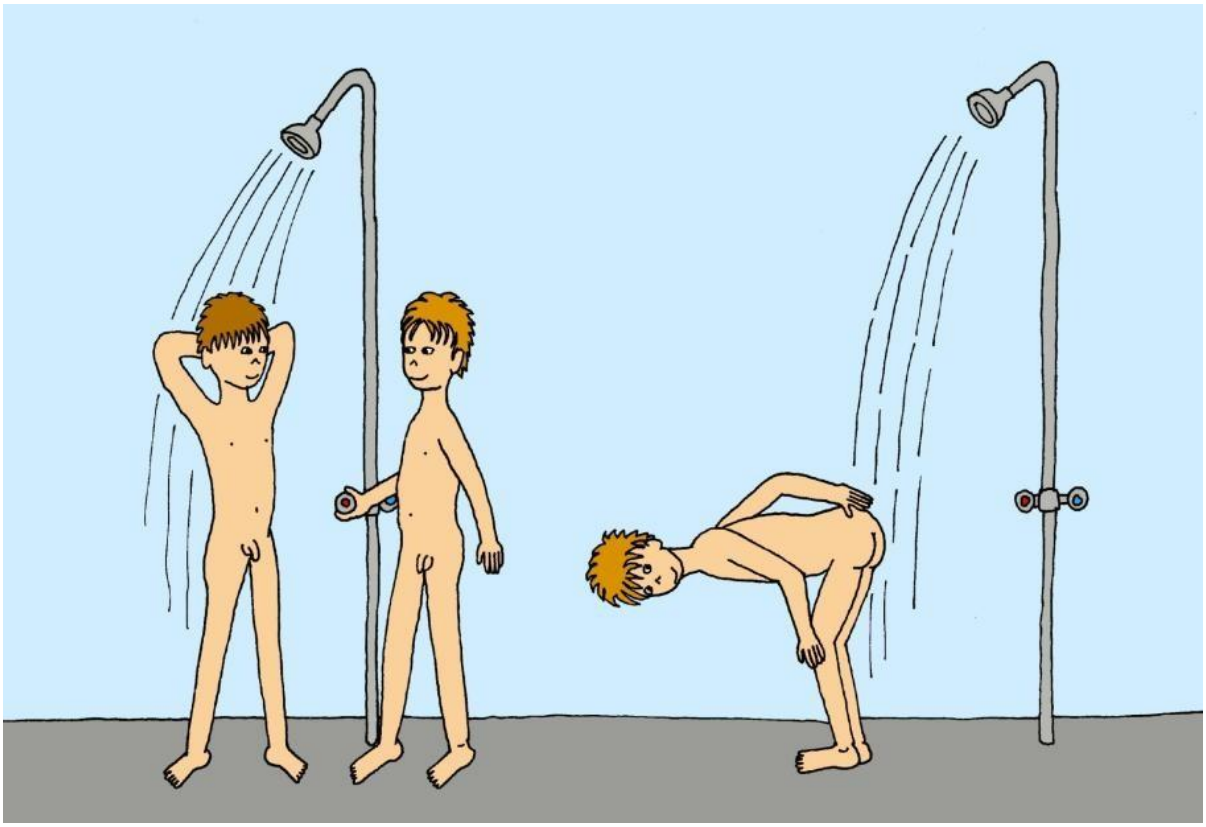

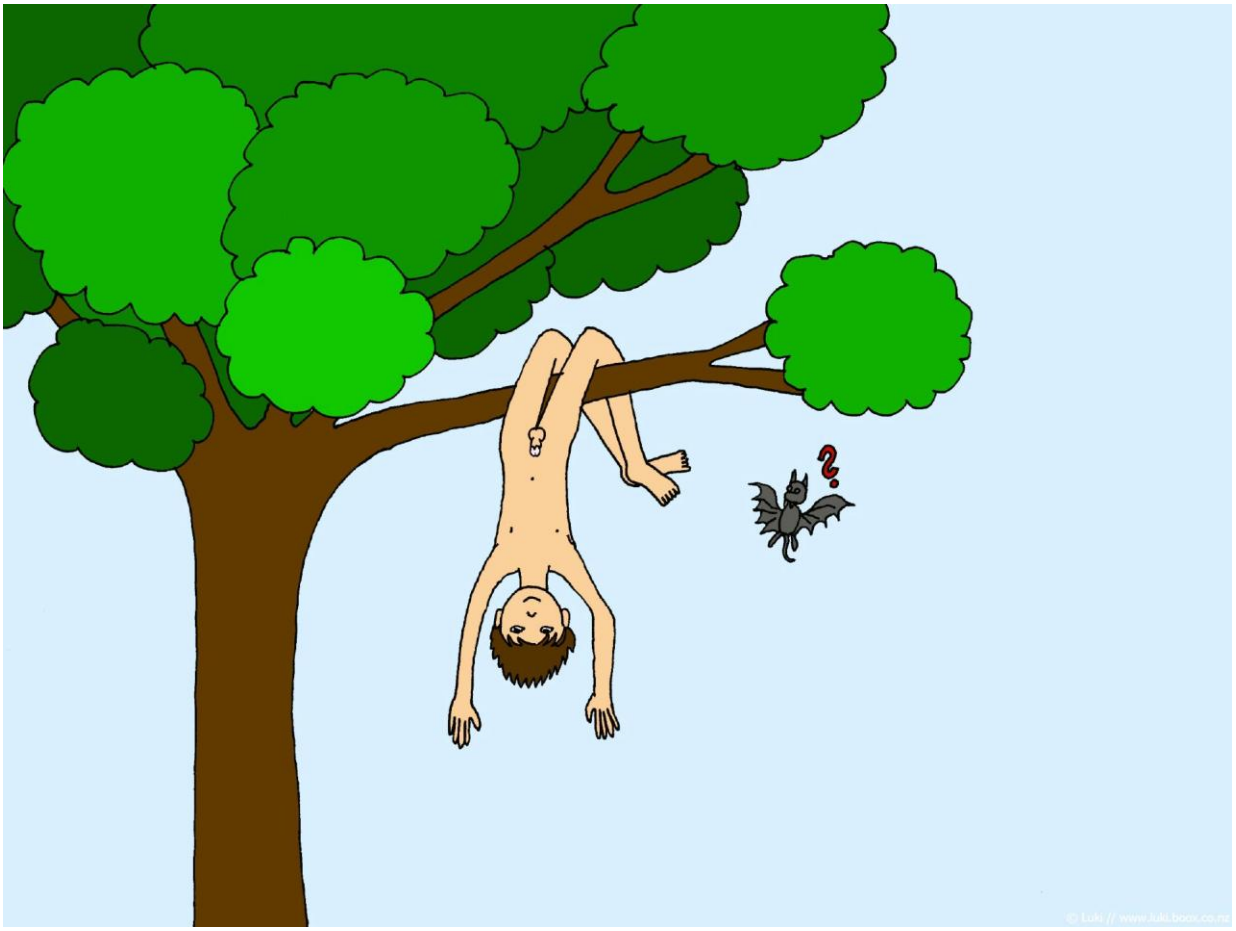

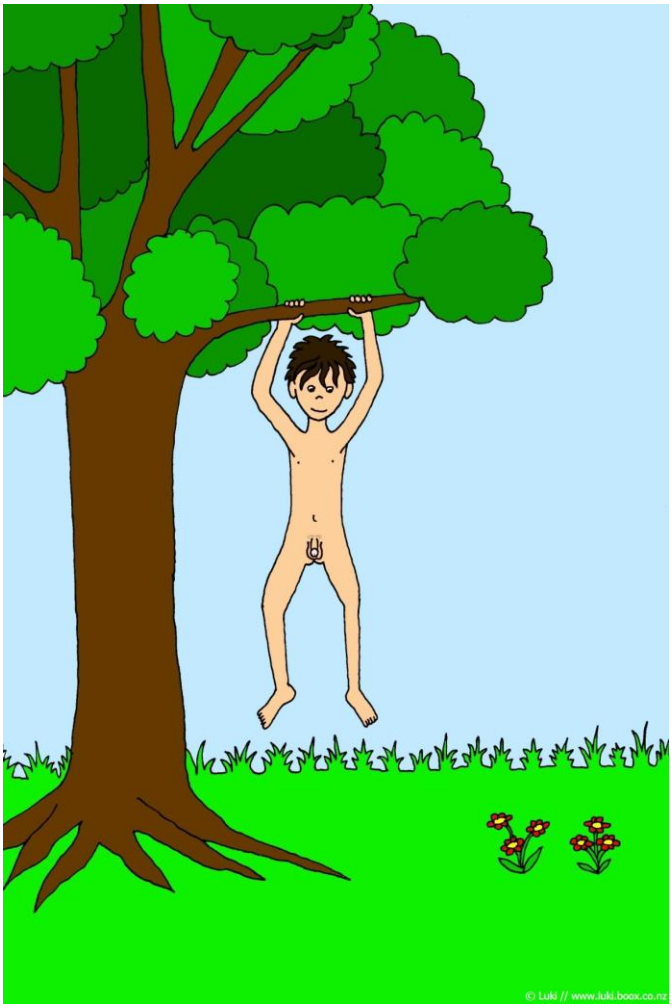
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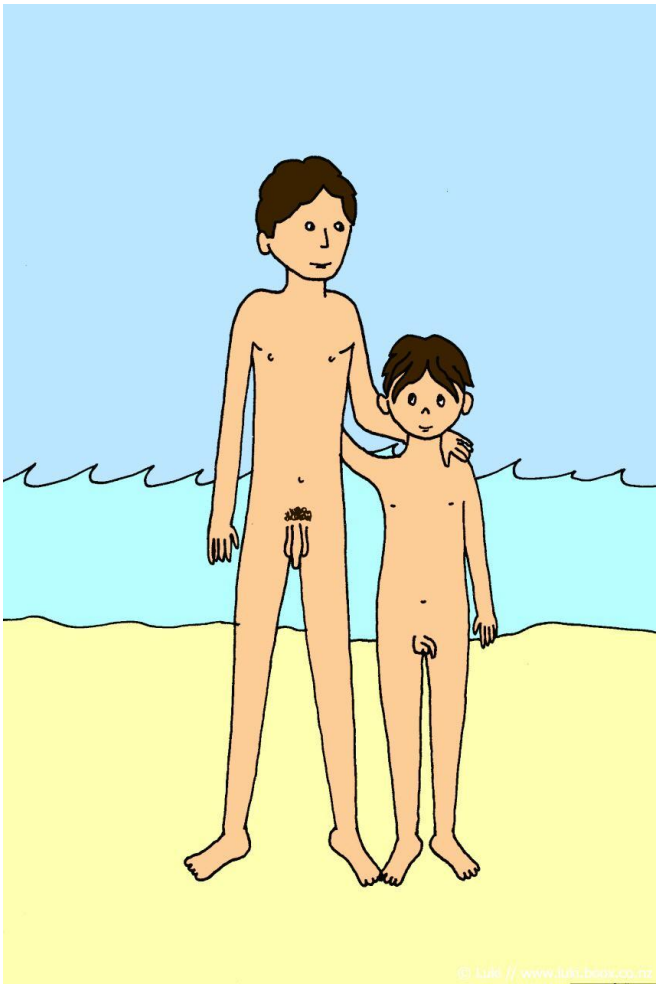

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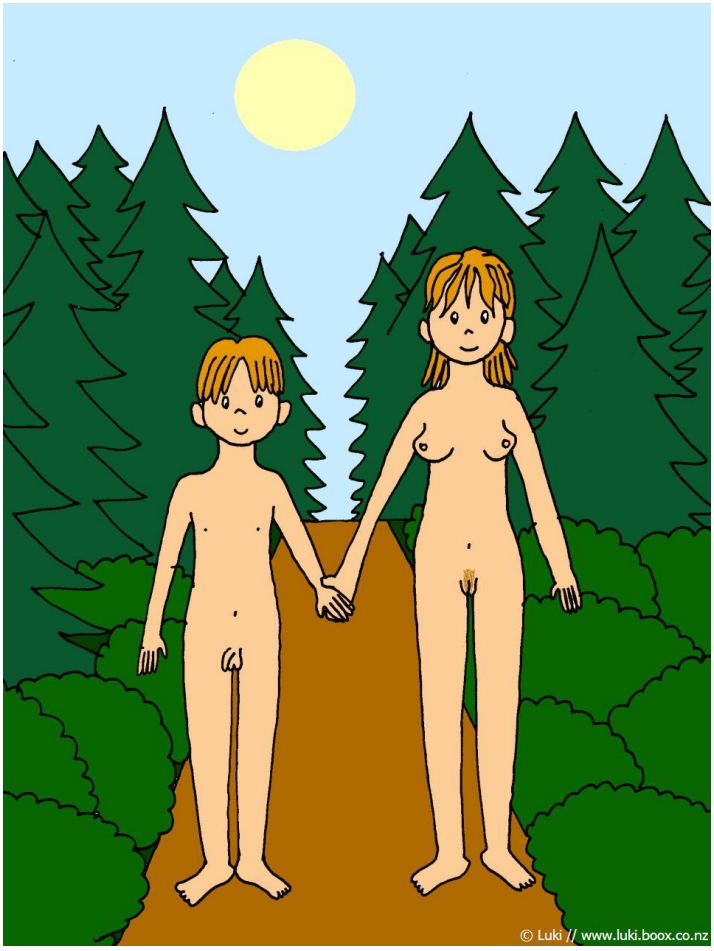
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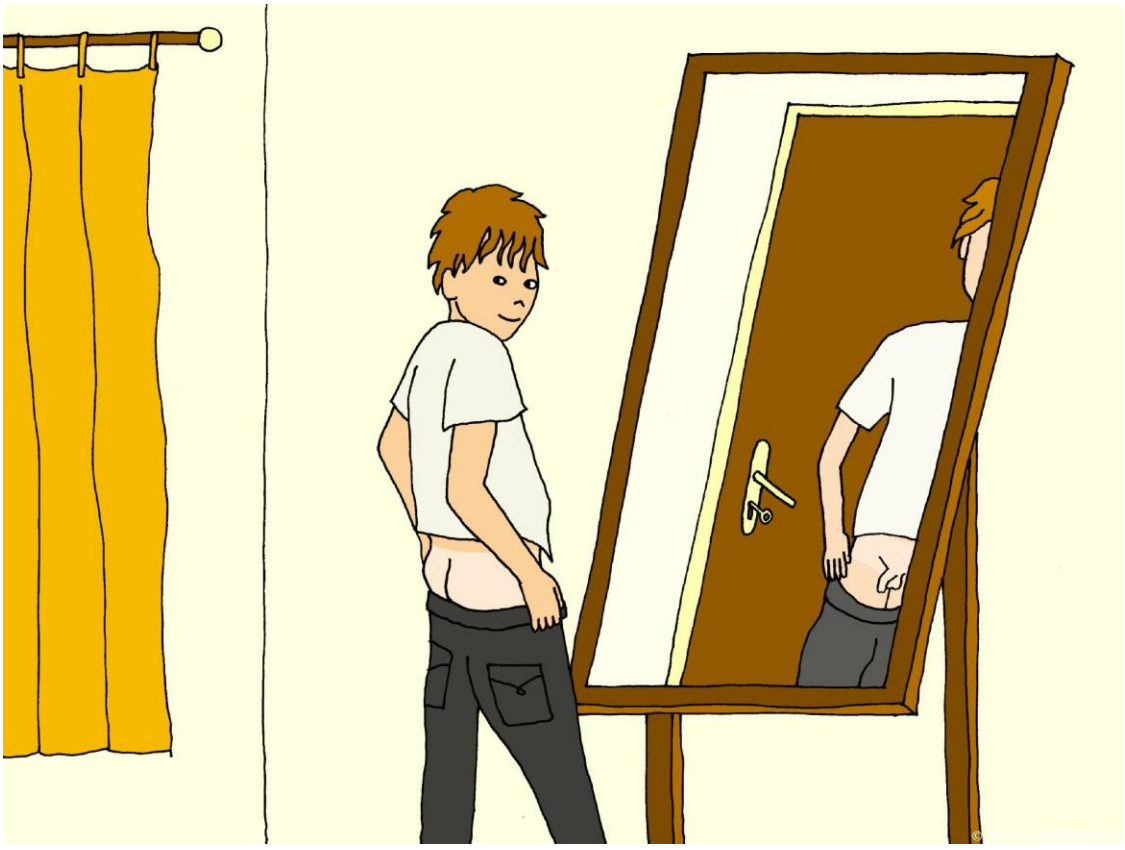

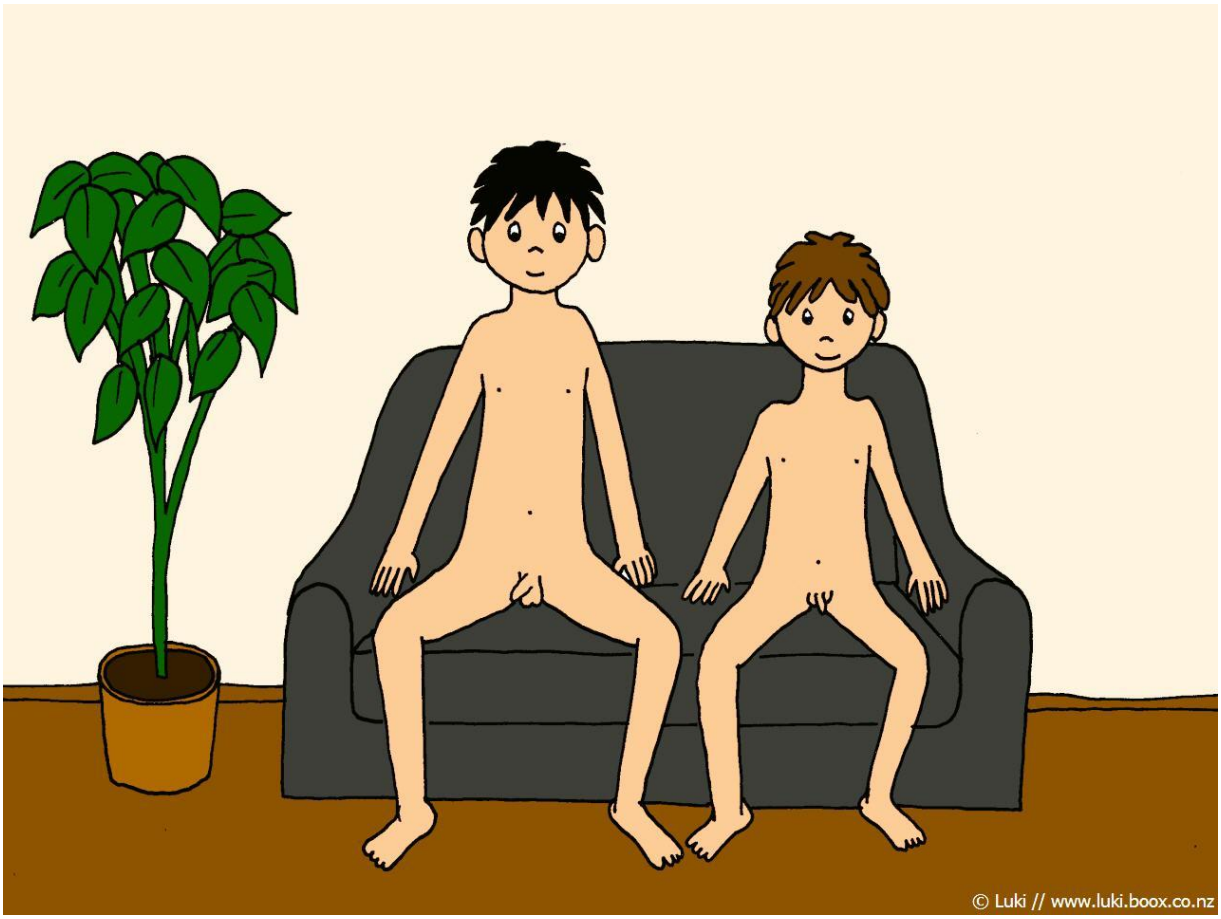
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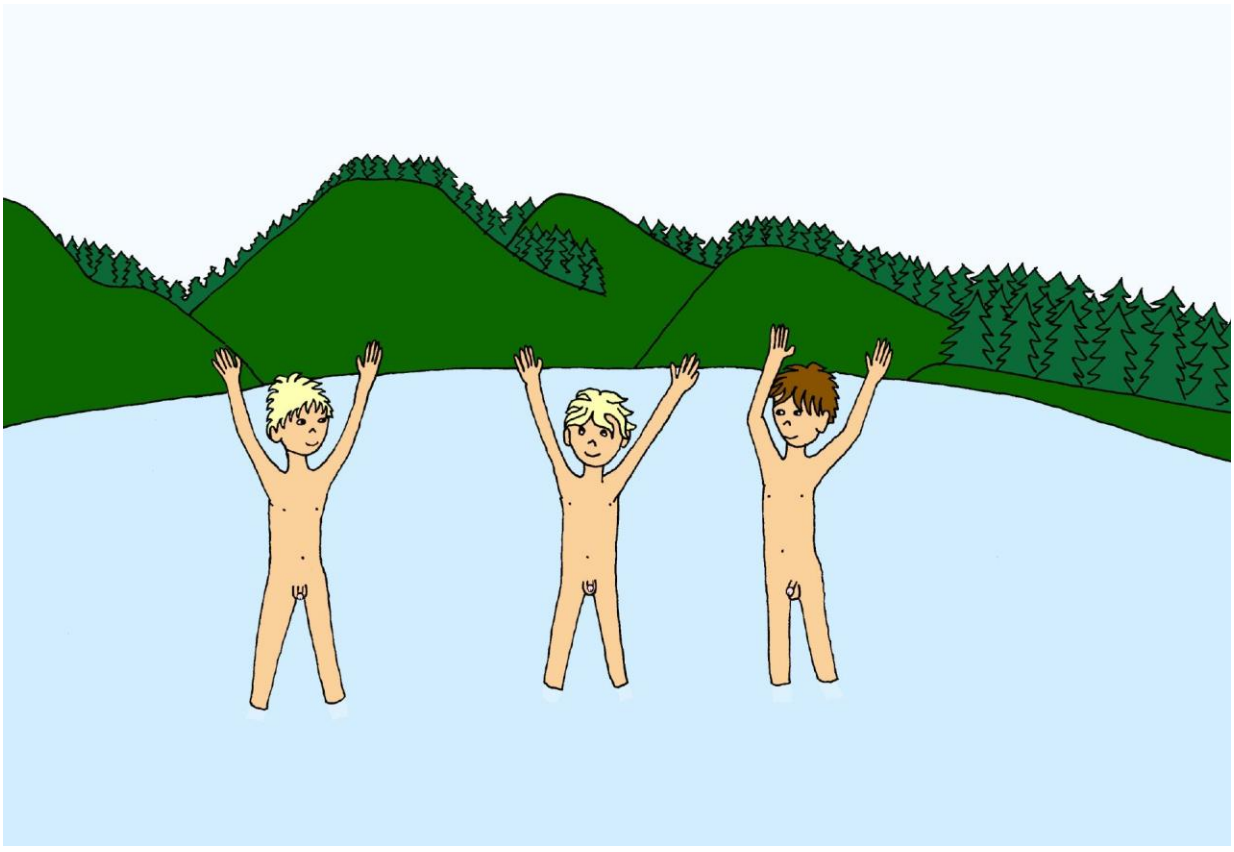

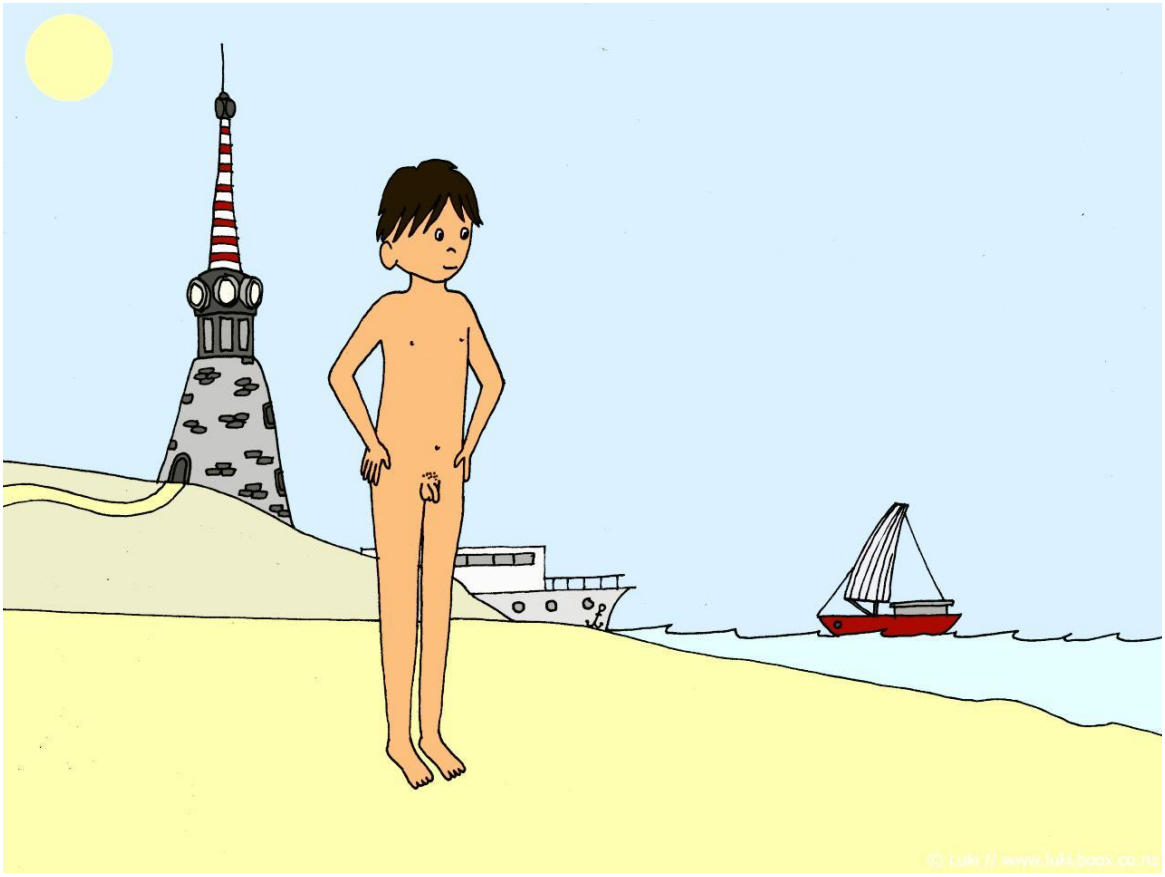

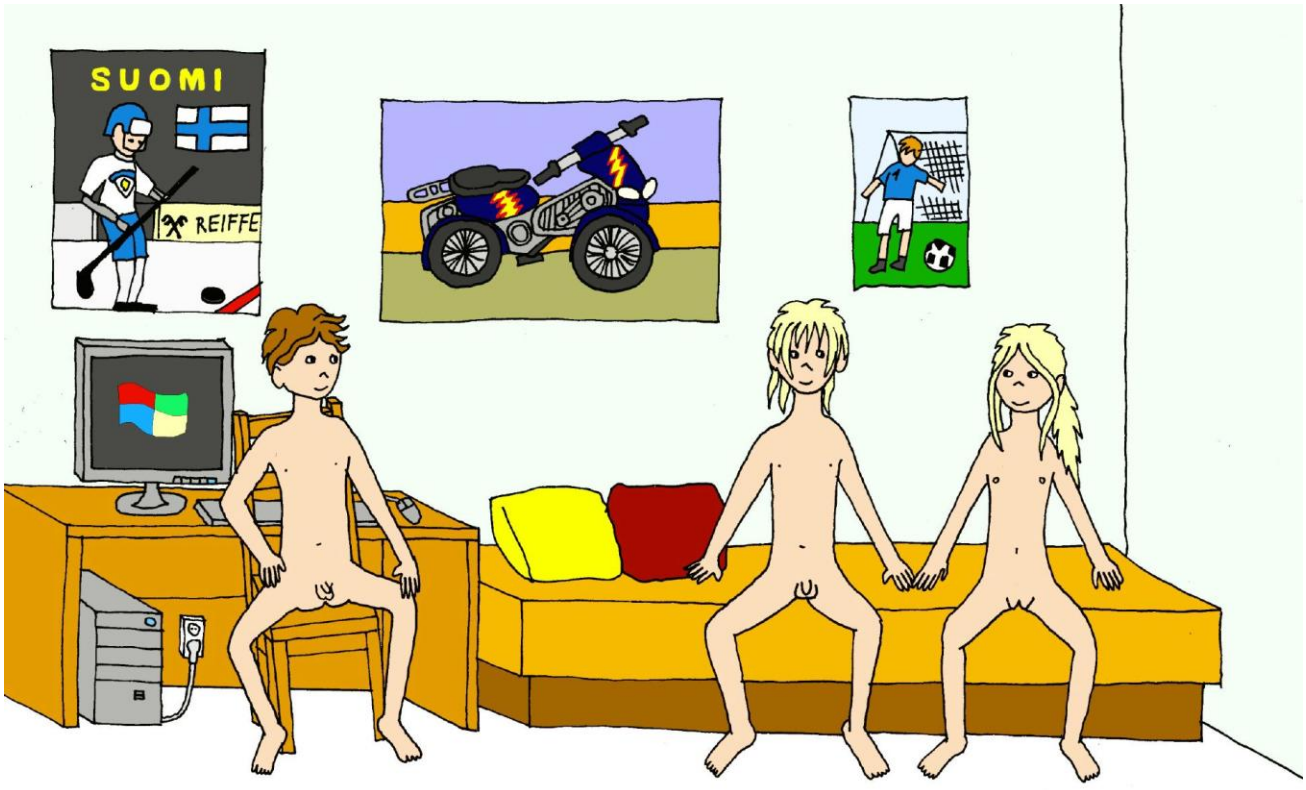
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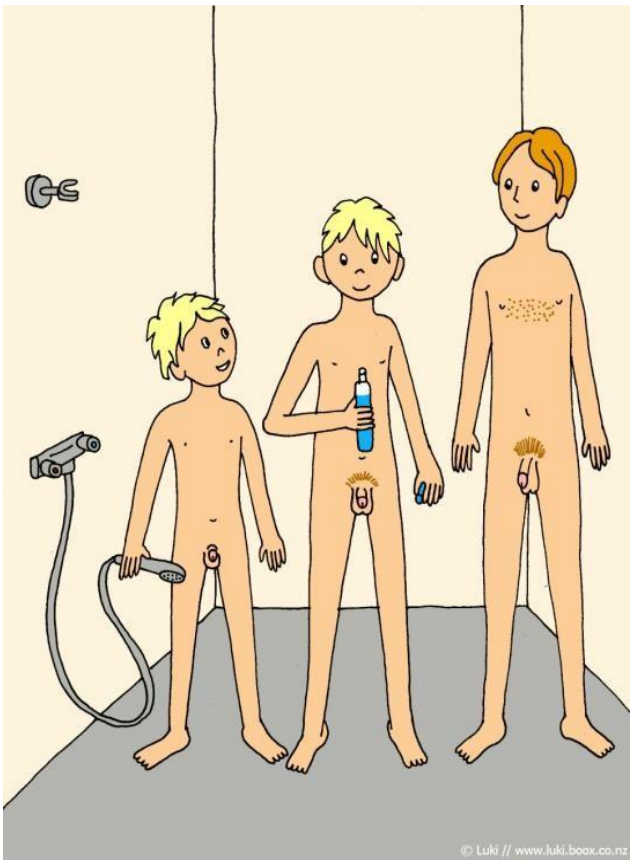
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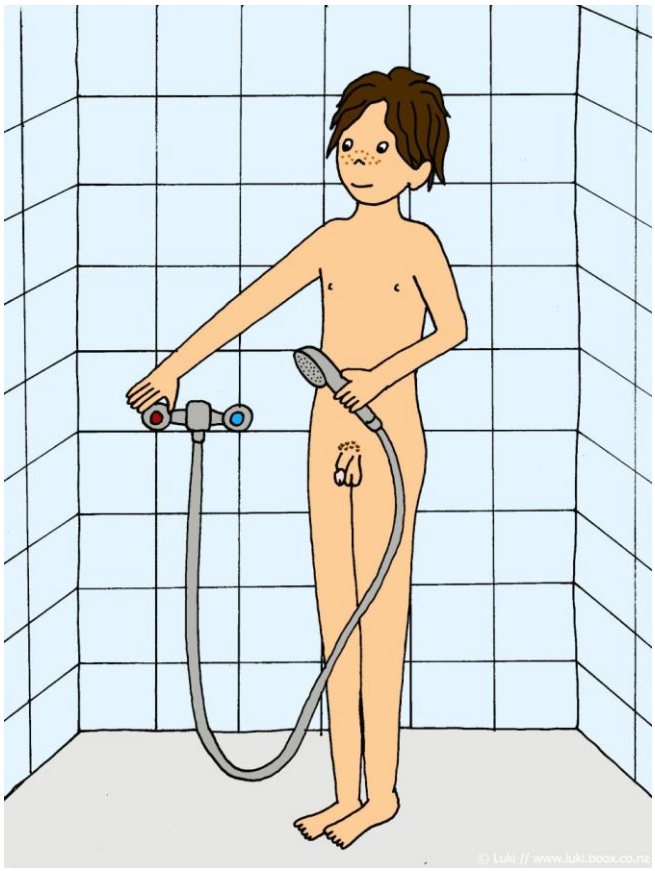
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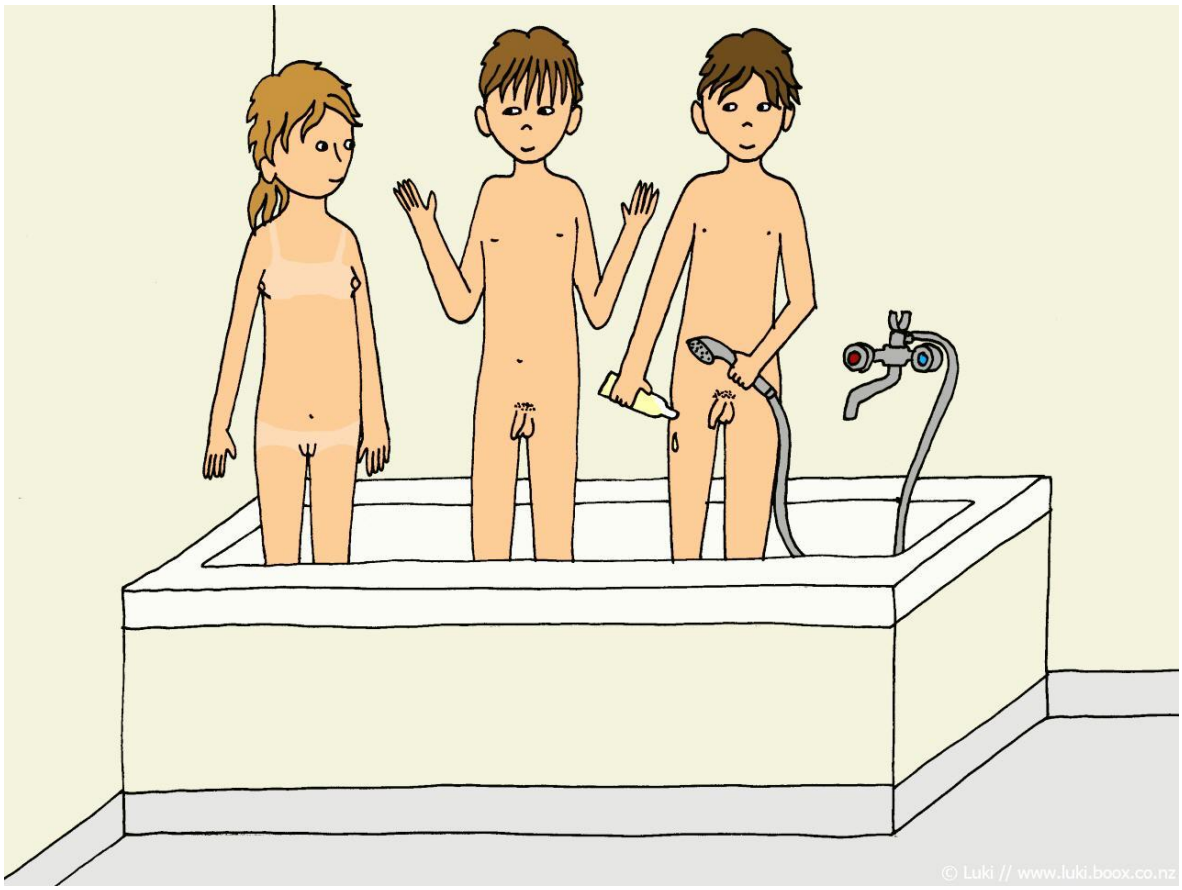
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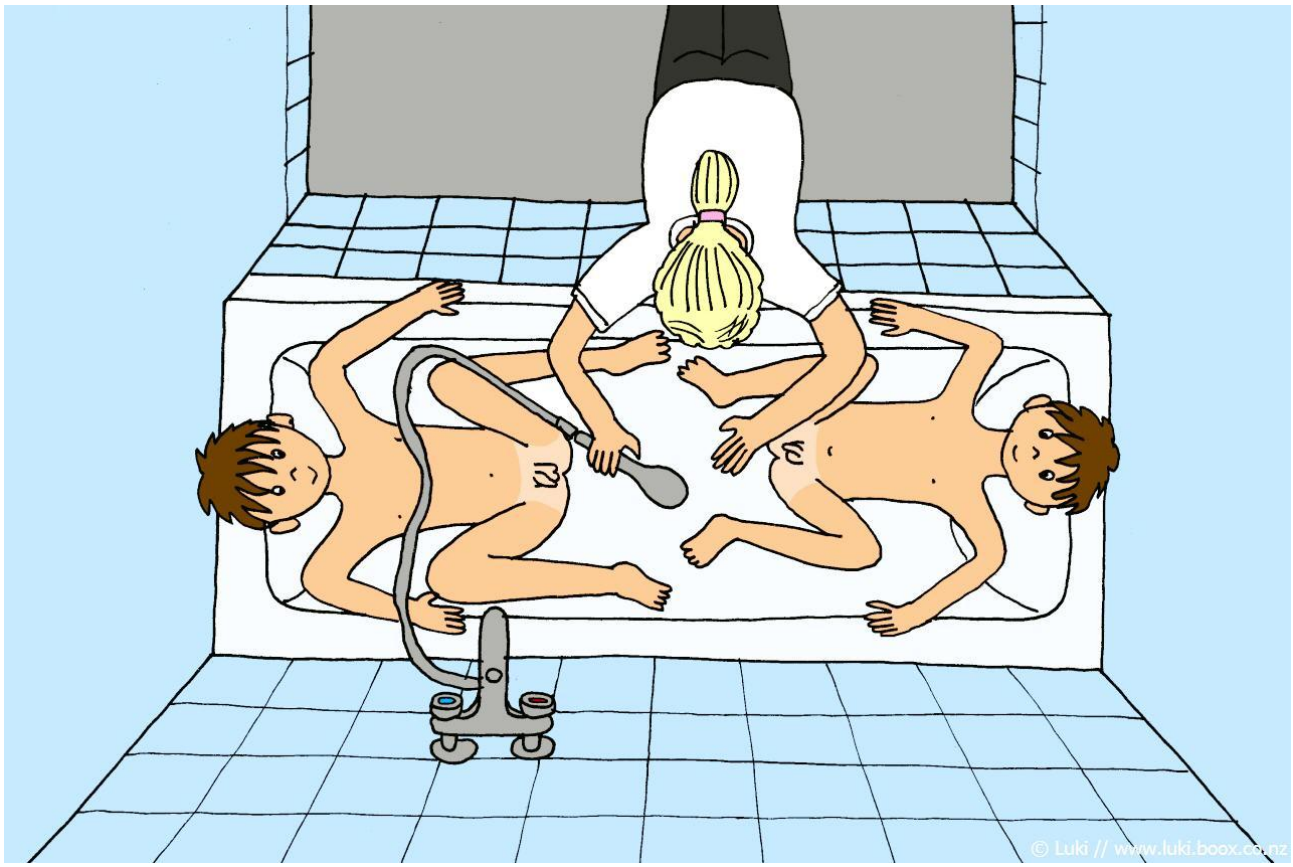
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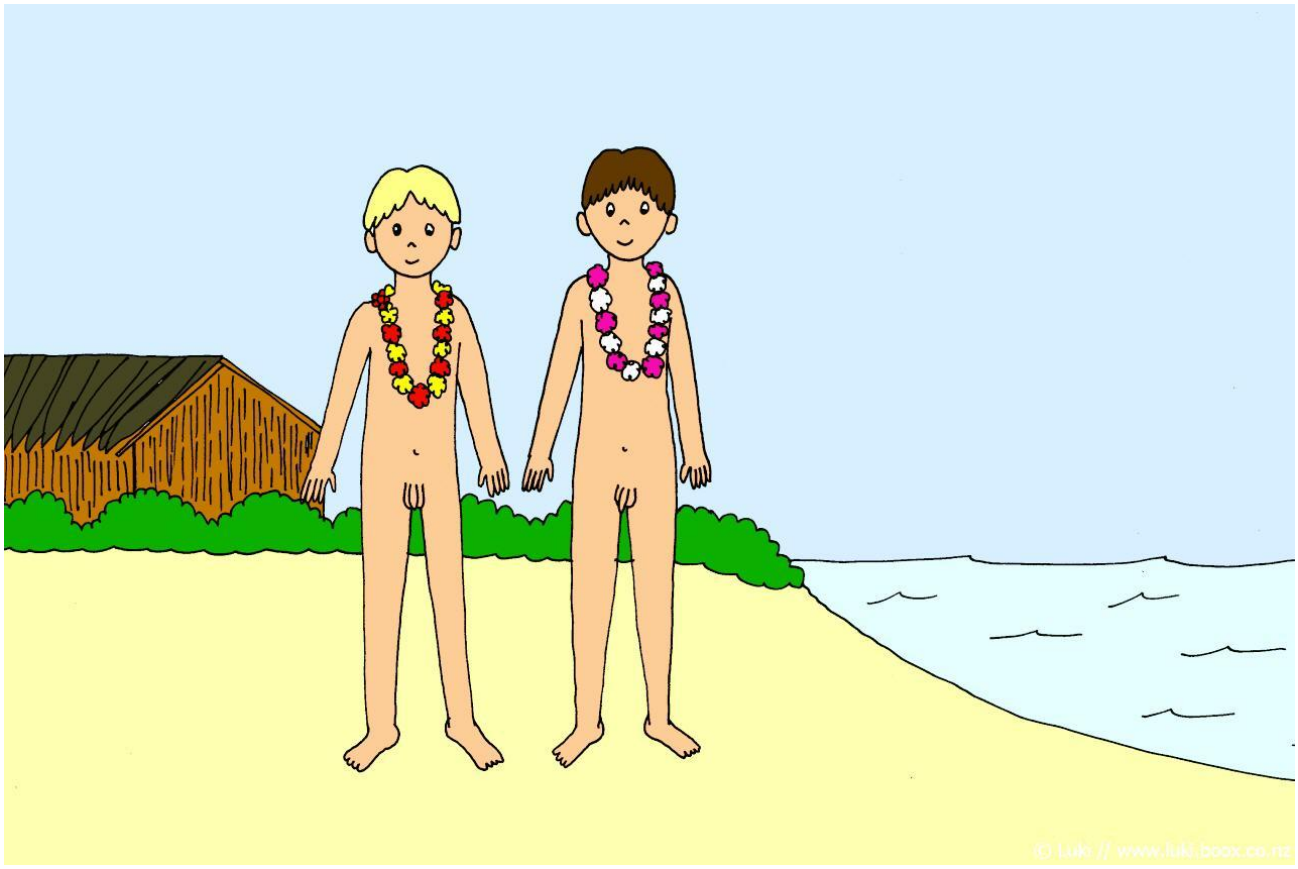
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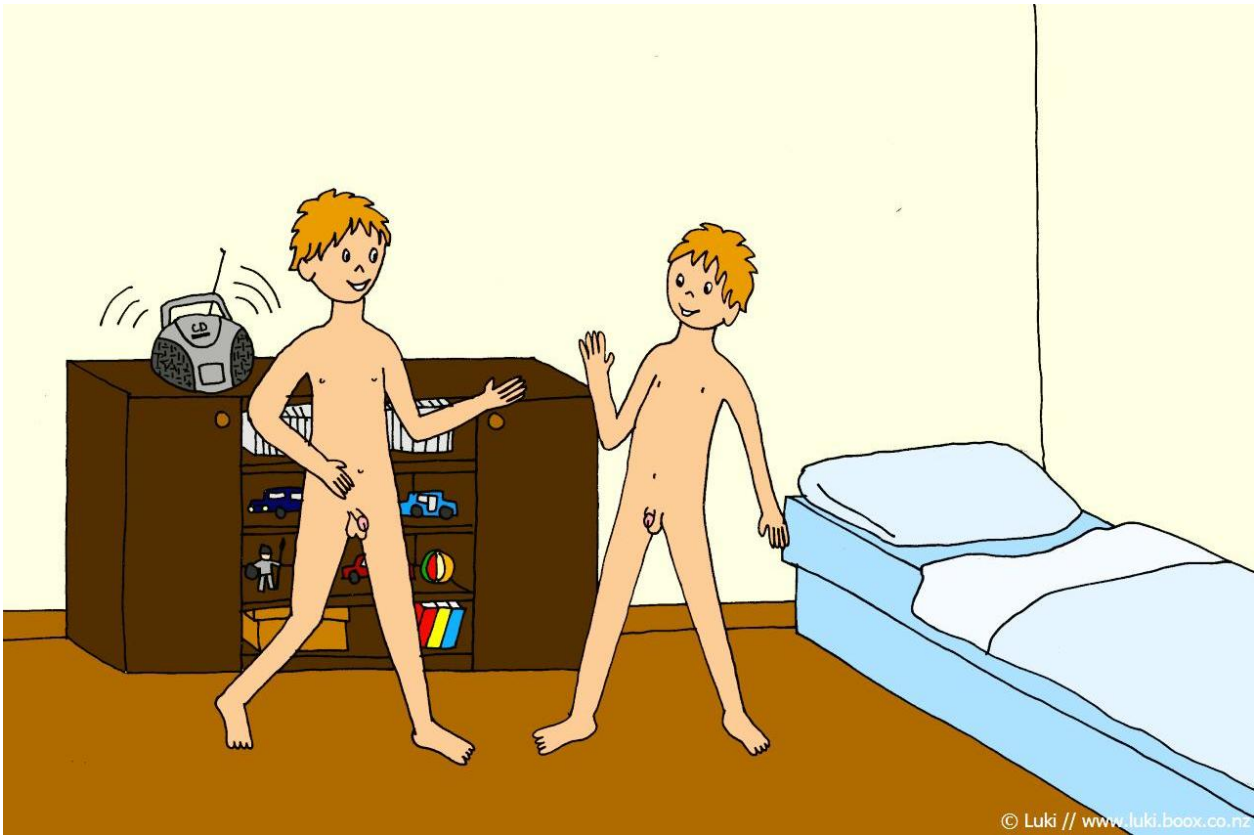
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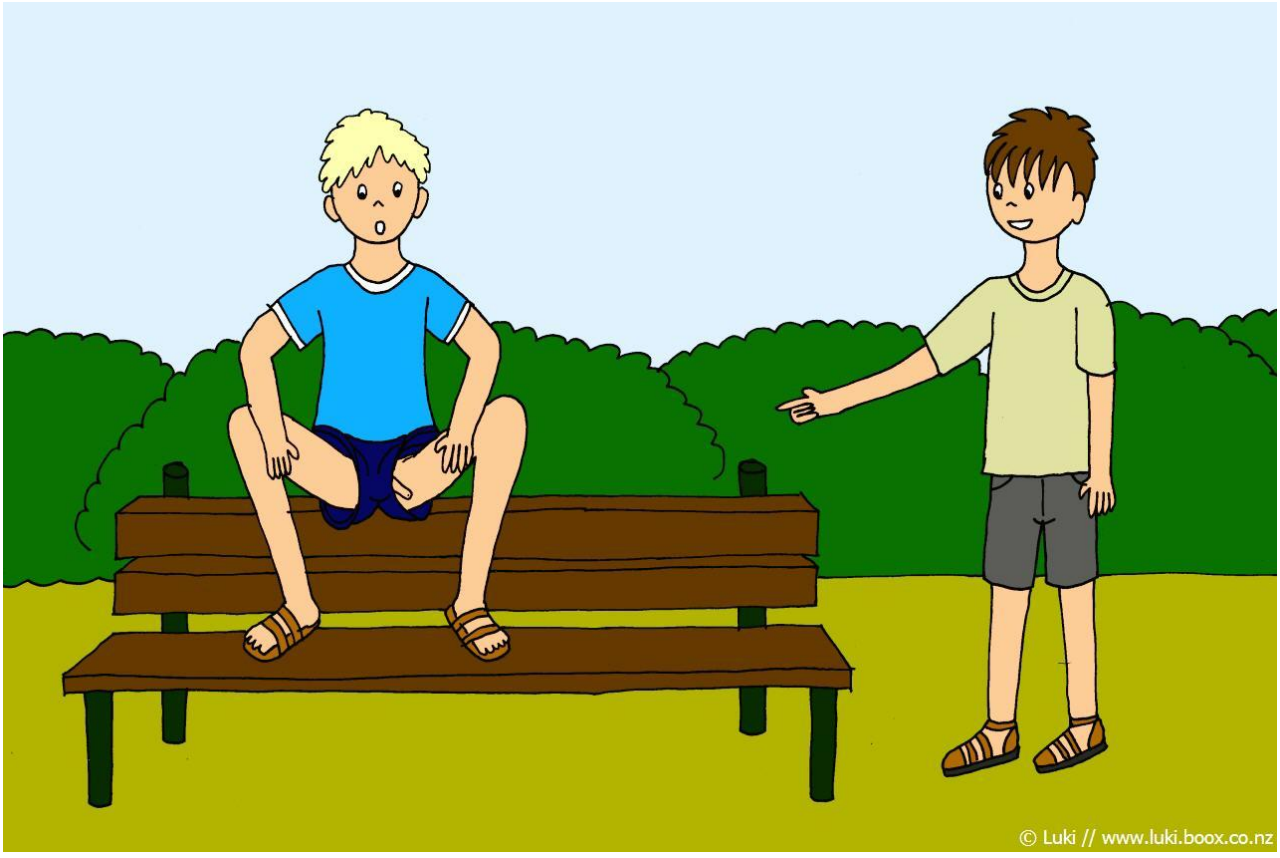
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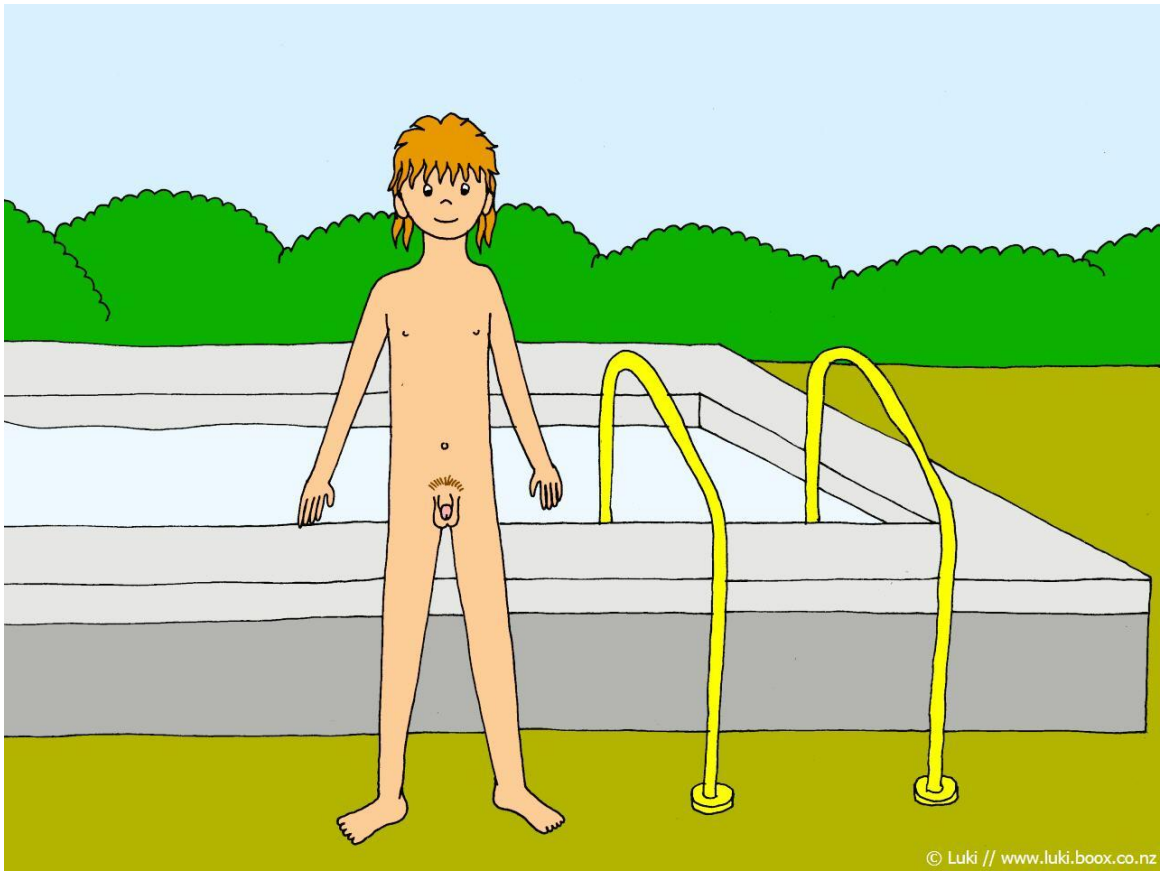
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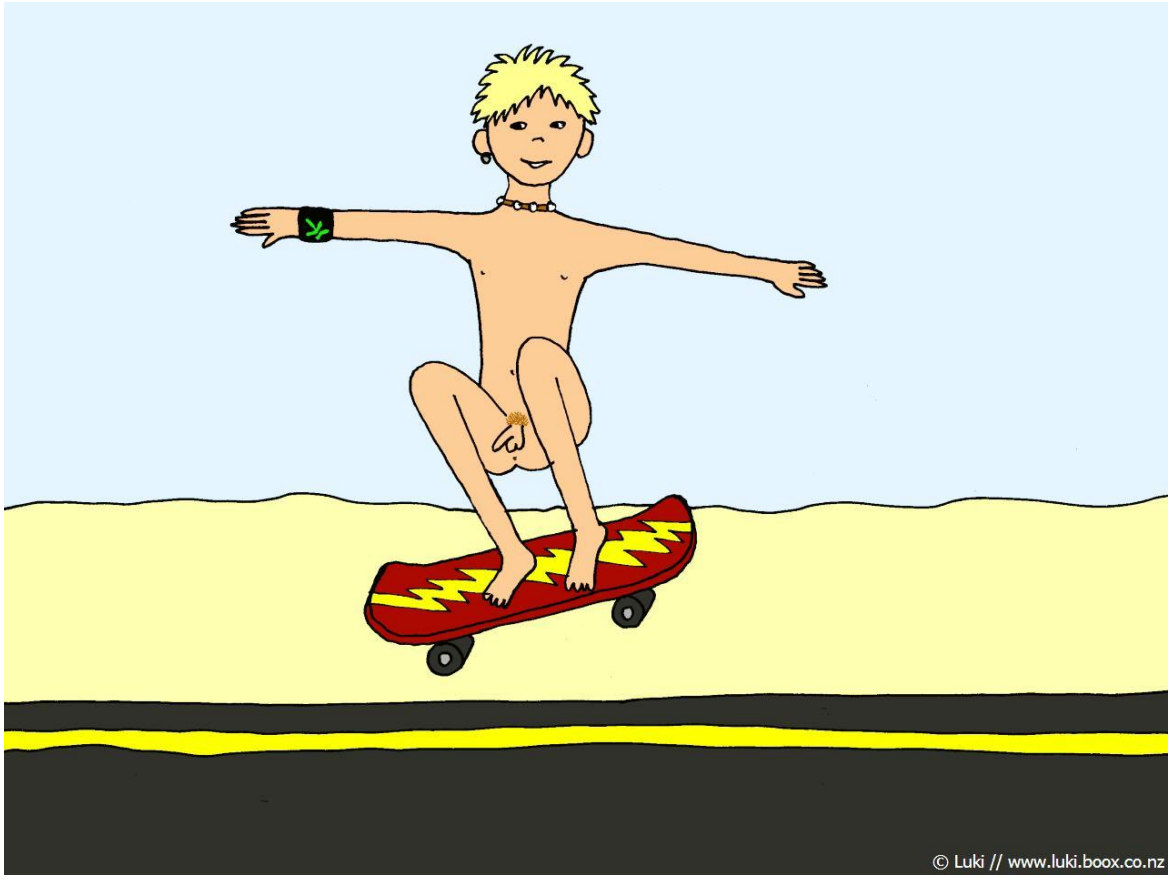
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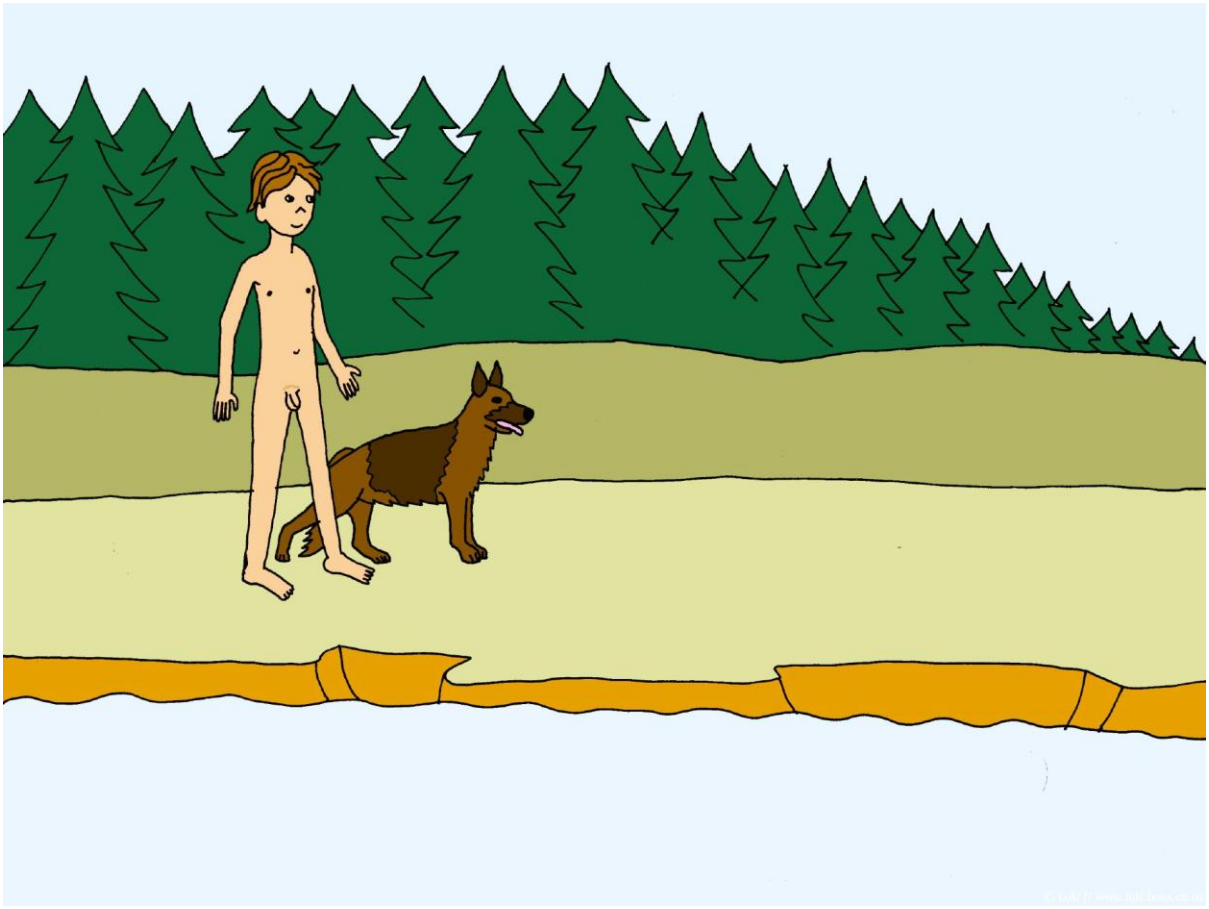

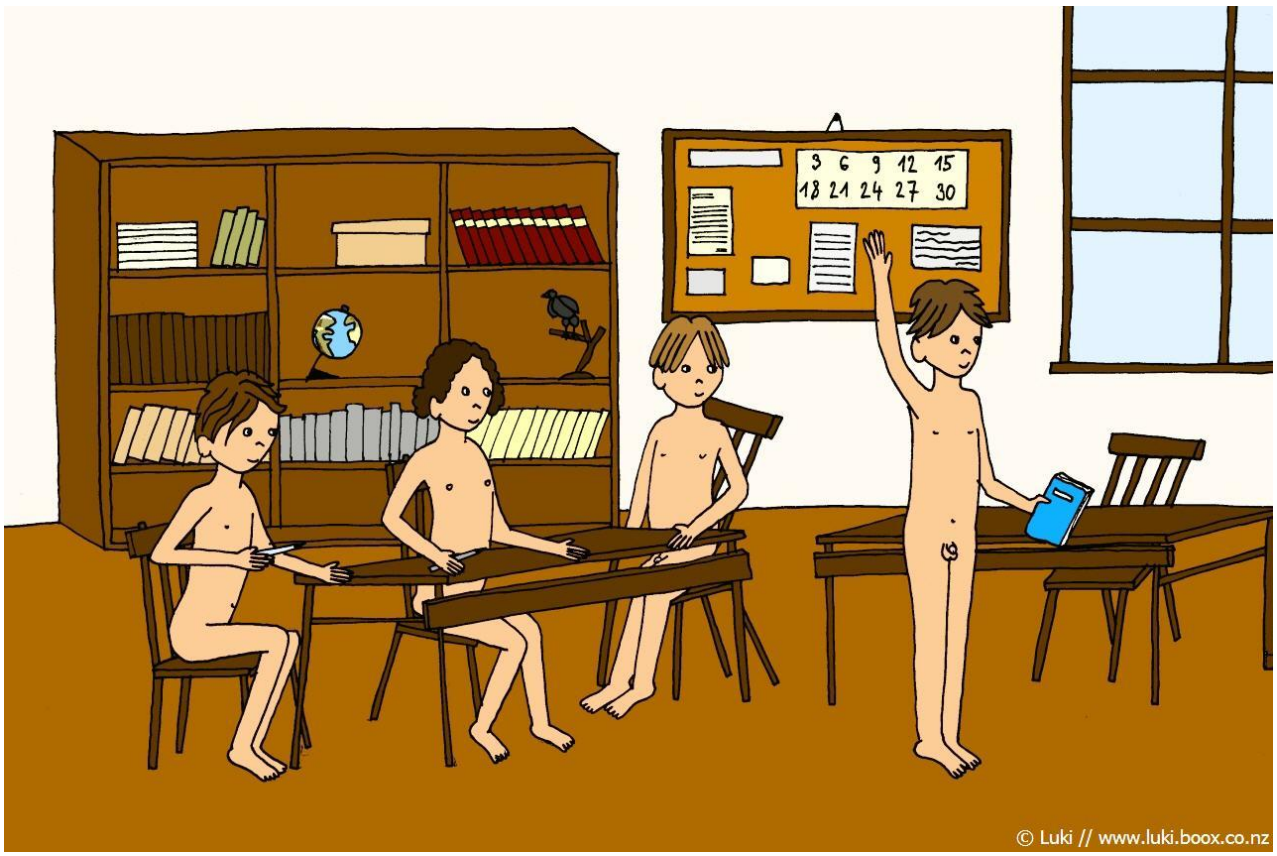
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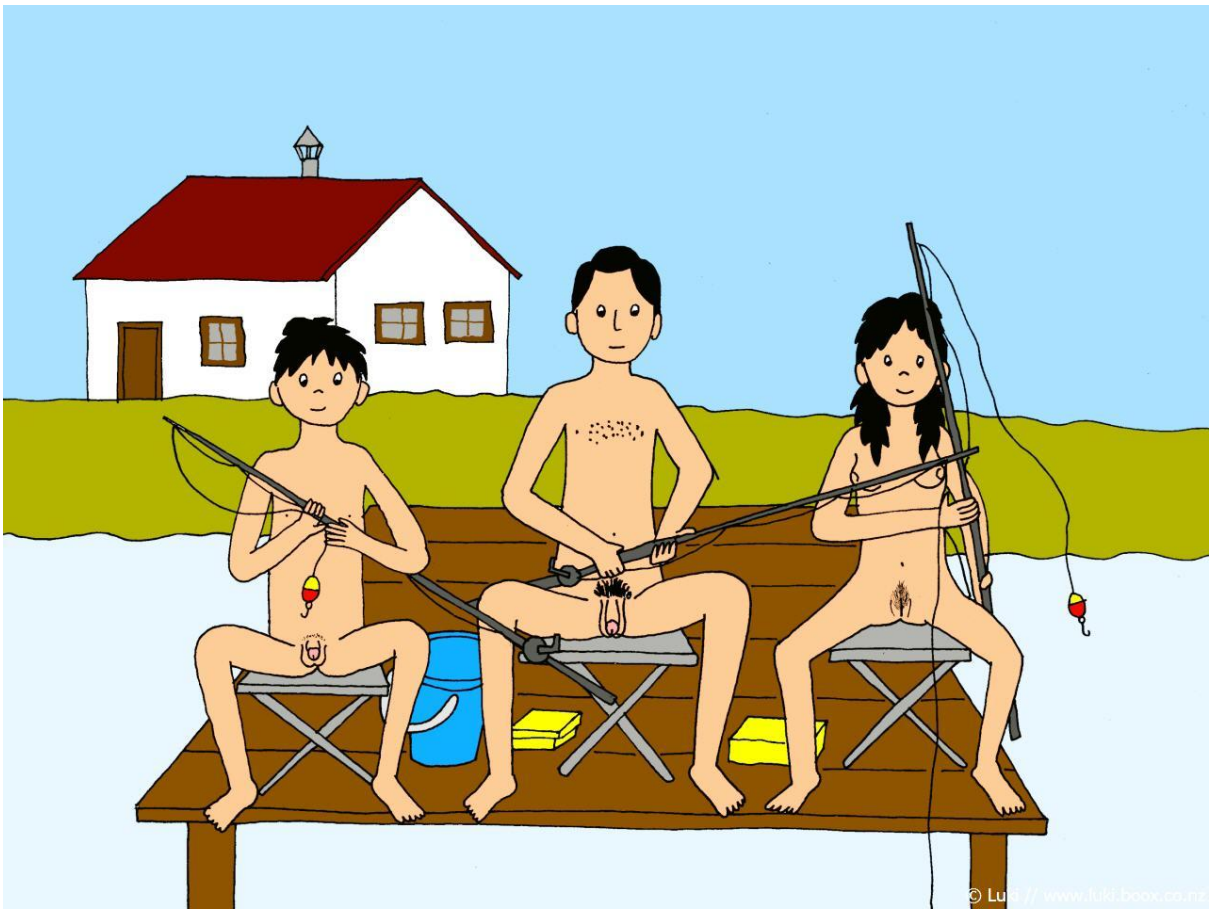
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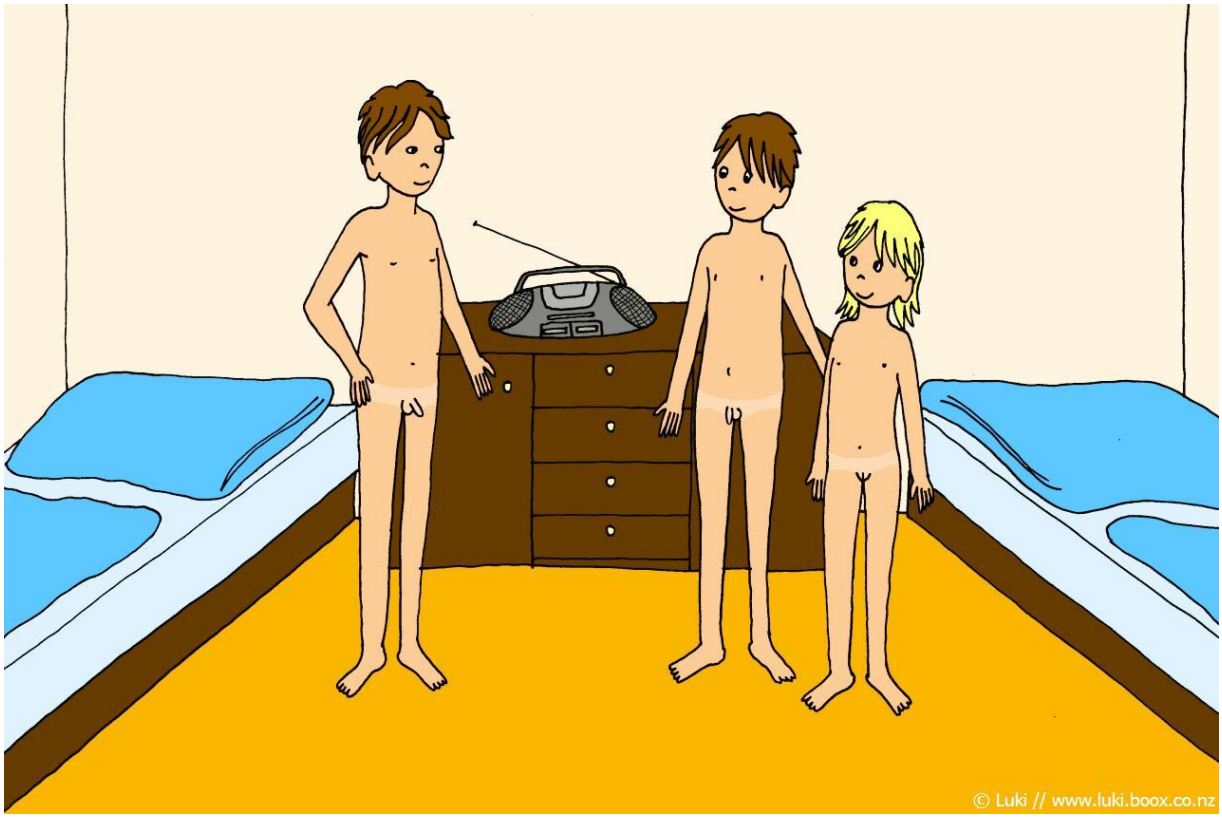
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